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# Michigan History Magazine

VOLUME III

OCTOBER, 1919

NUMBER 4

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A STATE DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY AND ARCHIVES

ORGANIZED MAY 28, 1913

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## MICHIGAN PIONEER AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Founded in 1874; Successor to the Historical Society of Michigan founded in 1828 by Lewis Cass and others

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# MICHIGAN HISTORY MAGAZINE

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VOL. III, No. 4      OCTOBER, 1919      WHOLE No. 10

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*Key to H. & C.*  
**T**HE FOURTH UPPER PENINSULA MEETING of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society held at Menominee Aug. 6 and 7, jointly with the Menominee County Historical Society, was a credit to the spirit of the Peninsula and the enterprise of the organizations represented. The meeting's success was largely due to the untiring work of Mr. A. L. Sawyer, trustee of the State society and one of the founders of the Menominee society. Mr. Sawyer labored early and late to make this meeting significant for the entire Peninsula and met with cheering response from every county. Credit is due to the Secretary of the Menominee organization, Mr Howard E. Nadeau, for distinguished executive work in making and carrying through the local arrangements for the entertainment of guests and the general welfare of the meeting.

The forenoon of the first day was devoted to an automobile drive which started from convention headquarters at the Hotel Menominee at 10 o'clock, and visiting delegates and guests were given a very enjoyable ride to points of scenic and historic interest in the city and neighboring country.

We were informed that the site of convention headquarters was that of the first hotel in Menominee, noted

for its spinning of yarns. It was known as Quimby Tavern, having been built by an early settler, John Quimby. At West Menominee Park the Menominee Chapter D. A. R. had placed a large boulder with suitable inscription to mark the Green Bay and Bay du Noc Indian trail over which the Indians traveled from the far south to Lake Superior in conducting their traffic; it marks also Burying Ground Point which extends to Bridge Street and was an Indian burying ground. This marker was dedicated as a part of the program, on the following afternoon.

At the Wisconsin end of Bridge Street bridge we came upon Mission Point, so named because it is supposed the Catholic Mission of 1670 was located there; a Methodist missionary established a mission there about 1830, which was maintained about three years.

On the riverside just west of the railroad crossing we passed the site of the first stockade and trading post established by Louis Chappee, who came about 1796; which site became later the trading post of John B. Jacobs, the home of "Queen" Marinette, and the first boat landing on the river. Across the river on the Michigan side is the site of the Sturgeon War, between the Chippewas and Menominees about 1670; the Menominees dammed the river, preventing the sturgeon from going up stream; the Chippewas, located above, came down and from ambush attacked and nearly exterminated the Menominees.

At the Michigan end of Paper Mill bridge, on the east side of the street, is the site of the home of Charles McLeod, who came in 1832, and who built the first frame house in Menominee on this site; twelve Indian bodies, with their war implements, were found in digging the cellar.

The drive was continued to the John Henes Park, one of the most beautiful parks in all out-doors, a gift to the city by the honored citizen whose name it bears. Luncheon to all delegates and visiting guests was served by the D. A. R. and church organizations in the pavilion in the park, there being present Mr. Henes himself, Governor Albert E. Sleeper, Mayor Doyle, and some 500 other guests and delegates.

After luncheon an enjoyable program was given. Mr. A. L. Sawyer presiding in the enforced absence of President Fred M. Prescott. The invocation was delivered by Rev. H. E. Duttweiler. The Menominee Municipal Orchestra furnished music. A hearty address of welcome, given by Mayor M. J. Doyle, was responded to by Secretary G. N. Fuller of the State Historical Society, who also read a paper of greetings and historical instruction from President A. C. Carton whose mining interests in Colorado prevented his being present. Governor Sleeper spoke enthusiastically of his interest in the meeting and in the Upper Peninsula, and particularly of the resources of the Peninsula which were making history for Michigan. In the community singing which followed, Mr. W. H. Ounsworth of Menominee demonstrated his ability as a community leader and left us no room to guess why he holds such a warm place in the hearts of the people of Menominee. Prof. Gilbert L. Brown, of the Northern State Normal School at Marquette, prepared and discussed an excellent paper on methods of Americanization in the Upper Peninsula used in his recent sociological investigations.

In the evening at the Boys' Club building on State Street, Secretary Howard E. Nadeau presiding, a program was given, with the returned soldiers and sailors,

members of the G. A. R., and Spanish War Veterans as guests of honor. The meeting was opened with a rousing community sing led by Mr. Ounsworth. Mr. Cook gave a spirited reading that was highly appreciated. Father Gagnieur entertained the audience with a talk on Indian music, accompanied with piano demonstrations. One of the most delightful numbers of any of the sessions was the informal talk given by Mrs. H. A. Vennema on the D. A. R. Boys' Club. Mrs. Vennema is chairman of the Club and a natural leader of boys. The charm of the address was its spirit of devoted service which the speaker so evidently thoroughly enjoyed. Mr. George N. Fuller, secretary of the State Historical Society and of the Michigan Historical Commission discussed briefly the history of these organizations, their relation to similar State and national bodies, their principal contributions to historical work in Michigan through collecting and publishing and cooperative activities with local patriotic and historical societies. Mrs. D. M. Wilcox of Menominee sang "Michigan, My Michigan," after which Rev. Father William F. Gagnieur, S. J., last of the Indian Missionaries, from Sault Ste. Marie, read a most interesting paper entitled, "A Short Review of Most Notable Events in the History of Sault Ste. Marie, with Some Gleanings." The evening was closed by Mrs. E. H. Redeman of Marinette, Wis., who sang Cadman's "I Hear a Thrush at Eve" and Del Rigo's "Happy Song."

The morning session of Thursday was held in the Spies Public Library, beginning at 10 o'clock, Secretary Fuller presiding. Miss Louis E. Madden sang "Will o' the Wisp." Mrs. A. L. Sawyer followed with an interesting paper on "The Past, Present and Future

of Menominee." Miss Helen Bradner, of Powers, sang Ashford's "My Thought of You." Much interest was aroused by Prof. Lew Allen Chase, the new head of the history department in the Northern State Normal at Marquette, by a very convincing discussion of methods of historical work applied to State history. Special attention was called to the importance of diligently collecting the source material for Michigan's history, of writing scholarly monographs from this material, and of stirring public interest in doing this in view of what our neighboring States are achieving. He pointed out the fact that Michigan is far behind other States in this work, and that the State Historical Commission at Lansing has been organized none too soon to compete with very strong work being done just beyond our borders. Following Prof. Chase, Hon. James B. Knight, of Norway, editor of *The Current* gave in a very pleasing manner some interesting personal reminiscences of Dickinson County forty years ago. Mr. Thomas Conlin, of Crystal Falls, editor of *The Diamond Drill*, read a paper on "The High Lights of Iron County." Rev. David Shugg, of Stephenson, in a rich full baritone sang "Thora" to the delight of his audience. Following the program luncheon was served by the M. E. Women's Society in the Church Parlors.

At 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon began the dedicatory proceedings in the marking of the Green Bay and Bay Du Noquet Indian trail under the auspices of the Menominee Chapter D. A. R., Mrs. C. H. Hutchinson, Regent, presiding. The dedicatory address was delivered by Rev. A. W. Bill of Menominee. The marker was unveiled by Morrison and Wellsley McCormick, following which a delightful and instructive musical



pageant of the war, "To Arms for Liberty," by Catherine Bryce, was given under the direction of Iszola Joslyn, supervisor of music in Menominee schools, with Helen Blahnik at the piano and the Menominee Municipal Orchestra accompanying.

The closing session was held Thursday evening in the Spies Public Library, Mr. F. J. Trudell presiding. The Municipal Orchestra was on hand with a liberal supply of lively music. Mr. Ounsworth favored the audience with several vocal selections. Mr. James F. Lyon gave in his charmingly modest manner some well chosen recollections of early days in Menominee. Mrs. Ruth Brooks read for her mother, Mrs. Lewis T. Sterling of Iron Mountain, a paper prepared by Mrs. Sterling entitled, "On the Menominee with Weabinyket," being a sketch of early days when the still beautiful Menominee River in its windings through virgin forests was navigated by the native in his birch-bark; the paper was founded on a diary of actual experiences and observations, and pleasing extracts from the diary inserted here and there in the paper proved very entertaining. Following, Mrs. J. H. Vernet sang Harriet Ware's "Sunlight Walz Song". Two addresses of the evening were specially notable. Rev. Charles J. Johnson, A.M., D.D., of Marquette, who came as a delegate from the Marquette County Historical Society, read an elaborate paper on "Promoting the Progress of Local Historical Research and Record," and Mr. John A. Doelle, also of Marquette, and Secretary-Manager of the Upper Peninsula Development Bureau, gave an historical sketch of the work of that organization, and incidentally described the origin and progress of the Keeweenaw Historical Society, of which he was one of the founders and most active workers.

In concluding the program, Chairman Trudell announced that in the absence of President Fred M. Prescott, he would himself deliver the address Mr. Prescott was to have given, and was glad of the opportunity. The subject of Mr. Prescott's address was "Come Again". Turning to the audience Mr. Trudell discoursed as follows: "Ladies and Gentlemen, come again." And the gracious tone of the speaker was convincing. The hearty applause was assurance that a first rate good time had been enjoyed and that the invitation was unanimously accepted. The session was followed by a reception in the historical rooms of the library devoted to Michigan historical material museum.

In a short business meeting intervening, a resolution relating to the centennial celebration of the birth of the political and commercial independence of the Upper Peninsula was read by Charles J. Johnson which had been by him offered at the recent meeting of the Marquette County Historical Society held in the Peter White Public Library on the evening of Aug. 1, 1919, and unanimously adopted with instructions that the Chippewa County Historical Society be apprised of their action, and that if the Society were favorable, an invitation be extended to the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society to hold its fifth Upper Peninsula meeting at Sault Ste. Marie.

Mr. A. L. Sawyer moved the resolution be adopted by the members of the Convention present, as an expression of their hearty sympathy with the movement to celebrate the centennial anniversary of the first coming of the Stars and Stripes to Cloverland, at Sault Ste. Marie in the year 1920. The motion was seconded by George N. Fuller of the State Historical Society and unanimously adopted by a rising vote.

The resolution read as follows:

*U.P. history*  
Whereas, under the terms of the Treaty of Paris, September 3, 1783, the jurisdiction of the Northwest Territory was ceded by Great Britain to the United States of America; and

Whereas, this cession was rendered nugatory by the British military authorities, who, instead of vacating the relinquished territory, retained possession of its strategic strongholds and uniformly opposed every attempt on the part of the Federal Government to occupy the Northwestern posts, until 1796, when in compliance with the Jay Treaty the posts of Detroit and Mackinac, together with others, were surrendered to the United States of America, after a delay of thirteen years; and

Whereas, the exercise of American sovereignty in the Upper Peninsula did not immediately supervene with the occupation of the military posts at Mackinac Island; for, its effect so far as it related to our Upper Country did hardly more than to change the garrison from an English to an American one, producing no alteration in the essential character of its political and commercial life, which continued as before dominantly British, so that the transfer of sovereignty in 1796 was merely one in form, not in fact, and the territory of the Northern Peninsula continued its existence as a potential, but not an actual part of the United States of America; and

Whereas, America's technical rule in the Upper Peninsula came to an end on the 16th day of June, 1820, on which day and date the Federal Government entered and took formal possession of the Upper Peninsula, successfully asserted its authority and effectually exercised its sovereignty, by virtue of which our

Upper Country for the first time since its cession in 1783 fell under the actual jurisdiction of the Federal Government, thereby forming the Northern Peninsula into a real, constituent and permanent part of the United States of America; and

Whereas, countless benefits have accrued to State and Nation by the unfolding of actual American sovereignty in the Upper Peninsula through the introduction of its laws and its letters, its agriculture and its industry; and in view of the marvelous changes wrought, the remarkable development and rapid advancement of our Upper Country, during this century; and in view of a just appreciation of the struggles and sacrifice of adventurous frontiersmen and hardy pioneer spirits, whose unremitting toil have contributed so vastly towards magnificent results, and for whom we cherish the highest regard and esteem; and in view of the near approach of the one hundredth anniversary of this momentous event which, if suitably commemorated, would tend to increase and diffuse local historical knowledge, and also would tend to quicken a more deep and wide range of interest in the plans and purposes of the future which are confronting citizens of our modern Cloverland, who, if not founders, yet as builders, are earnestly seeking and energetically striving to give shape and substance to the dreams and hopes of their far-sighted forerunners and predecessors;

Now, therefore, be it RESOLVED, by the Marquette County Historical Society, that it regards the one hundredth anniversary of the first coming of the Stars and Stripes to Cloverland as an epoch-making event, eminently worthy of a wide commemoration, and, to that end, the President is hereby respectfully requested to appoint a committee, whose duty it shall

be to make proper provision for a fitting Centennial Celebration of the birth of Cloverland's political and economic independence.

It may be added that the citizens of Sault Ste. Marie, upon being apprised of the action taken by historical bodies at Marquette and Menominee and realizing the significance the proposed celebration might have for the entire Peninsula, were heartily in favor of having a mammoth meeting there next year which should show what the Peninsula has achieved in the past 100 years in all lines of endeavor.

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PIONEER AND HISTORICAL NEWS FROM THE COUNTIES

THE NEWLY ORGANIZED PIONEER and historical activities of Alger, Bay, Chippewa and Mackinac counties were reported in the *Michigan History Magazine* for July, 1919, on pages 315-318.

The Three Oaks Historical Society, Berrien County, has issued a very neat little program for the year 1919-1920. The society meets regularly on the second Wednesday of each month from September to June, inclusive, in the Historical Room of the Chamberlain Memorial Museum at Three Oaks. The officers for the coming year are: President, Mrs. Edward K. Warren; Vice-President, Mr. Fred Edinger; Secretary, Mr. George R. Fox; Treasurer, Mrs. Martha A. Wilson. Special attention is called to Pioneers' Day, May 12, and all are urged to so arrange their affairs that on that day they can be in Three Oaks, meeting old friends and enjoying the program.

The program for the entire year is as follows: Sept. 10, "Coxey's Army in Three Oaks," Miss Grace



Allen; "Early Bands and other Musical Organizations," Peter Strehle.—Oct. 8, "Early Lawyers and Justice Shops in Three Oaks," G. N. Valentine.—Nov. 12, "Address and Conference with Historical Workers," Dr. G. N. Fuller, Secretary Historical Commission of Michigan.—Dec. 10, "Early Election Campaigns," Henry Chamberlain; "The Shedd Family," Mrs. Martha A. White.—Jan. 14, "Ice Cream, Ice Cream Parlors and Confectionery in Three Oaks," Henry Crosby, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Crosby and Mrs. Wm. Klute.—Feb. 11, "Early Inventors and Patents in Three Oaks," Mrs. Alice W. Parrey.—Mar. 10, "Anecdotes of Early Days," Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Carrier, and Mrs. M. A. Wilson.—Apr. 14, "Early Dentists and Dentistry in Three Oaks," Dr. T. H. McKenzie.—May 12, "Pioneers' Day."—June 9, "Aeroplanes," Lieut. Kenneth Holden; "Electricity in Three Oaks," J. A. Cavanaugh.

Mrs. C. L. Pearce, secretary of the Clinton County Pioneer Society, gives an extended account of the forty-sixth annual meeting of that organization, in the *Clinton Republican*, stating that the meeting was held June 14 at the Methodist Church. The account contains the deaths of twenty-five members since the last meeting, reported by Mrs. Abbie E. Dills, chairman of the obituary committee. Among the number of pioneers whose birthplaces are known, we find that one was born in Ireland, one in England, one in Canada, four in New York, three in Ohio, and nine in Michigan. The secretary states that eleven new members were added to the society since last year's meeting.

Mrs. M. B. Ferrey, curator of the State Museum, gave an instructive talk on the Weissert bills, which

authorize boards of supervisors to appropriate \$200 in any one year to mark historic sites and a similar additional amount to further the historical interests of the county in a general way. A committee of three was then appointed, consisting of A. E. Dills, Mr. Gunnison and Jay Sessions to arrange with the board of supervisors for this fund.

The secretary and treasurer of the society were elected delegates to attend the annual meeting of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society in Lansing in May, 1920.

Officers were elected as follows: President, Theodore H. Townsend, Vice-President, Jerome Dills; Secretary, Mrs. C. L. Pearce; Treasurer, Mr. J. T. Daniells; Chairman of obituary committee, Mrs. Abbie E. Dills. The coming year will round out twenty years of faithful service for Mrs. Pearce as secretary.

The meeting was well attended throughout, and the fine program of papers and reminiscences and music was enjoyed by all, the principal address being given by Rev. Amos Watkins of the Episcopal Church, on "The Pioneer."

In the following August the Clinton County Pioneer picnic was held on the school grounds in Dewitt. It was very noticeable that the ranks of the older pioneers are fast thinning, as only nineteen were present. In the address of welcome Mr. Jerome Dills called attention to the enterprise of citizens in marking historic sites in the vicinity. The address of the day was given by Hon. N. P. Hull of Lansing. Pioneers gave many interesting reminiscences which were greatly enjoyed, especially by the young people.

On July 1 to 4, the city of Flint enjoyed a four-day

festival commemorating the one-hundredth anniversary of the founding of Flint by Jacob Smith. As a souvenir of the occasion the centennial committee issued a neat little booklet containing a summary of the early history of Flint and a descriptive list of twenty-four historic sites which it would be proper for the city of Flint at some time in the future to mark permanently and in a fitting manner; the report was prepared by Mr. W. C. Cumings, Mr. F. H. Rankin, and Mr. W. V. Smith, members of the sub-committee on historic sites.

The program of festivities included a Registration Day, when visitors and descendants of old families were invited to register at the Masonic Temple and receive centennial badges, and assistance was given visitors in securing accommodations; Genesee County Day, given over to an old settlers' picnic, pioneer reminiscences and historical addresses; Industrial Day, occupied with the industrial history of Flint and Genesee County; ending with a climax on Patriotic Day, June 4, with a grand parade, presentation of service rings to soldiers and sailors of the Great War, and a patriotic mass meeting. At this meeting Lt. Col. Guy Wilson presided. The address was given by Brig. Gen. Edwin B. Winans, son of Michigan's former Governor and commanding general of Michigan's infantry brigade of the famous 32nd (Red Arrow) Division.

The *Flint Daily Journal* gives an interesting account of the annual summer pioneer picnic enjoyed by the pioneers of Genesee County at Long Lake. The *Journal* observes, "The attendance showed somewhat of a decrease from other years, due probably to the

fact that this is an off year in politics and there was little to be accomplished in the way of mending political fences." Next year ought to be a record breaker. There were many family gatherings. Games and contests were included in a splendid program of "eats" and "symposiums." The picnic took the form of a Victory celebration, and victory and its fruits provided the chief topic of the two principal speakers, Rev. George Emerson Barnes of the First Presbyterian Church, and Rev. Howard A. Field of the Court Street M. E. Church. They spoke at length of what America had accomplished in the war, urged the importance of listening to the counsels of those who are well informed, and of exercising patience and forbearance during the adjustment of the extreme difficulties growing out of the unrest produced by war.

The *Record-Eagle*, Traverse City, prints the following:

"Grand Traverse Region's Old Settlers' Association will assemble for its annual get-together session in 1920 at Northport. Several other towns put in bids for the meeting at the thirty-eighth yearly session, held here this week, but Northport was selected, as the association has not assembled there for twelve years.

Dr. R. E. Flood of Northport will head the organization the coming year as president. W. H. Anderson of Kewadin was selected vice-president at large. Mrs. William Love retains her post as secretary, W. S. Anderson remains treasurer, and Mrs. E. S. Pratt, historian. Vice-presidents for the counties included in the association are: Grand Traverse, E. O. Ladd; Antrim; O. J. Powers, Elk Rapids; Leelanau, Robert Ahgosa; Kalkaska, Dr. Babcock; Charlevoix, Capt.

S. M. Rose; Emmet, Mrs. Edith Fasquelle, Petoskey; Benzie, E. T. Huntington, Benzonia.

Among important matters taken up at this year's session was that of erecting a memorial to E. S. Wait. It was revealed that already the Brotherhood of the Congregational Church has the project well started. However, the proffered aid of the Old Settlers' Association and the Woman's Club is greatly appreciated and will be utilized. It is planned to erect a memorial monument near Bowers Harbor, at the spot where Mr. Wait taught the first school in the region.

Preliminary plans were also made for forming individual branch county organizations of the association, so that greatest benefit may be gained from Michigan legislation which stipulates that county boards of supervisors may make annual appropriations for preserving the traditions of the respective localities which they represent. The matter is to be taken under advisement, and it is probable that a definite report will be available in the near future.

Aside from the program previously announced in these columns, which was carried out to the letter, several particularly amusing impromptu features were added. G. Lote Silver, representing one of the oldest families in Grand Traverse, favored the gathering with several very pleasing vocal solos. Archie Miller, who now enjoys the distinction of being the oldest white child born in this region, was called upon to talk and sing a bit in the Indian tongue. Robert Ahgosa joined him in the Ottawa and Chippewa songs. Then some one spied an Indian woman in the audience and persuaded her to assist. She is Mrs. Pah-Quon-Gu, and the beautiful quality of her voice delighted the entire assembly.



Howard Whiting, Fred Pratt and Thomas Shane have been appointed a committee to introduce another novelty next year at Northport. It is planned to have an old-time horse race. Professionals will be absolutely barred, and rules of the previous century will govern the contest. No one can understand how an association gathering could be more successful than the one held here this week, but nevertheless every effort is to be made toward this end for 1920."

Mrs. Florence Gwinn of Pigeon writes as follows:

The midsummer meeting and picnic of the Huron County Pioneer and Historical Society was a most enjoyable occasion. The day was fine and the scenery at the "Broken Rocks" beautiful. Many pioneers were there to tell the "tales of yore." Ten of them had become residents of this county before the 60's.

Mrs. Sarah Kimball Case who came in '53 gave an excellent talk on "The Days of Yore." She was also the hostess of the society that day. Capt. McDonald told of his experiences in Port Austin when but a boy. Mrs. Philip Carroll gave a paper entitled "Recollections of the Past." There was also another paper given by Mr. H. Smith who has lived fifty-four years in Huron County. Then we had an hour given over to informal talks by pioneers present. This proved to be an interesting part of the splendid program.

We secured several new members for the society and everything is in fine condition.

Through the efforts of the society four fine parks along the shore of the bay and lake have been given to the county for public parks. The park given at Caseville is especially good. It consists of about twelve acres of timbered land on the Saginaw Bay.

Already \$600 had been expended in improvements there by the former owners. This gift was from Messrs. Wallace, Taek and Curran. Another park situated at Bay Port was also given by the Wallace's, and a small one at Port Austin by John Wallace, a brother to W. H. Wallace of Saginaw. The park at Port Hope was a gift from the Stafford estate. The beginning of the whole affair was the result of a suggestion offered by Governor Sleeper at our meeting last year. We feel proud of what has been accomplished during the year and hope to have improvements made in all of these parks by another year.

We are planning to have a midwinter meeting at Bad Axe and shall try to get a speaker for that occasion.

I am busy preparing a history of Huron County in early times and expect to have it completed some time this fall.

Mrs. Franc L. Adams, secretary of the Ingham County Pioneer and Historical Society writes:

The Forty-seventh annual meeting of the Ingham County Pioneer and Historical Society was held in Mason, June 13, 1919. Although the attendance was small the intense interest manifested more than atoned for this. The president, Col. L. H. Ives, presided, and brushing all formality aside, he made of the meeting a genuine love-feast.

The musical part of the program consisted of an original song by E. A. Densmore, vocal solos by Ralph S. Adams and Marian Taylor, and community singing.

The principal speaker was Dr. G. N. Fuller, secretary of the State Historical Commission. "One of his first remarks was regarding the inspiration to be gained from an enthusiastic historical society. "Such meetings," he said, "are the dynamos from which we get

our power," and it required no stretch of the imagination to tell that the speaker himself was one of the live wires. He spoke of Michigan's first historical society founded in 1828, with Lewis Cass as its first president, and of its successor, the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society, which was organized in 1874, and he gave the history of the Michigan Historical Commission. He was very enthusiastic in regard to county historical work, and hoped to see an historical society in every county in Michigan. He mentioned the new State building soon to be erected, in which would be rooms for the Historical Commission's work. He advocated having county museums wherever possible. A part of his time was devoted to explanation of the Weissert Bill which recently became a law. Immediately following his talk a resolution was presented and adopted, in which the president was asked to appoint a committee of three to go before the board of supervisors at their next session and ask them to make an appropriation of \$200, or a part of that sum, to be used for county historical work as provided for in the Bill.

Mr. C. H. Landrum, Superintendent of Schools at Washington, Kansas, was present and told of the progress Kansas has made in historical work and how liberally she expends money for this cause.

Miss Florence Fuller of Lansing gave "The First Settler's Story," by Carleton, in a manner pleasing to the audience.

The secretary reported that sixty-four pioneers had died during the year, and none of them had lived in the county less than forty years.

Special tribute was paid to those who had been most active in the Society. Mrs. M. B. Ferrey who had known Hon. H. R. Pattengill for many years,

spoke of his work as secretary of the State Historical Society as one of three distinctive and important services rendered by him. He stood high in the ranks of educators in the country, not alone for disseminating book learning; he never let slip an opportunity to teach patriotism of the most loyal variety, and his love and reverence for the United States flag was a part of his everyday life. He was the pioneer who brought about community singing, and "The Knapsack" and "Pat's Pick" are lasting memorials of his work in that line. Mrs. Ferrey expressed a desire that a statue in honor of this remarkably versatile man should be placed in the new State building soon to be erected, and without doubt this sentiment will be sanctioned by every Michigan resident who knows of the man and his work—and, who does not?

Judge and Mrs. Geo. W. Bristol, whose names have been associated with the Ingham County Pioneer and Historical Society since its earliest days, have answered the call of the Death Angel during the last year. Col. L. H. Ives eulogized Mr. Bristol, with whom he had been closely connected in various societies for fifty years. He was a member of the Ingham County Bar, but never pleaded at the bar, though he had probably settled more estates than any other man in the county. Mrs. Franc L. Adams paid gracious tribute to the memory of Mrs. Bristol as she sketched her life and work. She was truly an Ingham County pioneer; was born in Delhi Township, and her entire life of seventy-three years was spent within a few miles of her birth-place.

Mrs. Adams spoke of what the society owed to Henry D. Baldwin of Onondaga, who died a few days previous to the meeting. He it was who furnished data regarding John Champe and family that made a

remarkable story of Revolutionary days and the days of 1812. He also located several Indian trails and the site of the camp used by the Pottawattomies when they were taken from Michigan and carried across the Mississippi. Mrs. Ferrey also mentioned Mrs. Ellen Burton Judson, who served for one year as secretary of the State Pioneer and Historical Society and was one of the trustees for some time.

A. C. Clark of Lansing read a sketch telling of events in the lives of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Clark, who came to Ingham Township at an early day.

Mrs. Warren Avels of East Lansing read a letter written by her mother, Mary E. Olds Huntoon, in 1860, to her cousin I. N. Wolcott, who died last year. He was in California at that time; the letter said, "This is a very sickly place. Much fever and ague, though no deaths as yet. Politics is the exciting subject just now, and on Sept. 6 there is to be a big mass meeting in Lansing, and among other noted speakers will be Gov. Seward. The sum of \$1,000 is to be raised to pay for a free dinner as people are coming from all over the state. But maybe I better inquire about your politics first; are you a Douglas man, or a Breckenridge man, or are you an admirer of the "railsplitter"? Anyhow, unless you are a good strong Republican you better stay away from Michigan, for Democrats are not thought much of here."

Portions from a letter written in 1838 by John H. Childs told of this section, which he was then traveling through; he told of a settlement in the woods of Ingham County, where were twenty or thirty houses and a few business places, which he heard people say would undoubtedly be the county seat in a few years. As



Mason became the county seat in 1840, without doubt he referred to that village.

The society voted to make two changes in the routine work which it is hoped will arouse the enthusiasm of the people throughout the county. The first was to have a midyear meeting held at some village in the county, the program to be purely historical and social, the business of the year to be done at the annual meeting held at Mason in June. The officers realize that unless some effort is made to collect the pioneer history of the county, it will be lost in the oblivion of the past, and even now much of it must come to us second-hand and traditionally.

The second innovation planned is to try and have all the newspapers in the county print once each month a list of five questions pertaining to early history, asking that replies be sent to Franc L. Adams, the secretary of the society, at Mason, Mich.

The announcements sent out by the society this year contained six queries of this nature, but no written answers were received. When they were read at the meeting by the president, there were several pioneers who told interesting incidents recalled to their minds by these questions. The first question: Do you remember the big mass meeting held on the Hogsback the year the Republican party was born? Some remembered that there was such a meeting held, with a barbecue at its close, but more recalled a big mass meeting in the latter part of October, 1860, which was also held on the Hogsback, and to which people from all over this part of the State came. J. T. Bullen of Aurelius told of being there and hearing the notable speech made by Cassius M. Clay, which was given in full by the *Ingham County News* of that date. "There

Ingham Co.  
Pioneer  
Collection

came near being a riot, said Mr. Bullen, "when an ardent admirer of Stephen A. Douglas resented Mr. Clay's remarks, and jumped to his feet waving a Douglas flag and began hurraing for Douglas at the top of his voice." The paper which published the account of the meeting completes the story thus:

"Members of the audience started to remove the flag, when Mr. Clay said, 'Friends, don't do that, let the flag alone, it can do no harm.' There was considerable sensation in the crowd and Mr. Clay again said, 'Let it alone. This is a thing I have worked for all my life, toleration. I know it is bad manners in the man to place it there, but it would be worse for us, who know better, to pull it down.'"

The second question was intended to draw out some history concerning the Lansing-Howell plank road. Several remembered this once famous turnpike, and R. J. Bullen told of driving over it once with a load, and recalled the surprise manifested by his team when their feet struck the dirt at the end of the plank road.

Many had clear recollections of the time when the first railroad in the county was built, and Mrs. Delevan Smith remembered going on the first passenger train to Bay City and back when a free ride was given.

No one could tell where the first county drain was located, nor where the first school house was built, though Dr. Randall of Dansville said his wife's mother taught the first school. Several could tell when the county seat was located at Mason, and one man told that the first fair held in the county was held on the ground where the court house now stands.

The secretary had secured considerable early history of the county through searching the files of the *Ingham County News*, and much very valuable data concerning

Aurelius Township, through being allowed to copy the papers that were later sealed in the corner stone of the remodeled Union Church at North Aurelius.

The following officers were re-elected: President, Col. L. H. Ives; Vice-president, R. J. Bullen; Secretary, Franc L. Adams; Treasurer, W. M. Webb. The latter has been treasurer for over twenty-five consecutive years.

A committee from the society consisting of E. A. Densmore, Richard Bullen and Mrs. Adams appeared before the county board of supervisors at the June meeting to plead for an appropriation under the bill passed by the last legislature, and after the matter was laid before them a committee was appointed of three Supervisors, Hall, Waller and Clement, to confer with the other members of the board and try to create a sentiment in favor of letting the Pioneer Society have a sum of money sufficient to start the work of preserving Ingham County history.

From the *Iosco County Gazette* we learn that the first midwinter meeting of the Iosco County Pioneer and Historical Society was held at the court house in Tawas City, Feb. 27, 1919. Attorney Hartingth told of the Iosco Bar, having known the lawyers and judges personally. Mr. Jackson, an editor from East Tawas pictured the lumber-jacks of pioneer days. Mrs. Anderson, one of the very early settlers gave some very interesting reminiscences. Mrs. Ferrey from the Michigan Historical Commission spoke to the high school pupils in the morning, at the court house in the afternoon, and next day before the Women's Club who were arranging for an historical pageant. The annual meeting of the society was set for August, to

be held at the Hemlock Road, but no account of this meeting has reached us.

The Bulletin of the Grand Rapids Public Library has published from time to time interesting items on Michigan history and the work of the Grand Rapids Historical Society; from this source we learn that the annual meeting of the organization for 1919 was held in the Historical Room of the Library on Feb. 4. Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, Mr. R. W. Butterfield; First Vice-President, Mr. Lewis G. Stewart; Second Vice-President, Mrs. James H. Campbell; Treasurer, Mr. A. M. Goodwin; Secretary, Mr. S. H. Ranek. For some time Mr. Ranek has been in France in war library work. This meeting was mainly occupied with reports on collecting the records of the soldiers and sailors from Grand Rapids in the Great War. Mrs. S. W. McKee, Mrs. G. M. Hubbard, and Miss Annie Pollard were appointed a committee to confer with State authorities engaged in collecting the records for the State. In April Mrs. W. M. Stebbins of Hastings, State Director of Collecting Soldiers' and Sailors' Records met with the Society and explained the work that is being done in other parts of the State. Secretary Ranek and Miss Annie A. Pollard have been appointed by the Governor directors for Kent County in this work.

The "Historical Room" in the Grand Rapids Public Library is a most interesting nook for lovers of Michigan history, being well equipped with atlases, old newspapers, photographs, souvenirs, histories and reference books useful to students and citizens desiring historical information. A "Michigan Room" would be profitable and bring returns to any library, and it

would give proper emphasis to Michigan's right to attention in any Michigan library.

Mrs. Lillian D. Avery of Pontiac, secretary, writes that the forty-fifth annual banquet and meeting of the Oakland County Pioneer and Historical Society held February 22, 1919, at the Central M. E. Church in Pontiac, was as successful as any of its predecessors in presenting a program full of historical interest. With Judge Joseph S. Stockwell presiding and Mr. James Lynch acting as toastmaster, the audience was treated to much spicy comment that enlivened the occasion, as did also the old-time fiddling of Mr. Mortimer Leggett, the singing by the high school quartette and recitations by Miss Barbara Miller.

"The Pontiac Company," a paper by the Hon. Aaron Perry, recalled the fact that it was a hundred years ago that the first settlement was made in this city under the direction of this organization. A few weeks later a settlement was made at Birmingham, although it was not known by this name until many years later. Mr. W. D. Clizbee told the story of "Piety Hill" as it was then called, and gave a very fine tribute to the pioneers of that section.

The Hon. Peter Voorhies gave a history of Independence Township and some of its early settlers, all the incidents and persons mentioned being well known to the speaker.

"A Modern Pioneer Picnic," a story written by J. Allen Bigelow, was read by Judge Stockwell.

The secretary gave a report of the work that had been done by the historical committee of the Woman's Literary Club in collecting and tabulating data showing the work Oakland County had done during the war.

Mrs. Joseph Newbegging had kept a record of the work of the Red Cross; Mrs. Herman Seagrave, the Draft Board; Mrs. Geo. W. Smith, Patriotic Activities; Mrs. A. F. Newberry, Woman's Work; Mrs. Chas. Going, Food and Fuel; Miss Elizabeth Efferts, Education; and Mrs. Avery, the personnel of the soldiers, and the usual historical material.

The books containing this information were on exhibition and the society acknowledged by a vote of thanks the work done by this committee.

The following officers were elected: President, Razemond A. Parker; First Vice-President, Richard H. Rose; Second Vice-President, George Borndige; Third Vice-President, Mrs. A. L. Craft; Secretary, Mrs. Lillian D. Avery; Treasurer, Chas. H. Going; Trustees, John Powers, James Hoyt, A. G. Griggs.

A pioneer meeting was held in the town hall at Mears, Oceana County, Aug. 20, 1919, of which only a meager account has been received. Mrs. Carrie E. Mears of Pentwater, who has collected a number of pioneer papers bearing on the history of her vicinity, urges all interested in the history of Oceana County to send her any information or clippings pertaining to the history of the county. It is proposed to gather material for a history of Oceana County, and the pioneer society will probably be reorganized in the near future upon an historical basis to achieve this purpose.

The old settlers of Jamestown Township, Ottawa County, enjoyed their seventeenth annual picnic in August. The opening speaker was Rev. G. Van DeLinden of Forest Grove, whose excellent address held the closest attention. All took an active part in

the dinner which followed; one old settler was heard to remark that the crowd was much larger after dinner, though no new faces were to be seen. The speaker of the day was Hon. Gerritt J. Djekema of Holland, who commented upon the enterprise of the settlers in making this annual gathering an important factor in the life of the community rather than just an ordinary picnic. The Association owns the ground, nine acres of beautiful woods, which are well kept and have abundant springs of pure cold water. The grounds are easily reached by rail and automobile, and make one of the finest picnic sites in Michigan. The officers of the Association are: President, Newton L. Chamberlain; Vice-President, Cornelius Struik; Secretary, Henry Van Noord; Treasurer, Nicholas De Kline.

The Shiawassee County Pioneer and Historical Society held its annual meeting at the court house in Corunna, Feb. 22, 1919. Hon. John Y. Martin gave a report as Historian of the society. A history of Corunna Schools was given by Drege Watson. Dr. and Mrs. A. G. Cowles of Durand furnished old-time music. Mrs. Ferrey of Lansing gave a demonstration of old-time wearing apparel showing development along various lines. The program of a score of numbers was greatly enjoyed by a large and appreciative audience.

The forty-fifth annual meeting of the St. Joseph County Pioneer and Historical Society was held June 11 in the court house park at Centreville. The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. C. C. Bateman; Vice-President, Mr. Alexander Sharp; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. William T. Langley. Assistant



vice-presidents were appointed for the several townships. The Weissert bills, empowering boards of supervisors to appropriate a sum not to exceed \$200 in any one year for marking historic sites and a similar sum for general historical purposes were explained and steps were taken to secure a portion of these amounts from the St. Joseph County board. An enjoyable noon hour was spent in a picnic dinner abounding in old-time sociability. In the afternoon Hon. Judge Farrow gave an earnest and thoughtful address of welcome which was responded to by the well-known pioneer poet, James Yauney. Mr. George R. Fox, the very able director of the Edward K. Warren Foundation at Three Oaks described in the July number of the *Magazine*, gave an intensely interesting address on the collection, arrangement and care of objects in an historical museum. Miss Florence Fuller, daughter of Secretary Fuller of the State Historical Commission, recited in an appealing manner Will Carleton's "The First Settler's Story." Secretary William T. Langley displayed the original cyclebar invented by Mr. John M. Leland, on which he gave an interesting talk, urging that more attention be given to gathering historic relics for the county pioneer museum displayed in the court house. Secretary Fuller of the Michigan Historical Commission gave an address on the work of that Commission, its importance for the present as well as for the future of the State, and explained its relations to the county associations. Good music was furnished by the Centreville Glee Club and the Centreville Band.

"Thirty ladies, members of the Algonquin Chapter Daughters of the American Revolution, motored to Paw Paw Sept. 13 and placed a bronze marker over the

grave of William Dyckman, a soldier of the Revolution. The dedication of the tablet was attended by appropriate ceremonies in which several Paw Paw residents took part. Atty. David Anderson, Atty. Glenn E. Warner and Father Toole were among the speakers."—*Decatur Republican*.

Secretary I. P. Bates writes that the forty-ninth annual meeting of the Van Buren County Pioneer Association was held at Covert, June 19, 1919. All new officers were elected except the clerk, who being the *boy* of the crowd, only eighty-four, was retained: President, G. S. Rich; Vice-President, G. C. Monroe; Treasurer, J. W. Pierce; Secretary, I. P. Bates. The 50th Anniversary will be held at Lawrence where the Association was organized. A committee was appointed to take up the matter of markers with the board of supervisors and it is hoped one will be ready to dedicate at Lawrence next year. The secretary is preserving sketches of all the townships and all other historical data he can get.

The *Daily Times-News* of Ann Arbor prints the following:

"The annual meeting of the Washtenaw County Pioneer and Historical Society was held in the court house Wednesday, June 11, at 10 a. m. A goodly number of the pioneers were on hand and it seemed as usual like a social family reunion. The meeting was called to order by Pres. Byron F. Finney. Prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Rowe. The secretary gave an extensive outline of the last meeting and the report was accepted and adopted. The necrologist, Mrs. B. D. Kelly reported 143 deaths of pioneers during

the year. Miss English of Manchester and others spoke of the death of Librarian Davis and mention was also made of D. Minzey, aged 96 years, and also an aged mother of 97 years. Several pioneers made remarks regarding some of those who had died during the year. E. Moore stated that it was 60 years ago that he and Mrs. Moore had been united in marriage.

"A nominating committee was appointed as follows: W. H. Sweet, D. D. Kelly, G. H. Winslow and B. F. Gooding.

"Following this dinner was served in the Y. M. C. A. About seventy pioneers and their friends sat down at the tables. After a social hour the meeting was again called to order. The report of the nominating committee was given by W. H. Sweet as follows: The next meeting will be held the second Wednesday in June, 1920. President, George W. Winslow; Secretary, R. Robert Campbell; Treasurer, O. C. Burkhardt; Necrologist, Mr. B. D. Kelly; Vice-Presidents: Ann Arbor City, M. S. White; Ann Arbor township, C. S. Brown; Augusta, Mr. Hewens; Bridgewater, H. Palmer; Dexter, John O. Thompson; Freedom, Emil Zinke; Lima, E. B. Smith; Lodi, S. J. Cress; Lyndon, Alfred Clark; Manchester, A. D. English; Northfield, J. G. Pray; Pittsfield, Andrew Campbell; Sharon, C. C. Dorr; Saline, John Hull; Scio, Arthur Lyon; Salem, A. Shankland; Sylvan, John Walters; Superior, Ernest Trust; Webster, Howard Ball; York, J. Josenhans; Ypsilanti city, W. H. Sweet; Ypsilanti township, B. D. Kelly.

"A number of the members, among them, President Finney, J. E. Beal and A. D. English spoke regarding the relics of the association, and their disposition. Some of these are quite valuable but after discussion

it was moved to take no further action at this time regarding them.

"Prof. Bonisteel made some interesting and appropriate remarks, Col. A. C. Pack gave an outline of the soldier recruits, Mrs. W. H. Wait and others spoke of the hero dead and mentioned several of those who had died during the late war. Mrs. W. B. Hatch, Mrs. W. G. Doty and some others spoke of the Revolutionary War, the Civil War and other conflicts, and the sympathetic work of the different religious organizations.

"H. L. Westerman gave a splendid outline of the work done in Washtenaw County and read a poem in connection with his talk. Mrs. M. L. Norch of Washtenaw County chapter and Mrs. Henry M. Bates spoke of the French orphans and the pitiful condition of the people. J. E. Beal gave a number of interesting incidents regarding the University of Michigan. Rev. Edgar Brown read several appropriate poems. Mr. White gave quite a complete list of the early settlers and also read a poem composed by William Lambie and delivered in the early days of the society, of which he was a devoted member.

"Closing remarks were made by Andrew Campbell, B. A. Finney the secretary and others.

"The meeting was then adjourned."

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THE MICHIGAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION held its twentieth annual meeting at Hotel Macatawa, Macatawa Park, Sept. 4, 5 and 6, 1919. The opening address, given by Hon. Gerritt J. Diekema of Holland, on "The Hollanders in Michigan," was a splendid tribute to this sturdy, intellectual, God-fearing people,

and a happy introduction to the meeting held in their midst. President <sup>Stohm</sup>Stohm's address which followed was filled with fine idealism, being directed mainly to showing how the public library can be of highest service in the process of reconstruction we are experiencing. Mr. Azariah S. Root, Librarian of Oberlin College, discussed in an able manner the subject of library standards. Secretary George N. Fuller of the State Historical Commission talked on the ideals and work of the Commission and their relation to the libraries of the State; and Mrs. W. M. Stebbins of Hastings, State Director to Compile Record of Michigan Soldiers and Sailors in the Great War, spoke of the work being done under her supervision. The principal speaker of the meeting was Mr. James Schermerhorn, editor of the *Detroit Times*, whose subject was "The Soul of the City." His optimistic outlook based upon the contributions made by typical American cities to the higher and finer things of urban life was cheering. During the course of the program several round-table discussions served as clearing counters for live library facts and opinions among the delegates, and the social features of the meeting were very pleasant, among which those in attendance will most happily remember the evening on the beach. It was a most enjoyable and profitable meeting.

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ON AUGUST 22, 1919, was dedicated the monument erected by the State of Michigan to the memory of General William R. Shafter at Galesburg, Kalamazoo County, near where he was born. A home-coming and veteran's reunion were combined with the event and

brought out a large attendance. A complete report is being prepared by the committees in charge which will be published in a near number of the Magazine.

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ON SEPTEMBER 19, Saginaw and the State of Michigan fittingly commemorated the centennial of the signing of the Saginaw Indian treaty of 1819 by a mammoth celebration in the city of Saginaw. The State committee appointed by the Governor consisted of Mr. Walter J. Hunsaker of Saginaw, Mr. Frank W. Blair of Detroit, Mr. Henry Ledyard of Detroit, Mrs. Irène Pomeroy Shields of Bay City and Mr. Lewis Cass Slade of Saginaw. The committee attributes much of the splendid success of the meeting to the work of the local committees, a complete report of which will be made later. In this number is printed in full the principal address of the occasion, by Mr. Henry A. Naegely of Saginaw.

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THE DETROIT PUBLIC LIBRARY'S BULLETIN *Library Service* contains as a supplement to the issue of Sept. 15, 1919, interesting letters and papers relating to the negotiation of the Indian treaty of Saginaw in September, 1819, from the *Burton Historical Collections*. Among them is a letter of Lewis Cass, dated at Detroit, Jan. 6, 1819, urging the purchase of lands in the region of Saginaw Bay, and a contemporary press account of the treaty taken from the *Detroit Gazette* of Oct. 1, 1819.

OLDER READERS are doubtless familiar with the *Legends of Michigan and the Old North West* published by the Northwestern Bible and Publishing Co. of Allegan, Michigan, in 1875.

The author, F. J. Littlejohn, had been at that time a resident of Allegan for some forty years and was one of the earliest settlers of western Michigan. As a surveyor and geologist his widely extended explorations in early Michigan made him well acquainted with its topography, scenery, and products, and with the Indians, whom he met in both peninsulas scattered in tribal bands over their hunting grounds and in their forest homes. He was by nature fond of ethnological studies, particularly in aboriginal life, and these legends and stories set forth the mental gifts, superstitions, modes of living and general habits of the Indians with the accuracy of personal knowledge. They abound with scenes of border life and Indian warfare and in their day had something of the novelty of Cooper's *Leather Stocking Tales* and contemporary stories of the forest and the frontier.

In literary style they are somewhat juvenile, and indeed were not written originally for publication, but, as the author confesses, for his amusement in hours of leisure and relaxation. Their charm consists largely in his love of these "unpublished waifs, gleaned along the uncertain misty line, dividing traditional from historic times." To some they will seem to contain a good deal of the oversentimental. Unquestionably much of the narrative is strongly tinted with the author's imagination. On the whole, however, the pictures of Indian life, manners and customs are true enough.



Not all of these "waifs" have been published. Several have been acquired recently by the Historical Commission as a loan, one of which is presented in this issue of the Magazine, secured from Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Butler, of Allegan. Mr. Butler's mother was a sister of the author. This story, "Red Cloud and Dew Drop," is fairly typical of the earlier ones, and is closely related to two which appear in the collection of 1875, "Ou-wan-a-ma-che and Mo-kish-e-no-quā; or, The Native Saginaw Maidens of 1804," and "Se-go-quen, the Native Deaf Mute; or, The Last Raid of the Saginaw Renegades." The subtitle of the present story is, "The Child Captives of Saginaw," a legend of the Saginaws in 1810. One of the chiefs in the story has left his name with the thriving population center of Chesaning in Saginaw County.

If this story is well received by our readers it is probable others of the series will be published in the Magazine.

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**THE STUDENTS' PRIZE ESSAY CONTEST** sponsored by the Department of Public Instruction, the Michigan Federation of Women's Clubs, the Daughters of the American Revolution in Michigan, and the Michigan Historical Commission, on the subject "What our school (or county) has done to help win the war," has been decided in favor of the following contestants:

First prize for students over 14 years of age, Donald Ross, Ypsilanti; second prize, Helen Post, Burnips.

First prize for students under 15 years of age, Alma Gilbert, Saginaw; second prize, John Russell, Manistee.

These essays will be published by the Historical Commission in the form of a Bulletin and distributed



to schools and libraries. Individuals desiring copies may secure them by addressing the Commission at Lansing.

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**WINNERS** IN THE PRIZE ESSAY CONTEST conducted in 1918-19 by the Michigan Historical Commission on the subject, "The essential conditions of permanent world peace," are as follows:

Miss Ethelyn Abbot, 262 State Street, S.E., Grand Rapids, grade teacher in Coit School.

Arthur W. Dow, 1001 E. Huron Street, Ann Arbor, student in the University of Michigan.

Harry Hartman, 1169 Gratiot Ave., Detroit, student in the Detroit Junior College.

Miss Lorraine Bennett, 110 Oswego Street, Albion, student in Albion College.

Following is the committee on prizes: President Harry B. Hutchins, University of Michigan; President Frank S. Kedzie, Michigan Agricultural College; President Fred W. McNair, Michigan College of Mines; President Charles McKenny, Michigan State Normal College; Hon. Fred L. Keeler (succeeded by Hon. Thomas E. Johnson), Supt. of Public Instruction; Rt. Rev. Monsignor F. A. O'Brien, Dean of Nazareth Academy; and Hon. Clarence M. Burton, Michigan Historical Commission.

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**WAR RECORDS OF MICHIGAN**" is the title of Bulletin No. 10 published by the Michigan Historical Commission jointly with the Michigan Preparedness Board. Its 30 pages set forth the need of an accu-

rate complete and permanent account of the activities of Michigan in the war, the importance of immediate help by all citizens to secure the original records of war work in their respective counties, and gives a list of the records that are most worthy of permanent preservation. Many suggestions are derived from the work that is being done in other States. Methods of organizing the work in the counties are sketched in detail and an extended model outline is given for writing county histories of the war. The Bulletin has been widely distributed to schools and libraries and to workers in civilian war service organizations in the counties. Copies may still be had from the office of the Michigan Historical Commission, Lansing.

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THE ADRIAN DAILY TELEGRAM of Aug. 26, 1919, contains "The story of Lenawee County's war work in the Patriotic League during the history making years of 1917 and 1918 and up to the present time," covering over two complete pages of that issue. The Magazine would be pleased to receive all articles of this kind and of historical nature along other lines published in Michigan newspapers. Its columns are the natural clearing house for the historical and patriotic news of the State and earnest effort is being made to increase this service. We desire to enlarge its exchange list as a means to this end. Editors who are not at present exchanging with the Magazine are earnestly invited to do so for the common good. A list of our exchanges will be published in a near number of the Magazine.

MR. H. L. SENSEMANN, director of the Alumni Catalogue Office of the University of Michigan and secretary of the Military Record Committee of the University, writes thus of the progress and expense of the work up to June 28, 1919:

"With the exception of some extra work in connection with mail that has been returned unclaimed, the circularizing of the Alumni body is practically complete. We have yet to circularize the students of the last two years.

"Our returns have been large, running well up to 6,000. But these returns are by no means complete, as mail is being received every day, and in many cases, parents have written that they are holding the circulars to be filled out by their sons when they have returned from France.

"The returned circulars have all been arranged alphabetically, and at the present time they are being put into typed card-index form.

"We have complete records of 174 deaths in service, and a record of the military service of more than 150 Faculty Members.

"The entire expense so far is under \$2,200.00, leaving more than \$300.00 for the work of typing and cataloguing the returns.

"Much material in connection with other activities of the University, such as The S.A.T.C. organization, Red Cross work, Training Detachments, and Naval Units has been collected.

"The wisdom of this second circularizing has been proved by the fact that we have been able to reach many Alumni who did not respond to the circular sent out a year ago.

"Incidentally, the circularizing has been of immense

value to this office, in that it has made hundreds of corrections in our mailing list and has discovered for us over 200 unreported deaths among the Alumni."

The members of this committee are Regents Frank B. Leland, William L. Clements, James O. Murfin, and Professors Fred N. Scott and Arthur L. Cross.

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**I**N THE DEATH of Justice Russel Cowles Ostrander, Associate Justice and former Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Michigan, the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society loses one of its most honored members. Few men were more intelligently acquainted with the history of Michigan, his native State. Born in Ypsilanti in 1851 and graduated from the Law Department of the University of Michigan in the class of 1876, he was early and intimately associated with great educational centers. His life is the story of a poor boy rising by force of character and hard work from the humblest of positions to the highest judicial honor in his State. An appropriate biographical sketch of Justice Ostrander will appear in its proper place in the State Historical Commission's publications.

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**M**ODERATOR-TOPICS SAYS, "Now the war is won and the problems of peace press upon us, what stands out as the most important thing for the schools to do? Moderator-Topics believes that of first importance is the teaching of history, civics, and economics with increased emphasis."

Let us add, Michigan history, Michigan civics, and Michigan economics.

Teachers, try Mr. Pattengill's *Primer of Michigan History* along with the American history classes, and Prof. Chase's new volume, *The Government of Michigan* (Scribners).

The *Michigan Pioneer and Historical Collections* are full of data for a study of Michigan's early economic conditions. A set of these 39 volumes, and two index volumes, will be furnished free to any school. Prof. Wood's *Geography of Michigan* (Western State Normal, Kalamazoo) supplies abundant data on present day economic development.

For valuable teaching suggestions see the *Michigan History Magazine* in your public library for Oct. 1917 (pp. 19-22); Jan. 1918, pp. 23-24, 27-30; April 1918, pp. 210-216.

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“THE GOVERNMENT OF MICHIGAN,” by Lew Allen Chase, M. A., head of the history department of the Northern State Normal School at Marquette, is the title of a neat little volume just published by Scribners.

Within 226 pages Mr. Chase has put the essentials of Michigan government for students in high schools. His fitness for the task is assured by university training and by practical teaching in the Houghton High School and at the Northern State Normal School summer sessions, where the material used was tried out in daily contact with the type of students for whom the book is primarily intended.

Respecting the place of the study of State government, Mr. Chase says in the preface:

“In teaching civics, it seems to be the custom to dwell chiefly on the government of the nation. We

need to comprehend, however, that such instruction is wholly onesided and inadequate. "At least half the course should be devoted to State and local government, if the place these hold in our daily lives is recognized."

The problem of selecting topics to be treated is solved quite happily. The framework of government is properly subordinated. The author has shown government in action, so that in glancing the book through, even the casual reader will see officers doing things, rather than a picture of what they might do if they should get into action.

This dynamic principle has guided both selection and presentation of topics. Attention is given to real government at work, to social and economic problems, taxation, conservation and the interests which touch intimately the lives of the people. At some points these problems are shown in the light of their origin and history. The material is strictly up to date, covering the work of the Legislature of 1919 even before the Session Laws were in book form.

The style is easy. The several chapters read like a series of teacher's talks with students. Several pages are written to the teacher about best methods of using the book. Teachers are directed to various "helps" enabling them to answer questions which may arise in class in connection with each chapter. Proper use of newspapers in class work is discussed. Outside work is suggested, such as attending meetings of the Legislature, city council, board of supervisors, township meetings, public meetings of boards and commissions, visiting public buildings and institutions, having the class listen to talks by public officials on the work of their office, assigning special investigations to students,

which require them to visit personally the public offices and examine records, reports, franchises, etc.

Several appendices of useful material are added. Appendix I is specially interesting, as showing the multi-form efforts at good city government in Michigan. The illustrations are well chosen, and there is a very good index.

The relation of Michigan's government to its history is very intimate and the teacher of Michigan history will welcome this little book as a large measure of help in explaining the growth and development of the State.

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A NOTEWORTHY DOCUMENT submitted recently for the files of the Michigan Historical Commission is the "Report of the Woman's Citizenship Campaign Committee of the Woman's Club House Association, Lansing," bearing date of April 10, 1919. The document is accompanied with a typed sheet of remarks showing excellent work done:

"The campaign was enthusiastically met by the people in general and splendid cooperation was afforded by our loyal citizens in many and various ways, which is deeply appreciated by all connected with this Committee. Measures of real benefit to the commercial, social and political world have been carried. Two constitutional amendments of paramount importance were decided. Amendment to Section 10 of Article X, authorizing the State to issue bonds in the sum of fifty million dollars for good roads carried. The other, an amendment to Article XVI of the constitution by adding a new section and repealing Section 11 by authorizing the manufacture and sale of beer and light wine, known as the "Beer and Wine Amendment,"



was defeated. Propositions to issue City of Lansing Sewer Bonds in the sum of \$45,000, Paving Bonds in the sum of \$63,400, and bonds in the sum of \$15,000 for the purpose of constructing two public comfort stations, and several amendments to the City Charter were carried. Consequent upon the chaos and rush of work connected with the campaign, some mistakes crept in, but inasmuch as our time was limited, and this our first venture in the political world, a satisfactory result obtains.

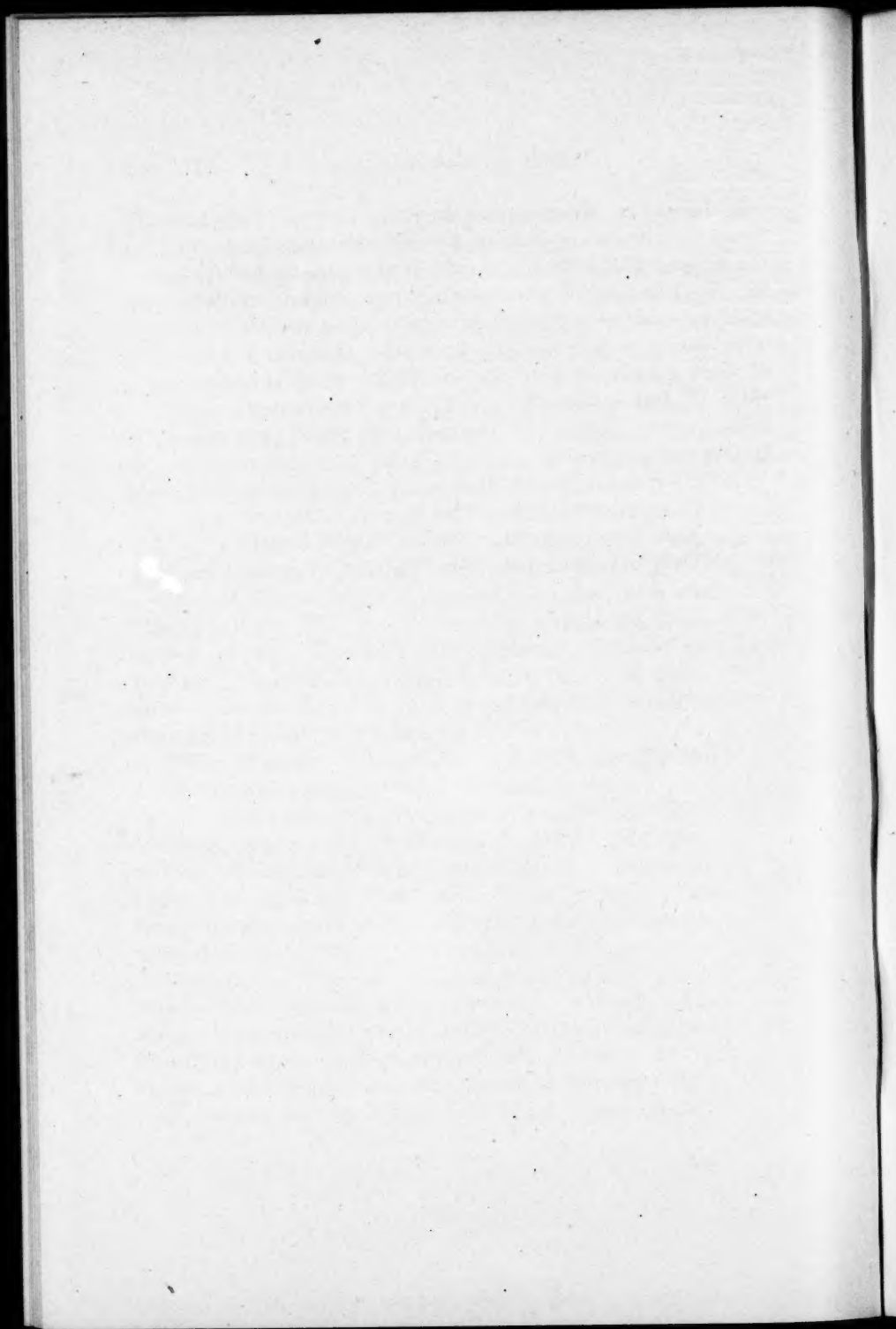
"Chairman, Ida M. Person.

Campaign Manager, Mrs. Ernest L. Sayers.

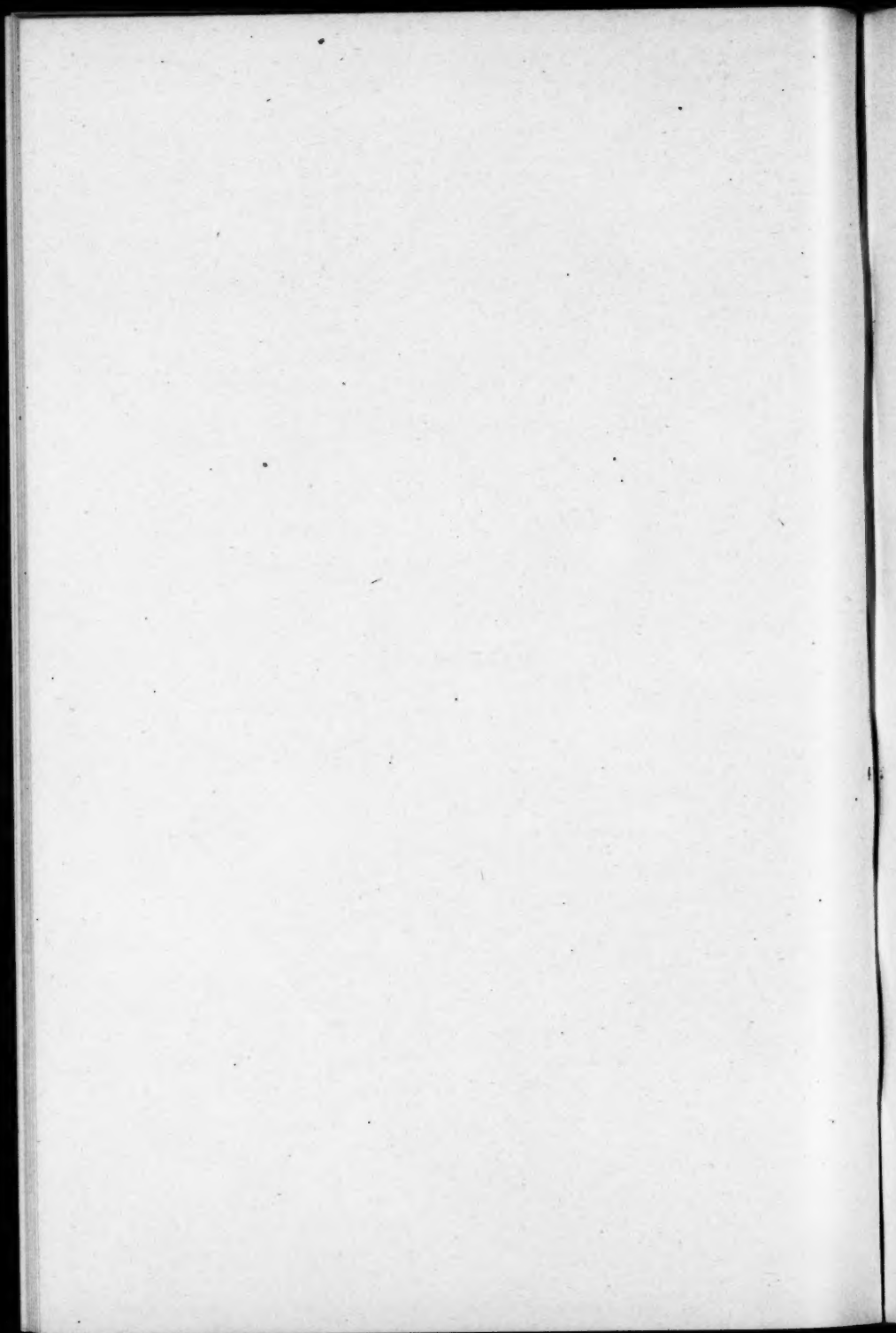
Asst. Campaign Mgr., Helen Rogers Smith.

Publicity Chairman, Mrs. Walter G. Rogers."





**PAPERS**



## MICHIGAN AND THE GREAT WAR

BY HON. GEORGE L. LUSK

LANSING

UNDER the spell of new and unexpected exploits, in which our country performed conspicuously her allotted task, we have celebrated another Memorial Day,\* the day that is not yet but must ere long become not a mere holiday, but in truth and fact a HOLY DAY; a day of deep meaning, of memories that are sad and memories that are glad; a day of flowers and tears; a day of graves almost forgotten, and of new graves far across the great waters over which for the first time the grasses grow, and poppies blow—over which for the first time we cry aloud,

“Warm southern winds, blow gently there—  
Warm southern sun shine softly there—  
Green sod above, lie light, lie light,  
Good-night, brave hearts; good-night, good-night.”

Upon that noble tribute to fallen heroes at Washington, the Peace Monument, stand out these words:

“There is one debt the nation CANNOT pay,—the debt it owes to the saviors of the Republic.”

Memorial Day henceforth must hold for us new treasures, as new events have added to the honor roll of the Republic, and glorified the cause for which they died.

Five years ago the world was at peace; war was unbelievable, unthinkable. Four years ago the storm

\*Address delivered at the annual meeting of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society at Lansing, June 3, 1919.

broke; three years ago the German hordes heard the appeal of their War Lord: "Soldiers of the Empire, take Verdun and the war is won;" they also heard the answer of Petain: "Thou shalt not pass!" Two years ago the conscience of America was unleashed, and a year later the desperate enemy determined to achieve his objective before the power of America could be marshalled on the fields of France. His last great offensive encountered elements he had scouted with contempt,—the "Yankee Doodle Do Boys"—the boys who Yankee Doodle DID.

The war is over,—war, the like of which history doth not record,—war beyond the imaginative powers of a Sherman to describe; war the genius of a Dante could not adequately portray; war born in the cancerous womb of Prussian militarism, born to affright the world, and fix the natal morn of the Imperial German Empire of the whole earth.

The war is over,—over there. However it will be a long time before the weird unwelcome sound shall be forgotten and unremembered; the age cannot soon forget the awful experience, nor will it escape its lessons and its penalties.

Looking backward over the period of the Great War and giving full credit and honor to those nations who held back the German legions for four years, as Americans our minds become focused on the events of that fateful year 1918. Colonel Frederick Palmer says that the allied armies on the western front had been for four months as completely on the defensive as if they had been besieged in a garrison; when the enemy had come within forty miles of Paris, discussion was common that the capitol was doomed, that further defense of the city was useless, and that the

Red Cross and Y.M.C.A. had trucks ready for "moving day."

Jan. 5, 1918, President Wilson gave to Germany and the world his fourteen points essential to peace, which Germany soon answered with the beginning of her last great drive, her surprise-gun killing worshipers in distant Paris. From the commencement of this last drive until midsummer the success of German arms was almost uninterrupted; victory followed victory, and the confidence of the Allies seemed at lowest ebb.

The month of July arrived, and for the first time was launched under Foch the Allied offensive all along the line, French, American, British, Italian, Belgian troops participating, and from that date may be recorded the beginning of the end of the present German Empire and Central Powers.

From that date the words Chateau-Thierry and Soissons, become as familiar to Americans as Lexington and Bunker Hill; they become a glorious epoch in the military history of the nation.

Of these events it has been written, "We did not dash the cup of victory from our enemies' lips,—we smashed the splinters in his face, then turned his face toward the fatherland."

From that historic date, which must ever challenge the pride of Americans, until the armistice was signed, fully sixty-five major engagements in which the YANKS of America participated, were ALL victories,—there were no defeats.

America was there,—Michigan was there.

I have sought all available statistics to show the conspicuous part the 32nd Division assumed in that great conflict. Here is the official record.

*history  
- Feb 1918*

July 31, 1918, the 32nd Division attacked in Grimpettes Woods with success; the woods were taken, and troops advance to Cierges. German counter-attacks were brilliantly repulsed with the bayonet and an immense amount of material and equipment taken from the enemy.

August 3, acting with the 4th Division, the 32nd reached a line from Ville Savoye to a point north of St. Gilles.

August 4, the 32nd Division took Fismes. In an eight-day battle this Division forced the passage of the Oureq, took prisoners from six enemy Divisions, met, routed and decimated a crack Division of the Prussian Guards, a Bavarian Division, and one other enemy Division, driving the enemy back 16 kilometers.

Aug. 21, the 32nd acting with the 10th French Army advanced to and held Juvigny.

During the five days prior to Sept. 3 the 32nd made daily advances against the enemy, gaining six kilometers through very difficult terrain, and against violent opposition. It captured eleven officers and 920 enlisted men, and a large amount of guns and ammunition.

Thus the record of major operations is set forth by the War Department, as the brilliant achievements of the sons of Michigan and Wisconsin in this splendid Division.

Let us note additional facts. The total number of American Combat Divisions in the American Army were 30; the total number of deaths was 48,909; of wounded 237,135,—a total casualty list of 286,044.

The first eight Divisions consisted of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th, all regulars, the 26th or National Guard of New England; the 28th National Guard of Pennsyl-

vania; the 42nd or Rainbow Division (from 26 States) and the 32nd from Michigan and Wisconsin. These eight Divisions suffered a death loss of 24,622; wounded 117,470; a total of 142,092, or nearly one-half the entire casualties.

In this remarkable list the casualties credited to the 32nd number 2,898 deaths, or the fourth highest, with an aggregate number of 10,986 wounded,—in this respect the eighth highest, and likewise the eighth highest with regard to total casualties.

When we contemplate such a record of sacrifice, how appropriate the sentiment—

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,  
So near is God to man,  
When duty whispers low, *thou must*,  
The youth replies, *I can*."

But this is not the only answer Michigan gave to the nation's call. The total increment of armed forces in the United States on Oct. 31 last was 4,034,000. Michigan's allotment was 142,397. Of this number 67 per cent, or 96,480, were inducted into the National Army. There were 32,403 enlistments in the army, 11,463 enlistments in the Navy, and 2,051 entered the Marine Corps. In this record Michigan stood seventh highest, being exceeded only by New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio, Texas and Massachusetts. Our per cent of inductions and enlistments was scarcely equalled by any of these larger states. In addition, no record is available of the thousands of Michigan lads who entered the Canadian forces or joined in other States.

Then again we must not overlook the 85th Division, which embraced as did the 32nd many boys from our

Real  
victories  
a nation - 1918

had



sister State Wisconsin. This Division was born and developed at Camp Custer. It went overseas after many months of training August last. One of its units of Infantry, the 339th, was sent direct to Russia. The Division proper eventually was placed in the Toul sector, and doubtless would have seen active service, had not the war come to a sudden and unexpected termination.

Recently Colonel Harold Cloke, now assigned to duty at Fortress Monroe, came to Battle Creek to bring a message of appreciation from his fellow officers of the 85th Division for courtesies extended by Battle Creek and her people. He met with the Rotary Club at noon. Colonel Cloke told some new facts about the 85th in France. He said the morale of the men was beyond description. "They would stand in the mud and rain without a grumble and do the unromantic tasks assigned them with a spirit he had never seen before in a quarter-century's experience as a regular army officer. He told how the Yanks helped the morale of France not only by their conduct in the field and behind the lines, but by helping French women plow the fields, hoe potatoes and even plant the crops. Volunteer or drafted men, it made no difference, said Colonel Cloke, their spirit was amazing."

Did time warrant, there might be set forth many notable and heroic achievements pertaining to the record of certain units of the 32nd Division with which Michigan boys were factors in the Great War. Did time permit, the record of many officers and private soldiers and sailors who honored their native state might be cited, as they personally have been already cited for worthy and conspicuous gallantry. Michigan is proud of them. To those who made the

supreme sacrifice, we will cherish their heroism in our hearts; we will engrave their virtues on the tablets of memory. They have passed on to "fame's eternal camping ground, where silent tents are spread; where glory guards with solemn rounds the bivouac of the dead." They are gone to join compatriots who fell at Concord Bridge, and the martyrs of Valley Forge. They are gone to clasp hands with the heroic dead of Gettysburg, of San Juan Hill and Havana Harbor. The great commanders Foch, Pershing, Haig and Joffre with words sublime, have placed upon their brows the laurel wreaths of victory.

They died in the holiest cause, for the emancipation of mankind, "that the jewel of Liberty might be preserved in the framework of Freedom."

But they are NOT dead,—these SUPERMEN.

They are not dead, these heroes whom we mourn,  
Tho' out of sight and hearing they are gone,—  
They live! removed from earthly care and ill,  
With stronger, holier power to bless us still.

Their names and deeds will live FOREVERMORE. War demands the most solemn justification. Somehow, in contemplating the horrors which the world has witnessed in the late war, we feel that the cryptic phrase of General Sherman seems weak indeed.

The great majority of soldiers in the Civil War were those 21 years of age or under. War is the wanton sacrifice of youth; the undefiled riches of all nations are the riches of youth; no conservation is more sacred or of greater value than the conservation of youth.

But now we must look to the future. Will the international aim of our country to enthrone justice prevail? Are the assurances of the future vague and bewildering in the world about us?

Will the land of Washington, Lincoln and Woodrow Wilson emerge from this tremendous experiment with a new national consciousness? Will we accept the doctrine of our lamented Roosevelt for an unadulterated American nationalism and soul-loyalty to our country? Will the nation be chastened, quickened, alert, determined that neither brute force nor unreasoning sway shall confound our ideals, destroy our prestige, or "mock the victory won".

The terms of peace are voluminous and exacting; having ample knowledge of Germany's culpability, they are not without mercy. It would appear that the United States of America is not haggling over them, nor clamoring for the spoils of war. The beauty and symmetry of OLD GLORY will not be marred by lust or greed in the settlement. Those who gave their all died proudly; and a war of aggression is not a war in which men are proud to die.

But above and beyond all present considerations, our anxiety prompts the question, Will the precepts of the League of Nations be vindicated and made secure? Let us cherish the belief that

"No more shall the war clouds sever,  
Nor the winding rivers be red."

Let us hope for the enthronement of the world's reason, and with abiding faith in the God of Nations, look forward to the fulfillment of the Scriptural prophesy of Micah, when the mountain of the Lord's House shall be established on top of the mountains; when swords shall be broken into plowshares, and spears into pruning hooks; when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more; when the reign of the blessed Immanuel,

the Prince of Peace, the great Captain of our salvation.  
shall become universal and eternal.

"For right is right, since God is God;  
And right the day will win.  
To doubt would be disloyalty,  
To falter would be sin."

## PRESIDENT ANDREW JOHNSON AT ALBION

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS BY O. E. MCCUTCHEON

IDAHO FALLS, IDAHO

1866  
THE visit of President Johnson and his distinguished fellow travelers at Albion, Michigan, took place on September 5, 1866. The party had left Washington on August 28. The complete itinerary of the journey might perhaps be found in files of newspapers of the period, but no later writer has taken pains to preserve it. It is stated in a general way in the Diary of Gideon Welles, then Secretary of the Navy, and himself a member of the party. Mr. Welles' account was written September 17 after the return to Washington.<sup>1</sup>

The party had come via Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Albany, Buffalo, Cleveland and Detroit, calling briefly at many intermediate towns. In their further journeying they visited Chicago, St. Louis, and other points, and arrived in Washington, September 15. The names of the members of the party are given by Welles, but mention will be made here of only such as I remember.

The tour was made ostensibly to attend the ceremonies of the unveiling of a monument to Stephen A. Douglas in Chicago, September 6; but no attempt was made to disguise the fact that it was really an electioneering trip. A bitter contest was on between the President and the majority in Congress over questions of Reconstruction, and the President hoped that, by appealing directly to the people, he might favorably influence the coming congressional elections.

<sup>1</sup> Welles, II, 588-596.

The morning of September 5 was still and sunny and quite warm. A platform had been built adjoining the railroad track, the special train bearing the presidential party arrived at about half past ten or eleven, and the guests were at once conducted to the platform. Mr. Welles tells how the "Copperheads," that is, those "who opposed the Government during the war" paid "court" to the President and indicates their prominence in local movements to receive the party. That was what happened at Albion.

Hon. William V. Morrison, the most conspicuous Copperhead in that community, conspicuous alike for his intellectual superiority and his uncompromising opposition to the war, was chosen chairman for the occasion and briefly introduced the President. I cannot undertake to state what Mr. Morrison said, but, in general, it was that the President was there as the guardian of the Constitution and was appealing to the people for their support in his struggle to save that instrument from the radicals of Congress.

Very promptly and with a firm and elastic step Mr. Johnson came forward and after the enthusiastic applause had subsided, began his speech. His address was extemporaneous; in fact he said in his New York speech on the same tour that he had never in his life made a prepared speech.<sup>2</sup>

Mr. Welles says that the newspapers gave "generally introductions that were made, and caricatured statements of the speeches which were delivered, that the President made in every place "the same speech, sometimes slightly modified, which was soon burlesqued and published in anticipation of its delivery." Much had been published about the President's statement

<sup>2</sup>McPherson's *Manual* for 1866, p 134, sometimes cited as *McPherson's History of Reconstruction*.

that he had "Swung around the circle," and I listened with a degree of curiosity to hear if he really would say that. There was not long to listen. After a brief introductory statement, he said, "I have swung round the circle. I was Alderman of my native village; then Mayor of a city; Member of the House of Representatives and of the Senate in a State Legislature, Member of the House of Representatives in the Congress of the United States, then Governor of a State, United States Senator, Vice-president and President of the United States, and now," cried he, "after all that, what reason have I to dissemble? Why should anyone charge me with dissembling? Why should anyone suspect me of dissembling?" His argument was as if one should say: "As I have already *had* everything, there can be no reason for my being dishonest or uncandid. I should therefore be accepted as honest and disinterested." I clearly remember his use of the word "dissemble" or "dissembling" at least three times, each time at the end of a sentence and with a curious sort of shuffling of the voice, as if he were not quite sure the word was well chosen.

Mr. Welles tells us that in the early days of the tour he was quite apprehensive that the strength of the President would not prove equal to so much speaking, "but," he adds, "he best knew his own system and powers of endurance." Certainly at Albion he showed no signs of exhaustion or even of fatigue. He was a sturdy figure, erect, his head tipped slightly backwards, his long dark hair not overmuch grizzled, a broad Scotch face with the ruddiness of superb health, (albeit attributed by hostile opinion to another cause), emphasized by much exposure to the summer sun in the open air speaking of the tour. Having a full, round



voice, clear and resonant and with strong carrying quality, he was the typical stump speaker of the South and West. Mr. Seward declared him the best stump speaker in the country.

The time allowed for his stay was very limited and when the President had concluded his argument to the effect as above stated he referred briefly, but aggressively, to the pending contest between himself and Congress, and appealed to the people to stand by him in the struggle. Quite a crowd had assembled, which heard with respectful attention and hearty applause.

It seems to me that not all those named by Mr. Welles as members of the party came upon this platform. Besides the President, Mr. Seward, General Grant, Admiral Farragut and General Custer are clearly and distinctly in my recollection; a little less clearly, Mr. Welles, General Stoneman and General Crook. The others are unidentified personalities.

A railing ran along the sides and across the rear of the platform. Mr. Seward sat during the proceedings in the front row and over against the railing, at the President's right, hearers' left, his arm hanging over the rail, and some people availed themselves of the opportunity to shake his hand. He looked very slight and frail, the pallor of his cheek throwing into strong relief the scars of the assassin's knife; but his eyes beamed with intelligence, and his face was smiling and kindly. General Grant was next, and he and most of the others remained standing. The trim, well-knit figure of the great general, his features impassive, immobile,—not with the immobility of boredom or indifference, but the statuesque expression of reposeful strength, purpose, resolution,—powerfully impressed



my young mind, and remain a priceless recollection. Admiral Farragut stood next, short of stature, alert, dark, aquiline, with the eye of an eagle, he was the complete personification of interested attention. Nothing appeared to escape him, while the habitual twinkle of his eye broke frequently into a captivating smile which overspread and illuminated his countenance. Over at the other end of the front line and at the President's left stood General Custer; a jaunty figure, blonde, long fair hair, a cavalryman's cap, slender, dashing and graceful, he might have been a knight of Arthurian romance or a titled dandy at the Court of Louis XIV.

When the President had concluded, there was a movement upon the platform as of immediate departure for the train. The crowd called for Seward and Grant. Mr. Seward, who had risen, smilingly said, "Some call for Grant and some for Seward. Because you want both you shall have neither," and turning, he was one of the last to leave the platform. In the meantime the locomotive bell was ringing and the railway managers were scarcely concealing their impatience to be going; and, in less time than it takes to write it, the car door received the last visitor, and the historic train with its precious lading was moving westward.

That the tour of President Johnson passed into history as "swinging round the circle," cannot be doubted; but he did not, at least at Albion, refer to his journey in that or similar language, nor, as I am persuaded, anywhere else.

There is some confusion on this point.

Dr. Andrew D. White in Vol. I of his *Autobiography*, at page 129, says that the President "in one of his

earliest speeches alluded to the journey as 'swinging round the circle.' The phrase seemed to please him and was repeated from time to time," etc. use!

In *Through Five Administrations*, by W. H. Crook, the author says that the phrase "Swinging Round the Circle" referred to the fact that the President had in his sympathies swung around from the North to the South.

In Rhodes' *History of the United States*, Vol. 5, p. 617, the origin of the phrase is stated to have been some words of the President "in one of his previous harangues," and he cites McPherson's Diary, p. 58, where is found a report of "remarks" of the President to a Committee of the Virginia Legislature, on February 10, 1866.

In these remarks the President said: "Now, as we swing around the circle of the Union with a fixed and unalterable determination to stand by it," etc. This was a rhetorical circle upon which he was looking for enemies of the Union.

But really these "Remarks" did not attract much attention, and the expression in question, none at all, and was doubtless forgotten until referred to again by Mr. Rhodes.

It is true that on his tour the President, in his Cleveland speech, used about the same expression as that contained in his "remarks;" but at Cleveland the hostility of the crowd approached a riot, and Mr. Johnson fought them as he would a similar crowd in Tennessee; what he said about swinging round the circle did not refer to his tour, but to the circle mentioned on February 10.

It seems impossible to agree fully with either of these writers as to the popular adoption of the phrase which

was so widely used to designate the President's electioneering tour.

A correct statement of the facts is found in Phelan's *Life of Johnson* in *The Presidents of the United States*, where it is said that the President's tour was called "swinging round the circle," because in his speeches he declared that he had swung around the entire circle of offices from Alderman to President. The same statement is found in Appleton's *Cyclopedia of American Biography*, Vol. III, p. 439. But in both places, and also in Lamb's *Biographical Dictionary of the United States*, Vol. IV, p. 392, the singular error is made of putting the President's tour during the impeachment trial, which did not take place until 1868.

The statement of Rhodes, and the Cleveland speech had a tendency to show that the phrase was one commonly made use of by the President, who was given to metaphor and proves at least that he did not, as supposed by Dr. White, originate it on his tour.

Then on this point it should be noted that, while Mr. Welles says the President made the "same speech" in all the places visited, he must be read with the qualification that, where an extended address was undertaken, as was the case in New York and Cleveland, it was much longer than the brief and condensed speeches made during short stops at the many different towns visited.

The President was making an argument, as stated in the text above, and that was in fact his whole argument, that is, that he had already held all the offices and should now be considered candid and disinterested.

He is not credited with this argument, either by Rhodes or Phelan, but Rhodes leaves it as if the President had merely boasted in his New York speech of

having held all the offices in the country "from the position of the lowest alderman in your city to President of the United States.<sup>3</sup> This is scarcely fair. In his mind the argument was good, and it accorded with the prevailing political notions of the time.

It seems plain that we must look further for the cause of the extraordinary popular interest in and use of the phrase, "swinging round the circle," and why it became an element in the very general ridicule heaped upon the President and his tour.

Fortunately an adequate explanation is at hand in the genius of "Petroleum V. Nasby," the pen name of David Ross Locke of the *Toledo Blade*. The Nasby letters began in 1861 and reached their climax in public interest with their account of Mr. Johnson's tour.

In Appleton's *Annual Cyclopædia*,<sup>4</sup> 1888, the year of Mr. Locke's death, these letters are mentioned as "that inimitable series of patriotic satires which will ever remain an important feature of the literature of the Civil War." Further, "The influence of these letters for the National cause was incalculable. . . They were eagerly looked for and read by President Lincoln, and Mr. Boutwell said in a speech after the war that the crushing of the rebellion was due to three forces, "The army, the navy and the Nasby letters."<sup>5</sup>

The assumed character of Nasby was that of a "poor and ignorant democrat with a yearning for the postmastership and whiskey." He wrote in the illiterate style and professed to be a friend and adviser of

<sup>3</sup>Rhodes, X, 618.

<sup>4</sup>p. 643.

<sup>5</sup>Cf. Ryan's *Civil War Literature of Ohio*, p. 240; *The Americana*, Vol. XII, Sketch of David Ross Locke; *New International Encyclopedia*, XIV, 275; *National Cyclopædia of American Biography*, VI, 26; Rothschild, *Lincoln, Master of Men*, p. 478; Overholtzer, *Lincoln*, p. 331; in *American Crisis Biographies*, Hagood, *Lincoln*, pp. 238-379; Carpenter, *Lincoln*, p. 157; Brown, *Every Day Life of Lincoln*, p. 467-548; Bancroft's *Seward*, II, 463; Blaine, *Twenty Years in Congress*, p. 238.

President Johnson, and his letters describing the tour begin with the statement that he was summoned to Washington and appointed chaplain of the expedition, and he pretended in his letters to have accompanied the President. He was possessed of a great talent for ridicule, and two expressions of Mr. Johnson were seized upon and made most effective use of in the Nasby letters. These expressions were: "I have swung round the circle," and "I leave the Constitution in your hands."

We will follow Nasby briefly without adopting his orthography. Nothing is said about the speeches, until the party reached Schenectady, where he says, "The Sultan swung round the circle once here, and leaving the Constitution in their hands, the train moved off." At Lockport the President said he "had been Alderman, Member of the Legislature, Senator, Military Governor and President. He had swung round the entire circle." "He proceeded to say again that he had swung round the circle, and I told him he had swung round the circle once in this town and, useful as the phrase was, it might 'spile' by too much use." At Cleveland scarcely had he got to the point of swinging round the circle, when he was interrupted by the noisy crowd and forgot his speech, and struck out 'crazy'; but presently regained his equilibrium and "swung round the circle once; and leaving the Constitution in their hands retired." The Cleveland speech was up somewhere in the city. When they returned to the station, they found only the newly appointed postmaster, and the President "was going to swing round the circle for him and leave the Constitution in his hands, but Seward objected." In Detroit he swung round the circle. He was Alderman of his

native town, etc. At Ypsilanti he swung around the circle, etc., etc. Shortly afterwards the letters describing the tour, with some others, were published in a book entitled "Swingin' Round the Circle." According to Nasby, when the President "swung round the circle," he simply made that part of his speech, but finally, in the closing paragraph of the account, the phrase is applied to the whole tour.

Beyond question it was the Nasby letters that caught the humor of the circumstances and set everybody laughing, and, while this phrase became historic, Mr. Johnson himself was laughed out of court.

These remarks have led me somewhat afield, and I will not be going much further; but perhaps I can throw a side light on certain phases of the character and history of Andrew Johnson by relating, that it fell to me to visit the Exposition at Nashville, held in 1897 to commemorate the 100th anniversary of statehood in Tennessee. They had a "Mountaineer's Kitchen," furnished with flax wheel and loom, and other appliances of rude mountaineer life, presided over by a middle-aged lady of the mountaineer or "Poor White" class, whose fourteen-year-old daughter wove a linen towel for me while I waited. In the meantime the mother showed me many things on exhibition, among which was the original sign which had been upon the tailor shop of Andrew Johnson in his early life, a picture of which may be seen in *Savage's Life and Public Services of Andrew Johnson*.<sup>6</sup> She said to me with simple, but impressive gravity: "Andrew Johnson belonged to 'we uns' and he was President of the United States." I reminded her that the mountaineers were loyal to the Government during the war, and she replied, "Yes, 'we uns' was Yanks."

<sup>6</sup>Opposite p. 199.



## MICHIGAN AGRICULTURE AND THE FOOD SUPPLY DURING THE WAR

BY MRS. DORA STOCKMAN

Lecturer for the Michigan State Grange

LANSING

THE American food supply was one of the immediate causes of America's entering the War. During the preceding three years the food reserve of the Allies had been used. Russia had hardly enough to feed herself. Vast food supplies of Belgium and France had been taken and their territory overrun. Germany was in possession of large areas of French and Belgian farm lands which they were cultivating with Allied prisoners. Germany's submarines effectually cut off the supplies of food for the Allies from Australia and South America. The United States and Canada were about the only sources left to maintain the food supply of the Allies. If the German submarine could cut off this food supply, victory for Germany was but a few months distant at best; and when America declared war on that memorable April day, the German U-boat triumphantly patrolled American shores.

Indeed our Allies in their crisis did not expect that America could help soon very greatly with an army, but they hoped they could hold out if America could furnish food while they should do the fighting.

### FOOD VOLUNTEERS

After our regular army and navy, the first call was for the food volunteers of America. President Wilson sent ten recruiting officers into every hamlet and com-



munity of America saying, "Food will win the war. America must grow food for her armies, her Allies and herself." His representative came to Michigan, and what happened in Michigan was duplicated in variation in every State in the Union.

#### MOBILIZING AGRICULTURAL RESOURCES IN MICHIGAN

The campaign for food was opened with a call by the War Board for a meeting of all the agricultural leaders in Michigan. Federal representatives of the Federal States Relations Department and from the Department of Agriculture were there. The Michigan Agricultural College sent its extension representatives from every county, and the three big farm organizations were represented each by its leader and members. "Increase the crop yield" was the big slogan. We said, "It cannot be done, but we'll do it." A program to furnish extra seed needed, make arrangements for credit, help in labor-saving machinery and man power was launched, and the Food Drive started. Like Paul Revere's ride, the press carried the message to every Middlesex village and farm.

The War Board furnished money to buy machinery needed and arranged with banks and individuals for credit for farmers. The Michigan Agricultural College, with the Federal States Relation Department put men in nearly every county in the State. The Grange, the Gleaners and the Farmers' Clubs reached the hundreds of thousands of farmers' organizations, indeed reached out to every farm community of our State.

## FARM LABOR SHORTAGE

The June draft made a big inroad on the best help the farmer had, his own farm boys. To fill this gap there were various plans to aid the farmer. Labor bureaus were organized. Groups of men from the city went out to help the farmer. The Women's Council of National Defense and the Woman's Land Army organized groups of women and girls to help in specialized farm work. The Boys' Working Reserve especially during 1918 did fine work, many of the boys earning the patriotic service button.

## BOYS AND GIRLS CLUBS

Twenty-nine thousand war gardens were organized by the boys and girls' club leaders of the Michigan Agricultural College, and every back yard that was not doing its "bit" during the war was regarded as having a "slacker owner." Thirty thousand boys and girls of Michigan were enrolled in clubs growing gardens, pigs, sheep, poultry, calves, corn, potatoes, beans, etc., to the amount of nearly \$300,000.

## PATRIOTIC FARMERS CARRIED THE BIG LOAD

While we can hardly overestimate the service rendered by all these various agencies and the fine patriotic spirit that prompted it, yet the big load of producing the food supply was carried by the farmer folks themselves. A million acres extra of food crops, it is estimated, were planted in Michigan in the summers of 1917 and 1918. So loyally did the farmers respond to the food acreage call that the meadow and pasture lands were cut short of the animal needs. To harvest

this tremendous increase of cultivated crops, men, women and children on the farms worked from early sun-up to dark. To add to the extra labor, an excessive rainfall drowned out crops, necessitating extra plantings. The bean-harvesting labor was done over and over. I recall a typical instance of a family that turned their beans eight times after rains; the beans were nearly dry and the family expected to haul them the next day; in the night about 10 o'clock it started to sprinkle and they,—man, woman, and boy—got up and with lanterns hauled beans until the down-pour stopped them. All through northern Michigan a late spring and early frosts killed many acres of beans and potatoes. Yet in spite of the most unfavorable weather conditions Michigan had ever known for corn, we came out with a big increased yield. And more than that, our slogan "It cannot be done—but we'll do it" had changed to "Food will win the war,—we can do it."

#### SAVE FOOD

In February of 1918 came the food crisis of the Allies. The Food Administrator of Great Britain cabled Herbert Hoover for fifty million bushels of wheat, and Mr. Hoover after a careful estimate replied, "We cannot spare more than twenty millions." Then it is reported, the Food Administrator of Great Britain bowed his head upon his desk and said, "If America cannot furnish the food we are lost." Then came the great drive to save food. "Food will win the war." And the day of substitutes came and woman's great opportunity was here. We saved bread by the slice, flour by the spoonful; we ate corn, potatoes, rye, what not. The Home Economics Department of the Michi-

gan Agricultural College and the national States Relations Department had twenty-one paid workers in the field. Four Michigan cities alone had paid demonstrators and 300 volunteers who led in the food drive. The Woman's Committee, Council of National Defense rendered fine service through more than thirty State organizations. They distributed recipes by the millions. The farm organizations reached every county, every community; every kitchen became a food-substitute laboratory. The Food Administration through its publications of fair prices, and coercion of those few whose appetites sometimes dimmed their patriotic vision supplemented the work of the women. But it must be written down to the everlasting credit of American womanhood that we not only saved the extra thirty million bushels of wheat needed by our Allies' but we spared another thirty million more. We saved, making an eighty million bushel contribution to the Allied food needs between March 1 and July 1, 1918.

I just want to add that personally for ten years I had been asking people in my food demonstrations to change some of their food habits for health's sake. They invariably would reply, "We would rather eat what we want and live less long." Then I prepared a series of charts, proving that if we would eat less meat and more vegetables, milk and cheese, it would reduce the cost of living. But the average man would say, "So long as I have the meat and wheat or the price to buy, I would rather eat what I like." Yet what the American people would not do for health or wealth they did for patriotism. Never in the history of ages has any people changed its food habits unless

compelled to by famine or war on its territory. America did so to save food to win the war.

WHEAT, MEAT AND SUGAR

It did not take any extensive publicity to press home the food needs in either city or country in 1918. The worst winter for wheat that America has ever known cut down the winter wheat prospects. Many farmers shorthanded were compelled to desert the farms, and many more were attracted by high wages in the war industries in the cities. Farming and wheat growing could not compete financially with wages in other lines on the prices fixed by the Government.

The President recognized this when he said to the farm leaders who asked for higher prices to stimulate production, that to raise the price of wheat would mean to have to readjust other wage levels. He said he believed the patriotic farmers of America would grow the wheat to win the war. And the patriotic American farmers not only grew the wheat, but the meat, and the sugar, over a billion bushels extra of food stuffs in 1918, with the worst year for winter wheat in our crop history; and Michigan farmers did their full share. The American farmers not only held the food line; they furnished the stuff for the best fed army the world has ever seen. We went over the top with food enough extra to feed the Allied armies and civilians and helped hasten the final victory. Like one vast army with its varied divisions, the people of Michigan.—men, women and children, city and country together,

—not for profit but for patriotism went “over the top”  
of the Food trench to win the war, with the slogan!

We have planted the flag in the furrow,  
And called for volunteers,  
And millions of loyal farmers  
Are filling the ranks with cheers.  
Men and women and children,  
With plow and spade and hoe,  
Are out to work in the food-line trench  
To fight Democracy's foe.

## INDIAN WARS AND WARRIORS OF MICHIGAN

BY NORMAN B. WOOD

Author of *Lives of Famous Indian Chiefs, Etc.*

ELSIE

IT is generally conceded by those who have made a special study of the American Indian that the four greatest names of that race are Pontiac, war chief of the Ottawas, organizer of the first great Indian confederation; Little Turtle, or Michikiniqua, war chief of the Miamis, and conqueror of Harmar and St. Clair; Tecumseh, the famous Shawnee war chief, organizer of the second great Indian confederation and general in the British army in the War of 1812; and Chief Joseph of the Nez Percés, the Indian Xenophon. Whether considered from the standpoint of eloquence, leadership, organization or generalship, each of these was indisputably great.

In the limited space at our disposal we can not discuss except in a casual manner, the various wars and numerous battles in which representatives from the tribes of what is now Michigan were in evidence. For this reason we can not record the brilliant career of Chief Joseph, nor that of Little Turtle whose victories and subsequent defeat were in northwestern Ohio, even though many of his warriors were from Michigan.

When the French surrendered to the English as a result of the fall of Quebec, and all Canada changed masters, the Indians beheld with bitter disappointment and sullen rage the fleur-de-lis hauled down and the banner of St. George put in its place at all the



forts of the Great Lakes and in the interior. The French were subdued but their Indian allies under the indomitable Pontiac had in the language of Paul Jones "just begun to fight." Pontiac is said to have led the Ottawas at Braddock's defeat while a young chief, at which time a number of horses were taken from the routed and panic-stricken English and Virginians and brought by the Indians to Canada and Michigan. These were the first horses used by the Indians.

*Indian  
+ Rogers*

The first time Pontiac stands forth distinctly on the page of history was in 1760, about a year after the victory of the English at Quebec. On September 12, 1760, the famous Major Robert Rogers was sent by Sir Jeffrey Amherst to ascend the Great Lakes with a detachment of two hundred rangers in fifteen whale boats to take possession in the name of his Britannic majesty, of Detroit, Michilimackinac and other western posts included in the late capitulation. On November 7 they reached the mouth of a small river. As they were weary of their long voyage they determined to rest a few days and were preparing their encampment when a party of Indian warriors and several chiefs entered the camp. They informed Rogers and his rangers they they were an embassy from Pontiac, "King and Lord of that country," and that their great sachem in person proposed to visit the English; also that he desired the major to remain where he was, "till such time as he could see him with his own eyes."

Pontiac soon made his appearance and wore, we are told, "an air of princely grandeur." His salutation was very frigid and formal. He at once sternly demanded of Rogers his business in his territory, and how he had dared to venture on it without his permission. Rogers very prudently answered that he had no designs

against the Indians, but on the contrary, wished to remove from their country a nation which had been an obstacle to mutual friendship and commerce between them and the English. He also made known to him his commission to this effect, and concluded by presenting the Chief with belts of wampum and other gifts.

Pontiac received them with the single observation, "I shall stand in the path you are walking till morning," and gave at the same time, a small string of wampum. "This," writes the major, "was as much as to say I must not march farther without his leave." Such undoubtedly was the safest construction, and the sequel shows that Pontiac considered it the most civil. Before departing for the night he inquired of Rogers whether he wanted anything which his country afforded; if so, his warriors would bring it for him. The reply was discreet as the offer was generous, that whatever provisions might be brought in should be well paid for.

Probably they were; at all events the English were supplied with several bags of parched corn, game and other necessities. Pontiac himself, at the second meeting offered the pipe of peace, which he and Rogers smoked by turns. He declared that he thereby made peace with Rogers and his rangers; and that they should pass through his dominions, not only unmolested by his subjects, but protected by them from all other parties who might incline to be hostile.

There seems no reasonable doubt of the sincerity of Pontiac's profession of friendship toward the English at this time, and we can not forbear thinking how different might have been the record of the historian had the English authorities pursued a friendly and conciliatory policy toward the Indians in general and

this mighty chieftain in particular. What massacres and devastation might the country have been spared; but alas, "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." Instead of a "work of love and reconciliation" toward the Indians, the exact opposite policy was pursued by the English. Flushed with their victory over the more formidable French, they bestowed only a passing thought on the despised savages and greatly underrated their warlike prowess.

Pontiac did not consider himself a conquered prince, and expected to be treated with the respect due to a king by all who came into his country. In short as he made known to Major Rogers, if the English treated him with neglect and contempt, "he should shut up the way and keep them out."

The English did treat him and his people with neglect and contempt. When the Indians visited the forts after the English took possession, instead of being treated with attention and politeness as formerly, they were received gruffly, subjected to indignities, and not infrequently helped out of the fort with the butt of a sentry's musket or a vigorous kick from an officer. These marks of contempt were unspeakably galling to their haughty spirits. The mighty Chief was justly indignant and determined to "shut up the way and keep them out."

*for* "The plan of operation," says Thatcher "adopted by Pontiac evinces an extraordinary genius, as well as courage and energy of the highest order. This was a sudden and contemporaneous attack upon all the British posts on the lakes at St. Joseph, Green Bay, Michilimackinac, Detroit, Maumee, Sandusky, and the others. But it was necessary, first of all, to form a belligerent combination of the tribes and the more

extensive the better. To this end, towards the close of 1762, dark mysterious messengers from this Napoleon of the Indians each bearing a war belt of wampum, broad and long as the importance of the occasion demanded, threaded their ways through the forests from the farthest shores of Lake Superior to the distant delta of the Mississippi." "The bugle call of such a mighty leader as Pontiac," as Mason says, "roused the remotest tribes. Everywhere they joined the conspiracy, and sent lofty messages to Pontiac of the deeds they would perform."

Pontiac arranged to meet the chiefs of the allied tribes from far and near, in a grand council, which was held on the banks of the Ecorse, a little stream not far from Detroit, on April 27, 1763. Here he lashed them into fury by an eloquent recital of the wrongs suffered at the hands of their common enemy the English, and unfolded to them his plan for a simultaneous attack on all posts of the Great Lakes.

In this storm of war, the most thrilling and tragic scenes were enacted at Mackinaw (or Michilimackinac) and Detroit. The former was the scene of a bloody and savage triumph; the latter of a long and perilous siege in which the savage besiegers were under the personal command of the great Pontiac.

This is the only recorded instance of the protected siege of a fortified civilized garrison by an army of savages, and we will notice it briefly; but first we will describe the capture of Michilimackinac and slaughter of its garrison.

The name Michilimackinac in the Algonquin tongue signifies the Great Turtle, from a fancied resemblance. By reason of the location of the post on the south side of the Straits between Lakes Huron and Michigan,

Mackinaw was one of the most important positions on the frontier. It was the place of deposit and point of departure between the upper and lower countries. The fort proper consisted of an area of two acres, enclosed with tall cedar posts driven into the ground and sharpened at the top, and on one side so near the water's edge that a western wind drove the waves against the stockade. The place at the time contained thirty families within the palisades of the fort, and about as many more without, with a garrison of about 35 men and their officers.

The morning of June 4, the birthday of King George was warm and sultry. The plain in front of the fort was covered with Indians of the Ojibway (Chippewa) and Sac tribes. Early in the morning many Ojibways came to the fort, inviting the officers and soldiers to come out and see a grand game of ball, or *baggattaway*, which was to be played between their tribe and the Sacs, for a high wager. In consequence of this invitation the place was soon deserted of half its tenants, and the gates of the palisade were wide open. Groups of soldiers stood in the shade looking at the sport, most of them without their arms. Sober Indian chiefs stood as if watching the fortunes of the game. Large numbers of squaws also mingled with the crowd but gradually gathered in a group near the open gates. And strange to say, although the day was almost oppressively warm, they were wrapped to the throat in blankets.

*Baggattaway* has always been a favorite game with many Indian tribes. At either extremity of the open ground from half a mile to a mile apart stood two posts, which constituted the goals of the parties. Except that the ball was much smaller, and that a racket

similar to those used in lawn tennis served instead of the kick, the game was very similar to our well-known football. The ball was started from the middle of the ground, and the game was for each side to keep it from touching their own post and drive it against that of their opponents.

On this occasion hundreds of lithe and agile figures were leaping and bounding over each other, turning handsprings and somersaults, striking with the rackets, tripping each other up every way, any way, to get at the ball. At one moment the whole were crowded together, a dense throng of combatants all struggling for the ball; at the next they were scattered again and running over the ground like hounds in full chase. Each in his excitement yelled and shouted as loud as he could. Suddenly the ball rose high in the air, and descending in a wide curve fell near the gate of the fort. This was no chance stroke, but a part of a preconcerted strategem to insure the surprise and destruction of the garrison. The players instantly bounded toward the ball, a rushing tumultuous throng, but just as they neared the gates, the shouts of sport changed suddenly to the ferocious war-whoop. The squaws threw open their blankets, exposing the guns, hatchets, and knives, and the players instantly flung away their rackets and seized the weapons before the amazed English had time to think or act. The Indians at once fell upon the defenseless garrison and traders, killed fifteen on the spot, and captured the rest including the commander. Everthing that belonged to the English was destroyed or carried off, though none of the French families or their property were disturbed. It is said that these captives were afterwards ransomed at Montreal at a high price.



It is said that Pontiac, seeing the stratagem succeeded so well at Michilimackinac, determined to capture Detroit, where he commanded in person, in the same way. Indeed the stratagem of both attacks emanated from him. On the afternoon of May 5 a Canadian woman, the wife of St. Aubin, one of the prominent settlers, crossed the river to the Ottawa village then on the Canadian side to buy some maple sugar and venison. She was surprised at finding several warriors engaged in filing off their gun barrels, so as to reduce them, stock and all, to the length of about a yard. Such a weapon could easily be hidden under a blanket.

1763 That night the woman mentioned the circumstance to a neighbor, the village blacksmith. "Oh," said he, "that explains it." "Explains what?" "The reason so many Indians have lately wanted to borrow my files and saws."

If this circumstance reached the ears of Gladwin, the commander, he paid no attention. But in the hour of impending doom the love of an Indian maiden interposed to save the garrison from destruction. In the Potawatomi village near by, it is said, there lived an Ojibway girl who could boast a larger share of beauty than is common to the wigwam. She had attracted the eye of Gladwin who had taken great interest in her, and as she was very bright he had given her some instruction; while she, on her part, had become much attached to the handsome young officer. On the afternoon of May 6, Catharine, for so she was called, came to the fort and repaired to Gladwin's quarters, bringing with her a pair of elk-skin moccasins ornamented with beads and porcupine work which he had requested her to make. But this time the girl's



eyes no longer sparkled with pleasure and excitement. Her face was anxious and her look furtive. She said little and soon left the room. But the sentinel at the door saw her still lingering at the street corner, though the hour for closing the gates was nearly come. At length she attracted the attention of Gladwin himself. The Major saw at once that the girl knew something which she feared, yet longed, to tell. After much coaxing, the dusky sweetheart spoke. "Tomorrow," said she, "Pontiac will come to the fort with sixty of his chiefs and demand a council. Each will be armed with a gun cut short and hidden under his blanket. When all are assembled in the council house, after he has delivered his speech he will offer a peace belt of wampum, holding it in a reverse position. This will be the signal of attack. The chiefs will spring up and fire upon the officers, and the Indians in the street will fall upon the garrison. Every Englishman will be killed, but not the scalp of a single Frenchman will be touched."

Gladwin believed the maid and the words of warning spoken. He got ready for the treacherous chiefs, and Detroit was spared the same fate that befell Michilimackinac.

Do you know, we have often wondered why Detroit, now that she has become a great and wealthy city, does not build a monument, or at least place a tablet in honor of the memory of this brave Ojibway maiden who risked her own life even as Pocahontas is said to have done before her, to save the lives of the garrison at Detroit. Monuments have been built by the whites to more than thirty Indians including Sacajawea who was the woman guide to the Lewis and Clark expedition, but none of these Indians are

more worthy of such honors than Catharine, the Ojibway maiden who saved Detroit.

Pontiac and his confederated warriors now besieged Detroit, and matters continued until both besieged and besiegers were running short of food. Indians were ever wasteful and improvident. Like the Germans in the Great War, the Indians expected a short campaign would result in the total destruction of the English. And like the Germans also, they were woefully disappointed. The garrison was partly relieved by their French neighbors, and partly by food which was brought to them by boat from Niagara. When Pontiac had exhausted his scant supplies, he did what no other Indian ever did since or before, he actually organized a commissary department, and knowing the utter inability of any Indian to manage such a thing, he placed it in control of a friendly French Canadian who had had some experience. He did more than this, he issued promissory notes, and used them as a medium of exchange. Before this, some of the Indians had been stealing hogs and grain from the French Canadians on the Detroit River. He first forbade the commission of farther outrages, on penalty of condign punishment, and was obeyed. He next visited in turn the families of the Canadians and, inspecting the property belonging to them, assigned to each the share of provision that he was to furnish for the support of the Indians. The contributions thus levied were collected at the house of one Meloche, near Parent's Creek, whence they were issued to the Indians of the different tribes.

He now appointed one Zuilleries and other Canadians to discharge under his eye the duties of distributing the provisions. Anxious to avoid offending the Canadians, yet unable to make compensation for the

provisions he had levied, Pontiac issued promissory notes drawn upon birch bark, the Indian paper, and signed with the figure of an otter, the totem to which he belonged. Under this was drawn the representation of the particular article for which the bill was valid, as a gun, a bag of corn, a hog, a deer, or a beef. These bills passed current among the Canadians and Indians of the period, and were faithfully redeemed after the war. As Goodrich says, "The Pontiac treasury notes we believe were never below par. Repudiation was unknown under the savage rule of Michigan and Canada. Let the barbarian chief enjoy the full applause due to his financial honor. His modern successors might find something in his example worthy of imitation."

One night at an early period of the siege, Pontiac entered the house of Baby, a Canadian friend of many years, and seating himself by the fire, looked for some time steadily at the embers. At length raising his head, he said he had heard that the English had offered the Canadian a bushel of silver money for his scalp. Baby declared that the story was false and assured him he would never betray him. Pontiac studied his features keenly for a moment and replied: "My brother has spoken the truth, and I will show him that I believe him." So saying, he wrapped his blanket around him, and lay like a warrior taking his rest, in peaceful slumber until morning.

On May 20 some faint specks appeared on the distant watery horizon. They grew larger, and the officer looked through a spy-glass and made out the banner of St. George floating at the masthead of the nearest boat of the long expected fleet. A salute of welcome was fired, and it was answered by a faint but

unmistakable war-whoop, showing that the flotilla was in the hands of the Indians. This is what happened. Lieutenant Cuyler had left Fort Niagara May 13 with 20 barges, 96 men and a plentiful supply of provisions and ammunition. Coasting along the northern shore of Lake Erie, they landed on the 28th at Point Pelee not far from the mouth of the Detroit River. The boats were drawn up on the beach and the party prepared to encamp, when they were attacked by a large number of Wyandotte warriors whom the ever watchful Pontiac had stationed at this very point, as it was a famous camping ground. Cuyler quickly formed his soldiers into a semicircle before the boats, just as the Indians opened fire. For an instant there was a hot blaze of musketry on both sides; then the Indians in a body rushed fiercely upon the center of the line which gave way in every part; the men, throwing down their guns, ran panic stricken to the boats and struggled with ill-directed efforts to shove them into the water. Five of the boats were set afloat and pushed off from the shore, crowded with terrified soldiers huddled together like sheep in the shambles. Never was rout more complete or soldiers more unnerved and demoralized.

Cuyler, seeing himself deserted by his men,—as he afterwards stated, waded up to his neck in the lake and climbed into one of the retreating boats. The Indians on their part, pushed two more boats afloat and went in pursuit of the fugitives, three boat loads of whom allowed themselves to be captured without resistance. Think of it, two boat loads of Indians captured three boat loads of English, who seemingly made no effort to escape the fate of horrible torture which awaited all but a few, who were enslaved.

The other two boats, in one of which was Cuyler himself, effected their escape and returned to Niagara. Between thirty and forty men, some of whom were wounded, were crowded into these two boats. These with the three rescued from the Indians at Detroit, were all of the 96 which survived the ill-fated expedition. But Detroit was destined to have one more baptism of blood during the Pontiac war. Some time after this, Captain Dalyell reached Detroit, having fought his way past the Indians with the loss of fifteen men. He landed with 22 barges, 280 men, with several small cannon and a fresh supply of provision and ammunition. With this expedition was Major Rogers, commander of the famous Roger's Rangers, and twenty of his men.

Captain Dalyell had a conference with Gladwin and requested permission to march out on the following night and attack the Indian camp. A reluctant consent was at last given and about 2 o'clock of the morning of July 31 the gates were silently opened and 250 men marched up the road along the river's shore. In the river, keeping abreast of the troops, two boats, each carrying a swivel gun, were rowed with muffled oars. As there was no moon shining, everything seemed favorable to strike a deadly blow at the camp of Pontiac. But, though they knew it not, that vigilant and crafty chieftain was apprised of this movement by his spies, and with several hundred warriors lay in ambush at the bridge across Parent's Creek a mile and a half from the fort. Here the Indians poured into the soldiers such a deadly fire as soon decimated their ranks and killed their commander. Indeed the surprise and confusion was so great that all would have been killed but for the coolness and bravery of

Rogers and his rangers who were accustomed to Indian warfare, and the fact that the retreat was aided by the use of the two cannon on the boats. As it was, so many were killed that Parent's Creek has since been known as Bloody Run.

But nothing succeeds like success, and nothing fails like failure. In 1764 Pontiac, hearing that Col. Rogers who had just gained a great victory over a large army of Indians at Bushy Run, was approaching by land to aid Detroit, and that at the same time Colonel Bradstreet was approaching by lake with a force of 3,000 men, he now saw his cause was hopeless, drew off his men and raised the siege. In *Historic Mackinac*, a large two-volume work written and published by Hon. Edwin O. Wood, he quotes an authority stating that there is no authentic picture of Pontiac in existence. This is a mistake. I have in my possession a copy of the only known portrait of Pontiac, the original of which hangs in the Historical Library at St. Louis, Mo. The librarian is my authority for the statement that this portrait was painted by a young French officer a short time before Pontiac's untimely death at Cahokia, on the Illinois side of the river near St. Louis and that his remains were buried in that city on the site of the Southern Hotel.

Next to Pontiac, perhaps Tecumseh was the most prominent chief who fought on Michigan soil. Near the commencement of the War of 1812, General Brock and Tecumseh with their combined forces took a position at Sandwich opposite Detroit. Here the commander-in-chief asked his ally what sort of a country he would have to pass through in order to get to Detroit. Tecumseh, taking a roll of elm bark and extending it on the ground, and securing it in



place by four stones, drew his scalping knife and with the point etched upon the bark a plan of the country, showing its hills, rivers, woods, morasses and roads. Pleased by this, the General drew off a splendid sash and presented it to Tecumseh.

At the time of the surrender of Detroit by General Hull, the British General Brock could not have controlled the Indians or kept them from a massacre of the prisoners and citizens but for the efficient aid of Tecumseh, who caused the Shawnees in his immediate command to cross over the river first and have a controlling influence over the other warriors.

The fight at Fort Meigs was one of the most disastrous to the Americans. Here Col. Dudley and a force of Kentuckians were sent to the opposite side of the river to seize a battery and spike the cannon. They gained possession of the battery but were overwhelmed by the enemy and all killed or captured.

The prisoners were taken to the headquarters of Gen. Proctor, who had succeeded Brock, where the Indians began to tomahawk them. Proctor made no attempt to restrain this action. More than twenty were murdered in this horrible manner when Tecumseh was heard in the rear shouting something in the Indian tongue. He leaped off his horse, and seeing two Indians in the act of killing a prisoner he knocked them both down with the flat of his tomahawk, sprang in between the Indians and the prisoners and quelled them, stopping the massacre. He then said to Proctor, "Why did you allow this?" "Sir," replied the British general, "your Indians cannot be restrained." "Begone!" thundered Tecumseh; "you are not fit to command! Go home and put on the petticoat of a squaw."



The following article from D. B. Cook, editor of a Niles paper is germane to the death of this noted chief. Writing to the editor of the *Century Magazine*, Mr. Cook said in substance:

*Noonday  
sacumb  
of Tecumseh  
death*

The article in your magazine relative to the killing of Tecumseh by Richard M. Johnson, reminds me of an interview I had with Noonday, chief of the Ottawa tribe, in 1838. This chief was six feet tall, broad shouldered, well proportioned, with broad high cheek bones, piercing black eyes, and coarse black hair which hung down upon his shoulders, and he possessed wonderful muscular power. It has always been difficult to get a history of any Indian who fought on the side of the British, but with the help of his pastor, Rev. Mr. Slater, who understood the Indian language, I succeeded in a measure.

After rehearsing the speech which Tecumseh made to his warriors at the engagement, and how they felt they were fighting to defend their honored chief more than for the British, he was asked: "Were you near Tecumseh when he fell?"

"Yes," directly on his right.

"Who killed him?"

"Richard M. Johnson."

"Give us the circumstances."

"He was on a horse, and the horse fell over a log, and Tecumseh with uplifted tomahawk was about to dispatch him when he drew a pistol from his holster and shot him in the breast and he fell dead on his face. I seized him at once, and with the assistance of Saginaw-bear carried him from the field. When he fell, the Indians stopped fighting and the battle ended. We laid him down on a blanket in a wigwam, and we all wept, we loved him so much. I took his hat and tomahawk."

"Where are they now?"

"I have his tomahawk and Saginaw his hat."

"Could I get them?"

"No. Indian keep them."

"How did you know it was Johnson who killed him?"

"General Cass took me to see the Great Father, Van Buren, at Washington. I went to the great wigwam, and when I went I saw the same man I see in battle, the same man I see kill Tecumseh. I had never seen him since but I knew it was him. I look him in the face and said, "'Kene-Kin-a-poo Tecumseh,'; that is, 'You killed Tecumseh.'" He replied that he never knew who it was, but that a powerful Indian approached him and he shot him with his pistol. "That was Tecumseh. I see you do it."

Noonday finished his story of Tecumseh by telling of the chief's noble traits, the tears meanwhile trickling down his cheeks. There is no doubt of the truth of this unvarnished tale.

## MICHIGAN STATE FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS AND THE GREAT WAR

BY FLORENCE I. BULSON  
Chairman State Federation

JACKSON

TAKING a cursory glance back over the war period, it seems impossible adequately to tell the story of the Michigan Federation and its part in the various phases of war service. I have not words at my command to express the devotion to duty, the patriotism and the splendid enthusiasm which led our women to reach out into every kind of work in support of the Government's tremendous plan for carrying the war to a successful conclusion. The Federation has during the twenty-five years of its existence stood ready to cooperate in every policy for the public good, and our watch-word during that period has been SERVICE, spelled with capital letters. Although the Federation has been called an Invincible Army, because of its activities in fighting disease and wrong-doing and as a mold of public opinion and an educator, it was found upon our entrance into the war that the Federation needed only to intensify its interests and activities in order to provide the necessary avenues for every phase of war work.

Every department of the work and every standing committee had its war relation, and the organization was immediately placed upon a war basis; the decks were cleared for action and the colors flung to the breeze in true fighting trim. The 30,000 women composing the Federation have stood by their guns faithfully and loyally; and now that peace is assured, our reward

will come in a more unified, more earnest, more altruistic, and active organization.

Permit me to quote from an esteemed colleague from a sister State who says:

"While there has, at times existed a most confusing duplication of effort through a multiplicity of outside organization, the Federation has endeavored through all of its committees, by united consent, to maintain a steady procedure.

"So many lines of work assumed by other organizations were identical with those clearly operating through the Federation committees for the past two decades, that the Federation naturally claimed the right of way, but being too broad in its aims and its patriotism to obstruct any righteous undertaking, the Federation side-stepped into line and marched and counter-marched, shoulder to shoulder, according to orders."

United action has been apparent all along the line and the amount of war work that has been done by the club women of Michigan is but little short of marvelous. Our women have performed their full share in all the patriotic drives that have been made, and are conspicuous for their leadership in those drives. Our organization helped to organize The Woman's Committee, Council of National Defense, for Michigan,—the first to be organized in any State,—and furnished its peerless chairman, Rev. Caroline Bartlett Crane, a former head of the department of Home Economics in the Federation. It contributed its past president, Delphine Dodge Ashbaugh, who served as Director of Red Cross for Michigan, and as State chairman of the Women's Liberty Loan Committee. Your speaker, who was the Federation's war president,

served as a member of the Dollar-a-Month Club, appointed by Governor Sleeper, for the Relief of Belgian Children, until the action of Congress in making loans to the Belgian Government made it unnecessary for the continuation of this committee; served as vice-chairman of the Woman's Committee, Council of National Defense for Michigan and also as a member of the Woman's War Preparedness Committee of that body, with six others, appointed by the Governor, to serve during the war; in an advisory capacity upon the War Library Council for Michigan, also upon the Michigan Women's Liberty Loan Committee and upon the State Reconstruction Committee appointed by the Governor.

Upon our entrance into the war a request came from the president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, Mrs. Josiah Evans Cowles, for "enough food pledge cards, printed at once, at State Federation's expense, not only for the club women themselves, but for every woman in the State, signatures secured and pledges returned." But while the condition of our exchequer would preclude such wide use of funds, our wish to cooperate to the best of our ability dominated, and 30,000 cards, enough for our membership were ordered, perhaps serving as an inspiration for the Hoover card which came later. At the request of the United States Food Administration at Washington, and in cooperation with the food administrator of our State, the widest possible assistance from our women has been sought and many communities visited in the interests of food production, marketing and conservation and in other important matters. Hon. Gifford Pinchot wanted the help of the Federation in conservation matters; this was freely and promptly

given and words of genuine assurance and gratitude were forthcoming from Mr. Pinchot for our willing and earnest cooperation. When the questions of moral sanitation for our army camps and national prohibition were being considered, requests came pouring in from various State Federations and other agencies urging night letters and telegrams to President Wilson and our Congressmen urging the passage of these measures in the name of our great organization, and to any and all such requests cheerful compliance was given by the State body.

Our esteemed, newly-elected president, Mrs. Burritt Hamilton of Battle Creek, was made state chairman of the War Victory Commission, or fund for Furlough Houses in France. This was the special war service the General Federation of Women's Clubs espoused, the object being to raise a fund for military recreational houses, dispensaries and other war relief work in France. The fund was pledged at two million dollars, divided pro-rata among the States, and Delphine Dodge Ashbaugh was made national chairman. At the annual meeting of the Michigan Federation held at Battle Creek in February of this year, Mrs. Hamilton reported that the club women of Michigan had raised the sum of \$7,307.33, which amount was turned over intact to the treasurer of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, this being the largest amount raised by any State of the seven constituting the group to which Michigan belonged.

Two splendid young women were contributed from our State to work under the Y. M. C. A. overseas in connection with this Commission. The requirements were rigid but our candidates passed all tests with high honors. and Miss Doris Mauck of Hillsdale and



Miss Barbara Bailey of Muskegon are Michigan club-women's representatives in this work across the water.

From questionnaires sent out to the clubs it has been shown that in almost every case the clubs were almost 100 per cent Red Cross members and workers, and large sums were raised for that purpose; that large numbers of club women had worked upon surgical dressings and hospital garments and had knitted thousands of articles, besides contributing money for Home and Allied Relief as well as for War Libraries, War Camp Recreational work, Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., K. of C., Jewish Relief and other organizations doing war relief work. Not only have large sums been gathered and investments made in Liberty Bonds, War Saving Stamps, et cetera, but in a large percentage of cases over the State our women were the organizers of the Red Cross and officers of the same, working both as individuals and as clubs, devoting their time almost exclusively to this service. Club houses were turned over for this service, entertainments given and money raised to send good cheer to the boys in camp. Jelly showers were frequent, pillows and pillow cases, towels, property bags and housewives, books and magazines, musical instruments and thousands of victrola records were gathered and sent to Camp Custer and other camps.

What the 300 club women of Battle Creek alone have done for the boys at Camp Custer would fill a good-sized book and would be interesting reading, including as it does, mending for the boys, furnishing goodies and giving entertainments, aiding the civilian population in giving comfort and assistance along the various lines of endeavor and in helping to protect the men from vicious influences, as well as conducting a



campaign among the young girls and women of Battle Creek for their enlightenment, their education and protection. Notable among entertainments given for the soldier boys was one beautiful party given to 300 sons of Michigan and Wisconsin club women, an equal number of the charming daughters of Battle Creek having been invited with chaperones; the participants in this charming event were gathered up in automobiles and taken to and from the party by citizens. Hundreds upon hundreds of soldier boys have been invited into the homes of Battle Creek club women for Sunday dinners and other occasions, and it has been no uncommon thing for a mother to turn over to some mother of a soldier boy in camp her home for the preparation of a Sunday dinner and a last farwell visit with her son, and perhaps with other mothers' sons, before the long journey was entered upon which should take them to foreign battle fields, perhaps to lay down their lives for their country.

One of the most satisfactory ways in which the Federation has assisted our National and State Governments has been along public health lines, combating tuberculosis and venereal disease. For over twelve years a campaign of education against these diseases has been carried on by our organization, and prominent physicians have assisted us in every way possible. Notable among these as speakers at our annual conventions upon venereal diseases are Dean Vaughan and Dr. A. S. Warthin of the University (who have also gone, free of charge to individual clubs), Dr. Carolyn Geisel of Battle Creek Sanitarium and Dr. Rachelle Yarros of Hull House Chicago, and, later, speakers sent us by the State Board of Health and by Dr. Martin of Battle Creek Sanitarium. Therefore, with this work

*Campes  
Health  
sanitation*

at heart and with considerable preparation it was quite natural that our organization should be chosen by the State Board of Health to assist in the campaign that is now being waged among women and girls against this terrible scourge.

We have helped with the "Children's Year" program which was inaugurated by President Wilson upon April 6, 1918, the first anniversary of our entrance into the war, and through our child welfare chairman, Mrs. E. S. Leonard of Detroit, many communities have been visited and inspiration given,—the work among the children in Detroit has been noteworthy indeed.

Notable work has been done in our department of Home Economics through Miss Georgia L. White, director of Home Economics, Michigan Agricultural College, and Miss Lenna F. Cooper who held the same position in Battle Creek Sanitarium, respectively, who headed the department for the Federation during the war period when much valuable information and expert help were furnished our women over the State. A "Milk Survey" was conducted by Miss Cooper in Battle Creek and the findings given out to the clubs as a basis to work upon in carrying out these surveys in the various communities of Michigan.

The Federation, through its department of Civics, with Mrs. A. H. Finn of Detroit, chairman, conducted a state-wide survey of the motion picture theaters during the past winter, and made a vigorous but unsuccessful attempt to have legislation enacted that will prevent this great educational possibility being diverted to vicious and immoral uses as is now being done, for there is no gainsaying the fact that many of the infant criminals of today receive the suggestion from the

motion picture screen. This work was undertaken as a war measure.

But I should tax your patience were I to attempt to tell what special undertakings are being made by all of the nineteen departments of work in our organization; suffice it to say that the membership is trying to get at the facts of working and living conditions and is lending a hand for the common welfare, through these departments, and happiness is being found through service.

Thus our "Invincible Army" is marching straight forward. Patriotism has been the dominant thought of the period, while at the same time a campaign of education has been carried on over the State for the creation of a board and enlightened opinion concerning the causes and contingencies involved in the great conflict and what peace terms should include. The great mass of Michigan club women have not overrated their ability to do things for they have seen what united effort will do. The pledge of the womanhood of the great State of Michigan has stood solidly back of all governmental policies for the successful carrying out of the war's gigantic military program which the United States assumed, and will stand just as loyally during the period of readjustment upon which we have entered, for herein lies one of our greatest opportunities for service. The women composing the Michigan State Federation of Women's Clubs have been alive to the pressing needs of the hour, and measures have been passed and executed that would justify any praise I might bestow upon them. That you may understand what a power such an organization of consecrated womanhood can wield and the faith our Government

reposes in it, a little incident of our war service convention held in Traverse City will be illuminating:

Miss H,—a club president from St. Joseph County, came to me as the presiding officer and asked if there were not something our great Federation could do to help secure fuel for the more than fifty families in that prairie region who were entirely without a stick of wood or kindling or fuel of any kind to protect the aged, the ill and the small children who were actually suffering from cold. Miss H— was asked to take the platform and present the case to our women in the hope that a solution of the problem might be offered by some of the wise club presidents there assembled.

No suggestion was forthcoming and our peerless leader, our parliamentary authority and oracle, Mrs. Emma A. Fox, was appealed to and even she had no suggestions to offer, but said: "It is surely a problem for us to think about." At the close of the convention Miss H— came to me and again propounded the question: "Is there not *something* this great Federation can do to relieve the situation down in St. Joseph County? Our granaries are bursting, so great has been the harvest, and unless help is forthcoming from the fuel administrator our men say they will burn this grain for fuel, notwithstanding the appeals that are coming from Mr. Hoover." The situation was an uncomfortable one for the State president, and my reply was: "I do not know what we can do unless I take up the matter with Mr. Hoover," not knowing what else to say and knowing a reply of some sort must be made to the question.

Having been delayed in reaching home I found a letter from Miss H— asking if I had taken up the matter of fuel for St. Joseph County with Mr. Hoover. Having

been thus thrust into a corner and not knowing what else to do I said to my good husband: "I guess I will long-distance Mr. Prudden," but the reply came that the gentleman had "just left for Washington." Being put to my wits' end, realizing my own helplessness but at the same time my great desire to serve my constituency, I again turned to my husband and said: "Shall I call up Mr. Hoover?" and his reply was: "Send him a night letter." I did so, setting forth the situation as best I could in fifty words, feeling that my duty had been done at least.

This was Sunday evening and on Monday morning a reply came from Mr. Hoover saying the fuel would start for St. Joseph County, Michigan, Monday morning. The message was repeated to the club in that county and the fuel arrived a little later.

In this way we have been emboldened to undertake anything and everything that will work for good to our loved Commonwealth.

So, an effort is being made to stress the work of our departments that have to do with the questions of the day and we are cooperating in a great national campaign that is being carried on in an effort to reduce child mortality and to lessen the tendency toward defective childhood of school age; to help solve the problem of the sub-normal child and the juvenile delinquent; to help stamp out tuberculosis and venereal disease; to help conserve the great natural resources of our country; to cooperate along definite, practical lines in the Americanization of our immigrants who are clamoring for instruction in the fundamentals of citizenship; to bring up the child of the future in the way he should go and strengthen his ability to endure the strain of the new era of competition that will

come with the readjustment that has been made necessary to meet new conditions. In fact every realm of social endeavor is needing and is calling for the sane, wise leadership that characterizes the membership of the Federated Clubs, and the seeking will not be in vain.

PAST-PRESIDENTS OF THE MICHIGAN  
AUTHORS' ASSOCIATION

BY PRUELLA JANET SHERMAN

DETROIT

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HON. CHASE S. OSBORN

THERE has never been a man at the head of the Michigan Authors' Association who has not lent prestige to the Association; perhaps none more distinguished than Hon. Chase S. Osborn, Ex-Governor of the State, who served as chairman from June, 1916 to June, 1917.

Unfortunately for the Association, the fact that Mr. Osborn lived in the Upper Peninsula, in Sault Ste. Marie, made it impossible for him to be always at the monthly meetings. But when he did come, he was hailed with sincere greeting. His ready wit and vivid personality always left their impress, and the members appreciated his efforts to be with them.

Once he appeared unexpectedly at a meeting, when the vice-president, Mr. Winfield Lionel Scott, was to present a paper upon "The Holy Land," whence he had recently returned. Mr. Scott at once proposed to change the program, in honor of the president, to which Mr. Osborn replied in his brusque fashion:

"Nothing of the sort; I've come several hundred miles to listen to this paper, and I'm not going away without hearing it."

After this forceful retort, the program proceeded.



When the year of his office as president of the Association had rolled around, there came the function, the formal annual banquet, at which Mr. Osborn presided as toast-master. It was the seventh annual social gathering, held at the Hotel Cadillac, Detroit, which has always been the headquarters of the organization.

Around the long tables were gathered nearly two hundred people, including some of Michigan's most brilliant speakers: Mr. David Inglis, noted alienist, whose name appeared early in the program; Adam Strohm, superintendent of Detroit Public libraries; Rev. Louis A. Falley, S. J.; Rev. Chester B. Emerson, Congregational minister, authority on literature, poet, and a most appealing speaker, (later serving with the Y. M. C. A. in France); Winfield Lionel Scott, who read an appropriate original poem; Charles D. Cameron, well known correspondent for the *Detroit Journal*; Mrs. Emma A. Fox, Michigan's noted woman parliamentarian; Rev. Charles L. Arnold, Episcopal clergyman, philanthropist and author; Professor Moritz Levi, who spoke brilliantly on the "The Drama—Its Relation to Literature;" Hon. Louis J. Rosenberg, lawyer, and one-time American Consul, at Cadiz, Spain; Norman Hackett, Michigan's beloved actor; Ward Macauley, author and playwright; James Schermerhorn, editor *Detroit Times*; and Harold Jarvis, noted soloist, who illumined the feast with song. Mr. Osborn introduced each speaker with clever reference to some characteristic, either serious or amusing; but when he presented Mr. Schermerhorn, Michigan's famous after-dinner speaker, he met his equal in the contest of wit. The incident was so exceedingly funny that it will bear relating.

Mr. Osborn spoke at length in praise of Mr. Schermerhorn, lauding everything he had ever done, literary, journalistic, or civic, embroidering his remarks with marvelous rhetoric, and delivering them with soul-stirring energy. It was really a great flourish of trumpets in behalf of Mr. Schermerhorn, and was received with loud applause.

In response Mr. Schermerhorn took up the line of talk where Mr. Osborn had dropped it, so to speak, and the flattering tribute he paid to Hon. Chase S. Osborn, was something thrilling. His voice rose with emotion, and just as the audience began to wonder which man could speak the most words in the least time, Mr. Schermerhorn suddenly dropped his voice to an ordinary pitch, turned with a bow to Mr. Osborn, and remarked, with gravity: "There! I guess that evens up the advertising."

The laughter that followed drowned Mr. Schermerhorn's first attempts at his real speech; and for once Mr. Osborn acknowledged that the joke was on him.

This banquet was typical of others which had occurred annually, but this present year the tide of war swept gayety from our minds to a great extent, and the usual elaborate menu, both in the way of food and mental exhilaration, was replaced by a simple informal dinner, as the closing function of the season.

The programs during the latter part of the past season have been mostly devoted to patriotic subjects, and patriotic songs—themes promoting zeal in the love and honor in which we hold our country, and in a broader comprehension of the sacrifices being made for its salvation.

The life of Hon. Chase S. Osborn has been an eventful one filled with action and execution of ideals.

Hosts of Michigan people know about his career, but perchance some who may be reading the *Michigan History Magazine*, may not be familiar with the trend of his life, and to these I present a few facts worth remembering, both as connected with the interests of our State, and as something for young men to emulate.

First let us touch upon him as a writer, for that is the phase of his work which brought him in sympathy with the Michigan Authors' Association, and placed him in its highest office.

As a successful newspaper man Mr. Osborn measures up with the best in the profession. His early life was spent at Lafayette, Indiana, and his first reporting was done for the *Lafayette Home Journal*. At the age of nineteen, he went to Chicago as a reporter on one of the city papers. Gradually he climbed the ladder of journalism, and later we find him managing editor of the *Milwaukee Signal*, and subsequently filling an editorial position on the *Milwaukee Evening News*. Later he became the editor and part proprietor of the *Florence Mining News*, and in 1887 established the *Miner and Manufacturer*, of Milwaukee. Afterwards he became city editor of the *Milwaukee Sentinel* and still later purchased the *Sault Ste. Marie News*, and in 1902 became the owner and editor of the *Saginaw Courier and Herald*.

Mr. Osborn in his busy newspaper life still found time to contribute to various magazines, and as a result of his travels in South America wrote a two-volume book entitled *The Andean Land*. His latest work is *The Iron Hunter*. Earlier in life he was a student at Purdue University, and, although he did not graduate from this institution, his scholarly

attainments and later distinguished public service obtained for him the degree of LL.D., from the University of Michigan and from both Oivet and Alma College. He has traveled much, making scientific discoveries in out of the way places, especially in Africa and Madagascar, and has written several books along these lines. He is an honorary member of the Madagascar Academy of Science. His love of birds caused him to make a study of their habits, and to become an authority on bird life, and he is a member of the American Ornithologists' Union. An Odd Fellow and a Knight of Pythias, Mr. Osborn also stands high in Free Masonry, having had conferred on him the 33rd Scottish Rite. He belongs to a number of high-class clubs, and is, meanwhile, a member of the Presbyterian Church and has filled important civic offices in his State. He has a beautiful home at Sault Ste. Marie, and a very interesting family. Mr. Osborn was elected Governor of Michigan in 1910 on the Republican ticket. For two years he gave to his State the benefit of his high ideals and broad experience. From 1908 to 1911 he served as a regent of the University of Michigan.

At the time of his election to the governorship of Michigan, a Detroit newspaper, in presenting to the public a photographic reproduction of Mr. Osborn, observed:

"Any time there is a chance to do something different, Chase S. Osborn does it that way. For instance, we are forced to offer to our readers a photographic reproduction of Mr. Osborn instead of a reproduction of an oil painting, for the simple reason that there is no oil painting. From Lewis Cass to Ferris, Michigan's Governors' portraits are hung on the walls of the State Capitol,—all except Mr. Osborn's. 'Time

enough when I'm dead,' was Mr. Osborn's rep'y when asked to sit for his portrait. Perhaps, adds the writer of the observation, "that was only one of Mr. Osborn's excuses for not sitting still more than ten seconds at a time,—as nothing in his life or battles would indicate that he was too modest to accept the honor."

While this might be construed as a good-natured fling at Mr. Osborn's aggressiveness, it is also a tribute to his ceaseless energy; to the natural force of a man "who cannot sit still for more than ten seconds at a time." Had he been less energetic he would not perhaps have found time in his busy life to act as president of the Michigan Authors' Association, which would have been a matter of deep regret among its members.

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#### LOUIS JAMES ROSENBERG

Louis James Rosenberg, LL.B., president of the Michigan Authors' Association, from June, 1918 to June, 1919 is a Detroit man, well known as a lawyer, social worker, and man of affairs, to whose logical mind is added a literary trend of a serious and thoughtful nature.

Mr. Rosenberg was especially fitted to fill the position of leader. Holding high ideals for the general uplift of humanity, and looking always to the best in literature, he brought to the office of president an enthusiasm which radiated success in the work of the Association.

Mr. Rosenberg was born August 3, 1876. He was educated in the public schools and by private tutors, and has studied languages in several foreign countries. In 1900 he was admitted to the Michigan Bar, and

practiced law in Detroit until 1906, when he was appointed American Consul at Seville, Spain, where he remained until 1909, filling the same office at Pernambuco, Brazil, during 1909 and 1910, after which he returned home and resumed his law practice in Detroit

Active in reform, philanthropic and educational movements, Mr. Rosenberg has been a delegate to various congresses and conventions. Among his public activities may be mentioned legislation against the spread of tuberculosis, establishment of Juvenile Court, and legislation regulating the selling of steamship tickets and the business of receiving money for transmission to foreign countries.

He has been President and Counsel of the Peoples' Securities Company; Director and Counsel of the Michigan Authors' Association previous to his election as chairman; is a member of the American Historical Association; of the American Academy of Political and Social Science; American Society of International Law; American Bar Association; Michigan State Bar Association; Navy League of the United States; National Arts Club; Scarab Club; and various other organizations; trustee of the Jewish Publication Society of America; and special lecturer in the School of Commerce and Finance of the University of Detroit on "Government Assistance in Foreign Trade."

The literary work of Mr. Rosenberg embraces a wide range of themes, including foreign affairs, medical jurisprudence, legal ethics, sociologic, philosophic and literary subjects. He is the author of several books, including *Mazzini, the Prophet of the Religion of Humanity*, published in 1903; *The Medical Expert and Other Papers*, published in 1911; and *Scraps and Bits*, 1916. He is joint author of *Sociologic Studies of a*



*Medic-Legal Nature*, issued in 1902, and other articles on legal ethics.

His book, *Scraps and Bits*, although signifying by its title a collection of Fragments, really contains rare food for thought, well expressed. Perhaps the essay on "Gladstone and Disraeli—A Study in Personalities," might be ranked as the best of the collection, although his chapter, "The Makers of Italy," is beautiful and inspiring; while his study of the three Russian writers, Dostoieffski, Turgen, and Tolstoy, touches briefly but strongly on the special characteristics of these famous men.

There is in this collection an abstract from an address entitled "Faith—The Key to Happiness," which particularly appeals to the thoughtful seeker after life's compensations, and from which the following extract is taken, showing again the logical consecutive-ness with which the writer follows his thought to its conclusion. Following is the extract:

"If I were to be asked what is the underlying cause of our discontent and misery, I would unhesitatingly answer that it is due to the fact that we lack what a noted preacher recently called God-consciousness. What is most needed at this time is to develop the full consciousness of an ever-present, everlasting God. Think of yourself in relation to God and less in relation to things, then lack of material things will cause less discontent. External conditions will not overcome you, nor illness crush your spirit. . . . Have faith in God and in your own divinity. When downcast, retire into your own soul and consult God, and you will find that He will give you strength and happiness . . . patience, fortitude and contentment."



While this extract may not be strictly typical of Mr. Rosenberg's literary works, it gently unveils the religious undercurrent of his nature, a trait of character much to be desired in these days of doubt and disaster.

Personally Mr. Rosenberg is active and alert, a serious thinker, a ready speaker, and keen to get at the cause of things, that he may more clearly understand results, and seek remedies if they are required. Contact with the world has not robbed him of enthusiasm nor shaken his confidence in mankind. Thus one finds him optimistic, kindly, courteous,—a student of human nature as well as of books.

## WAR WORK OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS OF MICHIGAN

BY SIDNEY T. MILLER

DETROIT

THOSE of us who were lucky enough to see any of the Red Cross parades in this State when drives were made for various funds during 1917 and 1918, knew full well that the days of Germany were numbered, for those parades were made up almost wholly of Michigan women. Mothers, wives, daughters, sisters and sweethearts of our boys overseas flocked to the one banner under which they could all serve, with a single-mindedness that proved Kipling was right when he said,

The Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under the skin.

American womanhood was aroused, it wanted the Hun beaten and our boys and our allies cared for, and when the wonderful heart of American woman is sure its cause is just, it brings an inspiration which none can withstand.

The men of the State rallied quickly to help in Red Cross work wherever they were needed. A roster of our chapter officers shows that strong and clear-headed men took hold with a will in every county, giving a large part of their time and much of their strength to the cause, and we all know they did it gladly,—yes, eagerly,—and they can rest secure in the knowledge that they all played their parts well in the war-work

behind the guns. Their chapters were well organized, their work was carefully systematized and their records were conscientiously kept. It is impossible of course to give a full statement here of all that our Red Cross people did in Michigan and this must be but an outline; the growth of the organization was so sudden and the results reached were so large and so varied, that no complete history ever can be written.

In 1916 we had 709 members in the whole State. By March 1917, this number had increased only to 1,425, though the whole country then had 308,827. When war was declared, it was plain that the Red Cross aid would be sadly needed immediately. Accordingly plans for perfecting an efficient organization in Michigan were outlined by the national officers of the society, after consulting with some of us who had been familiar with developments up to that time.

Mr. Frederic W. Stevens, of Ann Arbor was installed as the head of the State organization, with Mr. Mark T. McKee as Secretary. A State Board, which was fairly representative of the different parts of the Commonwealth, was appointed by Governor Sleeper, and held one or two meetings. It was due to the wisdom and skill of Mr. Stevens, however, coupled with the tireless energy of Mr. McKee that the ground work in this State was so well prepared. The general plan was to have a chapter in each county, with headquarters in the most convenient center. To reach outlying districts, branches of the chapters were organized which were tributary to the county organization.

The results have justified the plan adopted, as Michigan has stood at the head in Red Cross matters ever since the State organization was completed. Our member-

ship has increased from the 1,425 aggregate which we had on March 1, 1917, to 1,037,000 on March 1, 1919, which, with a Junior membership of 425,000 gives our State an aggregate of almost one-half of its population as belonging to the Society,—something which is not equaled in any other State in the Union.

Mr. Stevens' health gave out during the early summer of 1917, and early in the fall I was asked to succeed him as head of the State work. At that time, it was estimated we had about 35,000 members in Michigan, but the State was afire with enthusiasm and it was evident that a goodly corps of officers and divisional workers must be assured forthwith. By arrangement with Chicago, all Red Cross shipments from the Upper Peninsula were sent through that office to save time and money. Everything from the Lower Peninsula came through Detroit. A central State office was established in Detroit, with headquarters *donated* by an Insurance Company, which is now renting the same space for \$5,000 a year. Inspection and shipping rooms were *given* free by a building owner, the same space now renting for over \$4,500 a year. Our force was installed.

Generally speaking, the work was divided under several headings, each in charge of competent volunteers. For convenience, we may divide these into two general classes,—Overseas and Domestic. In the Overseas part would be the departments of Women's Work, Hospitals and Nurses, and Personnel. In the Domestic branch would be Military Relief, Home Service or Civilian Relief, Canteens, Motor Corps and Miscellaneous.

To give any idea of the magnitude of the work done, it is necessary to lapse into general statistics, though

space forbids much interesting detail. The department of Women's Work stands at the head of the remarkable accomplishments of civilians in the war. Michigan was peculiarly fortunate in having as the head of this bureau, Mrs. R. H. Ashbaugh, of Detroit. This branch made the hospital supplies and knitted goods for the men, and made up comfort kits, etc. It also had charge of the inspection and packing of all these supplies. Up to date, it has not been possible to get a straight census of these workers in this State, but their name is legion. The figures showing what they did from the time our State organization took hold in September, 1917, through December, 1918, speak for themselves.

Surgical dressings, 11,852,867. Value, \$481,850.86.

Hospital garments, 582,632. Value, \$1,051,218.72.

Hospital supplies, 661,547. Value, \$163,874.57.

Refugee garments, 262,885. Value, \$298,461.26.

Comfort kits, etc., 121,168. Value, \$18,892.36.

Knitted articles, 980,248. Value, \$1,573,256.80.

Total number of articles, 14,461,257. Total value, \$3,587,454.57.

Every article was inspected by its chapter and again at headquarters before it was packed.

Of course many of the knit things were supplied to our men on this side, but as the general purpose was overseas relief, this work may be rightly so classed.

Next in the Overseas part would come the Hospitals, Nurses and Ambulances. Michigan equipped and manned two hospitals, one under Dr. Angus McLean and the other headed by Dr. B. R. Shurly. At the call, many of our most prominent and successful physicians dropped everything and went to help. The funds for both hospitals were furnished by Detroit,

but the medical staffs and the nurses drew from other parts of the State as well.

Besides these fully equipped hospitals, the State furnished Hospital Unit "2" from Grand Rapids, under Dr. Richard R. Smith, and American Red Cross Ambulances and ambulance staffs No. 8, from Detroit, under Dr. Charles Barton; No. 11, from Battle Creek, under Dr. James T. Case; No. 15, from Grand Rapids, under Dr. Thos. D. Gordon; No. 21, from Flint, under Dr. Walter H. Winchester.

With these hospitals and units, and to other points needing them, there went from our State 404 nurses. While more of them went with Hospitals 17 and 36 than with any other units, except Camp Custer, they were scattered through 61 hospitals and camps in all. Their work is too well known to call for description here. Some of our doctors and several of the nurses were honored by decorations or citations, but it has been impossible to get a list of them as yet.

The Personnel Department was brought into being in the spring of 1918, and dealt with all applications from people wanting to volunteer for overseas Red Cross service other than medical. Every individual was carefully investigated as to fitness,—physical, moral, mental and patriotic. This meant almost ceaseless care and responsibility, as utmost precaution was taken to keep out any persons who might have a tainting effect. Between the spring of 1918 and the signing of the armistice there went from Michigan to positions overseas 116 men and 24 women, not including the doctors and nurses, of course. Of these, 46 were executives. Those who went included Bishop Williams of Detroit; Judge Fead, of Newberry; Fenton McCreery, of Flint; Daniel L. Quirk, of Ypsilanti; Andrew Green,



head of the Solvay Process in Detroit; Paul F. Bagley, of the Bagley Tobacco Company; Cameron Currie, a Detroit broker; and many others of prominence. When the armistice came, we had 594 male applicants and 797 women whose qualifications had been considered and a large number of whom were accepted and ready to go. This department was under the faithful and efficient direction of Mrs. Ernest C. Wetmore, for women, and Mr. William P. Harris, for men. It was like a busy employment office for many months.

An interesting part of the work of the Red Cross in 1917 was the care of the raw recruits to the military and naval posts in this State. This came under the Department of Military Relief. The first appeal was on April 15, when the Navy Department ordered its representative at Detroit (Captain F. A. DeOtte) to institute a Coast Patrol Service the next day. A complement of volunteers has assured the Department of the men for this job, but Captain DeOtte had neither boats, arms, uniforms, equipment or money. Nevertheless, he began his work without question. His enthusiastic young jackies were spread along the vulnerable parts of the waterways between this country and Canada at various points from and including the Soo, down to the Lime Kiln Crossing at Lake Erie. The boys borrowed launches, wore any old clothes that they could spare and obtained the loan of a few automatics to give them badges of authority. The Red Cross supplied them with blankets and when the pay-rolls were delayed, as was natural at the start, it supplied them with funds. This patrol kept our most important channels of communication properly protected and policed, and greatly facilitated the carriage of grain and ore by the large lake boats.



The next appeal of interest came from Camp Custer. A man was needed to take charge of the Red Cross work there. To secure him, a short notice was inserted in the Sunday edition of a Detroit paper, saying that if any one wished to give his entire time, pay most of his own expenses and work all day every day, the Red Cross would promise him a roof and something to eat. The next morning a dozen attractive applicants were on hand shortly after the headquarters' office was opened. They were men who by reason of age or physical disability were barred from service. Mr. Daniel Quirk, of Ypsilanti, who was then in charge of our Military Relief work, selected from the number Mr. R. C. Wessels, of Detroit, who proved the right man in the right place. Mr. Wessels suggested that he was the logical man for the place as his initials were R. C., which stood for Red Cross, and no one ever doubted it after he took hold.

Through his staff at Custer, and through the home office staff, which reached the men in service in the Coast Patrol, the aviators at Selfridge Field, the troops at Fort Wayne, the Auxiliary Naval station at the River Rouge, and the various troop trains, etc., there were distributed to our men the following supplies:

125,000 sweaters  
165,000 pairs of socks  
55,000 helmets  
27,000 mufflers  
48,000 wristlets

as well as quantities of comfort kits, tobacco and various toilet articles. In addition, this branch helped the morale of the new recruits just going from home to the army camps, by providing various forms of entertain-

ment. One of the most notable was a mammoth Christmas tree at Camp Custer, around which those men who were left in camp on that day gathered for a Christmas celebration, and which seemed in a way to relieve their homesickness.

With the men of the households going into service, it was of course necessary to help the dependent families in various ways. To meet this, the Red Cross instituted the Civilian Relief, or Home Service Department, every chapter in the State having a committee for this purpose. The work of this branch still continues all through the State. It not only supplied advice to those left behind as to obtaining the pay allotment made by the men in service, but assisted the families about the payment of rent, purchase of supplies when funds were short, the furnishing of necessary medical attendance, and in every way tried to supply the lack of the head of the house as best it might.

We have no full report of its activities, and never could get one, because they were so varied; but it may be interesting to know that from the month of March, 1918, through the month of January, 1919, financial assistance was given to over 60,000 families, the amounts expended being over \$294,000. Of course, in computing this number of families, there are many repeaters, because the families were listed from month to month; but the number steadily increased from 2,000 in March to 11,000 in January. This, by the way, does not begin to cover the extremely efficient work done by the Detroit Chapter, which, since the armistice, has added a bureau to assist men in getting to their homes and in obtaining work.

While it may not be strictly a part of the war work of the Red Cross, it should be noted that during the Influenza epidemic last fall, the Civilian Relief Department, with the cooperation of the nurses, gave aid all through the State. In many places emergency hospitals were organized. At Muskegon, a hospital of outstanding efficiency was instituted, which cared for 197 patients. Of these, 19 died. The attendance given to the patients, 1383 days, was a total cost to the Chapter of \$4,314. In meeting the epidemic, our whole organization was placed at the disposal of the State Health authorities, and one of our secretaries was installed in the office of the Health Board. This secretary was in constant touch with our own headquarters, and the Society helped by marshalling the nurses and doctors at the points where the epidemic raged most threateningly.

To help alleviate the lot of the raw recruit when new in the service, as well as that of the veteran who had been tanned by many suns, the Society instituted the Canteen Service, whose duty was to see that the men starting for camps or passing through the more important railway points received some refreshment and attention. There were more chapters willing to establish canteens than the organization deemed wise, but at 24 junctional, divisional or terminal railroad points, Canteen Service committees enrolled over 1,200 women canteen workers, and we have yet to hear of a single instance of "men on active duty" in transit through Michigan who were neglected. Whether the weather was sizzling hot or bitter cold, these committees were at their stations. Gardner Morris, of Chicago, who had general supervision of this work in our State, has not as yet obtained complete reports, but to illustrate

what was done, we may take the figures of the Detroit Chapter, which showed the men cared for prior to 1918 to be 39,312; those from January 1, 1918, to April 20, 1919, 310,100. During the last *seven* months, these men were given either full meals, or hot substantial food (with something to smoke afterward), or hand-outs or box luncheons, which aggregated 150,000 in number. The reports for the months prior to September, 1918 were not itemized. As a tribute to the faithfulness of the ladies in charge of this work, we may say that the largest day of the Detroit Chapter Canteen was in July, 1918, when 4,250 passed through. Although it was one of the hottest days of the year, and although the canteens at some of the stations were stifling, everyone of these men received some food and some further attention. Holidays were not forgotten by these canteens, and men who passed through Michigan on Thanksgiving Day, Christmas or New Year's Day, received dinners of turkey and pumpkin pie, with other appreciated delicacies. At any small points where regularly organized canteen committees were not needed, and which are not included in the figures given above, the chapters had committees which went to the railway stations with the recruits as they were sent off by their draft boards, and gave them some little token of friendship and good feeling, as well as some solace in the way of chocolate or "smokes."

No sketch of the Red Cross service in this State would be complete without prominent mention of the Motor Corps Service. This was organized to help in the general work and proved peculiarly efficient in carrying the volunteers of the Civilian Relief Department around to see the various families, in caring for emergency calls where men in service were ill and had

to be taken to hospitals from trains, and in gathering the canteen workers and transmitting supplies. All in all there were eight organized Chapter Motor Corps, with 234 members. In addition, there were scattered members whose communities were not large enough to sustain a full corps, and of course there should be ranked as outriders in this work the many hundreds of volunteers all through the State who freely loaned their cars for Red Cross work.

In the Department of Motor Service proper, most of the 234 members were of the first rank. They were bright, alert young women, and in order to qualify in this division had to pass a thorough test which involved not only driving but a knowledge of the mechanics of the car driven, a course in first aid, a full knowledge of traffic regulations, as well, of course, as a test of patriotism and physical fitness. All these drivers were inoculated and supposed to be thoroughly protected. Doubtless they were protected from disease, but they could not be immune to the consequences of their own enthusiasm, and one young lady in Detroit died as the direct result of excessive fatigue, caused by too long a tour of service which she had undertaken without the knowledge of her immediate superiors. She was as truly a martyr to the cause as any of our glorious boys who went over the top.

In addition to the work covered by the various departments enumerated, the State headquarters, and to a large extent the Chapter headquarters likewise, responded to all kinds of miscellaneous calls. Perhaps the most interesting part of this work was with reference to the communications between the boys and their families. Our workers in France instituted a regular Bureau of Communications. Through it, it was the

endeavor to keep every man advised as to the condition of his home folk. Our State headquarters received inquiries as to people all through Michigan, and on the other hand transmitted questions from the families as to the condition of the men at the front. In many instances, this served to dispel worry. This same line of work carried money and supplies to those of our boys who were taken prisoners by the enemy, and in some instances to members of American families who were interned in enemy countries.

Other branches of miscellaneous work which are perhaps noteworthy were the campaigns for the collection of clothes for refugees, the campaign for the collection of nut shells and fruit pits, which was instituted to help our Government in obtaining the chemicals necessary for high explosives. In this latter campaign, the Junior Red Cross was peculiarly efficient, and supplies were coming in by the carload when an urgent request came that the collection be stopped. It was almost as hard work to stop the Juniors as it was to get them started, and supplies continued to come in for a long time after notices were sent out.

A hard working and unobtrusive branch of the organization was that which attended to the packing and shipping. Over 13,000 cases were packed and sent wherever directed. They filled in the neighborhood of 70 carloads. Every case was marked with the exact contents which had been thoroughly inspected by the force in the Inspection room at Detroit. This force often included some of the prominent business men of the city, who wanted to help in a quiet way and who found that they could give two or three hours a day from their offices.



Taking it all together, the work in the State never lagged. Our campaign funds were raised by volunteer committees who turned over altogether more than six million dollars to the treasury of the National organization. When you consider that this fund was in addition to the large amount expended for the materials and supplies, whose value aggregated over \$3,500,000, you will see that Michigan supported its Red Cross work by an aggregate of nearly \$10,000,000, which is something of a business to handle in the course of eighteen or twenty months.

Within the limits of this outline, it is not possible to give the names of the thousands of efficient workers throughout Michigan. Every county did its part. No sketch of the State organization would be complete, however, without mention of some of those who gave faithful and efficient gratuitous service in the headquarters' offices and in campaigns. Amongst them are William Comstock, of Alpena, who helped in campaigns and succeeded Mr. Mark McKee as Associate State Director when the latter went into Government Service; Henry K. Jones and W. B. Palmer, who acted as Headquarters' Secretaries and had charge of the accounting; Miss Jessie R. Henkel, who gave all of her time to the Military Relief and Personnel Departments; Mrs. L. E. Gretter, head of the Nursing Service; Tracy W. McGregor, in charge of Civilian Relief work while it was carried on independently in this State; William P. Hamilton and William P. Harris, who succeeded Daniel L. Quirk in Military Relief after the latter went overseas; Paul King and J. Lee Barrett as Publicity men; Emory L. Ford and F. A. Huber, who had charge of the Shipping Department; Otto Sovereign, of Bay City, who headed the last War



Fund Campaign in Lower Michigan; and Peter W. Phelps, of Marquette, who took charge of it in the Upper Peninsula.

A story is told of an American soldier boy who was captured and told his German captors that he was a bugler. They asked him to sound the different calls, which he did perfectly, until they asked him for the "retreat." He said "that is a call I have never learned." The same reply would be true of our State Red Cross organization. It has always gone forward and never backward.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF CIVIL WAR CONDITIONS IN THE COPPER COUNTRY

BY O. W. ROBINSON

HOUGHTON

*Copper Mining*

I CAME to Houghton County in June, 1862, and located at the Quincy Mine. There were few mines operating on the range except along the borders of Portage Lake. On the Houghton side were the Isle Royale, Huron and Portage, and on the Hancock side the Quincy, Pewabic, Franklin and Hancock. There were several prospects on the range, but these were the only mines that were producing copper.

*Copper mining  
early methods*

The price of copper was low and wages were proportionately small. I secured my first job working on the surface at the Quincy Mine, receiving \$26 a month, which was the average wage for men working on the surface at that time, and board and lodging ranged from twelve to fifteen dollars a month. Most of the mining at that time was done under contract at prices that afforded the miners from thirty to sixty dollars a month, according to the nature of the ground worked.

In those days the mining methods employed were very crude in comparison with present day methods, although some of the machinery invented and used in the early sixties is still in use. There were no power drills and no rock crushers. Drilling was done by one man holding the drill while two men drove it alternately by means of sledge hammers.

After the rock was brought to the surface of the mine it was calcined and broken up by hand. At the

mouth of each shaft there was a long shed with open sides called a kiln house. In this, first was built a foundation of wood twenty-four feet square and four feet high, with arches or openings in which to start the fire. Around and over this pile of wood, mine rock was heaped to the height of four or six feet more, and then the wood set afire. The heat cracked the rock and made it much more easily broken, which was done by hand.

These kiln houses were large enough to allow the building of three kilns in each one, so that while one was being burned out another would be in process of construction, and the men might be breaking up the rock on the third. As the rock was broken up, that which was seen to contain copper was put in cars to be sent to the stamp mill, while that which carried no copper was sent to the rock pile. Each kiln house employed thirty to forty men, and this method of breaking the copper rock was used until the seventies.

The method of washing coarse copper was much the same then as it is now, but great improvement was made in the method of washing fine copper during the sixties, when the slime table, which is in use at the present time, was invented by Evans, who was superintendent of the Atlantic stamp mill.

The sand wheel, by means of which the stamp sand is elevated so as to get a longer fall and thus carry it away from the mill, was brought into use in the early sixties by Philip Schuermann. He had charge of the Quincy stamp mill and installed a sand wheel there in 1864, which was a big advance in the economy of handling stamp sand and is in general use today.

At that time, copper was being delivered into the United States from Spain cheaper than it could be pro-

duced here. It came in what were called Spanish Mats, and was not fully refined.

In the fall of 1862 the mining companies raised a fund of \$5,000 to send a party to Washington to secure, if possible, a protective tariff on copper. A subscription list was circulated among the men at the mines and the business men of the villages to secure this amount, but the largest part of the fund was subscribed by the mining companies.

*copy of Robinson's history*  
The fund was turned over to Jay Hubbell, then a young attorney in Houghton, to secure through our Congressman, John F. Driggs of Saginaw, the passage of a bill through Congress, placing a tariff of five cents a pound on copper for a term of five years. The bill was passed in the session held during the winter of 1862-63 and the law went into effect in the spring of 1863. This increased the price of copper and its production, but did not have much effect on wages until fall, when they were advanced, more on account of the scarcity of labor than the increased price of copper.

The Civil War began soon after the inauguration of President Lincoln in March 1861 and under the first call for volunteers a few younger men from Houghton County enlisted. I do not recall that there were any volunteers from Houghton County after 1861 and no draft was ever enforced here under later calls. The mining companies, on account of the scarcity of labor, preferred to buy substitutes, which they did, procuring many of them from eastern States, although they were credited to Houghton County.

Although our currency had depreciated throughout the country, there was at no time a shortage of currency here, as the mining companies issued their own circulating medium in the form of drafts to bearer,

of one, two, five, ten and twenty dollars. All local bills were paid in this currency and the only shortage was in fractional amounts of a dollar to make change. This form of money was used until 1874.

Even with the advance in wages in the fall of 1863, the prices of provisions had advanced so much that the Quincy <sup>mine</sup> officials decided to run a store in connection with the mine for the benefit of their employees. Up to that time they had refused to conduct a "mine store," but in the fall of 1863 they put in a stock of staple provisions and groceries to supply their own employees at wholesale prices. They had shipped in enough flour, tea, brown sugar, etc., to supply their own employees during the winter, but for no others.

I do not recall that the prices of provisions advanced to as high a point during the Civil War as they have at present. Flour sold at from eight to nine dollars a barrel. The only thing I remember that advanced very much in price was granulated sugar, which sold at from thirty to forty cents a pound, and but little of it was used. That was before the days of beet sugar, and most that we received came from the southern States. Meats were mostly salt meats, largely pork and pickled hams, which sold at about sixteen cents a pound.

The Quincy Company continued this store system until the close of the war, when they sold out their store to S. D. North of Rockland, whose son continues the business.

Under the advanced price of copper and the increased demand for it, the producing mines increased their output as much as possible, but found it difficult to get sufficient men to operate to full capacity. Consequently, in the early spring of 1864, they sent Allan

*prices for  
currencies  
in L.P.*

MacIntyre to Canada to secure men and he returned soon after navigation opened with a number of young men, mostly Scotchmen. Among them were several of the MacDonald families, John Dymock and others, who became our leading mining men and their descendants are among our most prominent citizens.

About the same time a young Swedish engineer, by the name of Silverspar, was employed at the Quincy mine, and he proposed that he secure a number of laborers in Sweden and bring them here. Following this suggestion, he was sent to Sweden by the several different mining companies under a special contract to secure men at a stated price for each able-bodied man.

*men  
imported from  
Sweden  
Scandinavian*

He returned during the early summer with about one hundred and fifty laborers, many of them with families. They were Swedes, Norwegians and a few Finns, and these were the first immigrants to come directly to this mining district from the Scandanavian countries. These men were distributed to the different mines pro rata with the number of men working at each mine.

On the boat which brought these men from Detroit to Portage Lake, there happened to be a United States recruiting officer who enlisted between twenty and thirty of these men before the boat arrived at Houghton. The enlisted men did not leave the boat, but returned to Detroit, while Houghton County received credit for this number of men on their quota furnished for the army, although the men were never landed in the County.

It was rumored later on, that Silverspar, unable to procure men in other ways, went to the Swedish Government and secured permission to take men from the



prisons, under the promise that he would take them out of the country and that they would not return. Most of them were serving long sentences or life terms and the Swedish Government was thus saved the cost of supporting them; and it was these men that enlisted in the United States army.

The population of the district at that time was made up mostly of people from Ireland, England, Germany and Canada, many of whom had not become citizens. Others who had taken out their papers and voted, denied their citizenship to avoid conscription. The total political sentiment was largely Democratic, though our congressional sentiment was Republican. The congressional district at that time included all the Upper Peninsula and all the Lower Peninsula as far south as Saginaw County. There were a few "Copperheads," but the general war sentiment was in favor of the Union.

In the spring of 1864 the Quincy Mining Company built a barracks on the brow of the hill where the residences of Captain Harris and C. D. Hanchette now stand. These barracks were about 150 feet long and 70 feet wide, with enclosed sides and a board roof, and were used for drill work of volunteers. An instructing officer was furnished by the State and regular drills were held every week. About 150 men attended the drills, including men from the superintendent of the mine down to the miners, and it was done more as a measure for home protection than to furnish men for the army.

The State also furnished fire arms which were stored in the basement of the Quincy Mine office. This drill work was kept up until late in the fall of 1864, but the barracks were not removed until the close of



the war, and I do not recall that drills were held anywhere else in the county.

Our mail service during the season of open navigation was by boat and had no stated time of arrival, though we received on an average, two mails a week. There was no telegraphic communication between the upper and lower peninsulas; any startling war news was generally heralded on the arrival of the boat by an unusual blowing of its whistle, taken up by whistles along the shore.

I recall one instance,—when the boat arrived bringing the news of the capture of Vicksburg by Grant. Captain Spaulding, an enthusiastic Union man, had charge of the boat—the Northern Light—and as soon as the boat rounded Pilgrim Point and came opposite Dollar Bay, he began blowing and tooting the whistle and continued to do so all the way to Houghton. There had been many forest fires near, with the result that heavy smoke hung over the lake so that the boat could be seen only for a short distance, but every one realized some important news was coming. I was working a short distance from the ferry dock on the Hancock side, and knowing the boat would likely land at Houghton first, I took the ferry across the lake. Several tug boats had run out alongside the Northern Light, and as they learned the news, began tooting their whistles also, and other whistles along the shore began to blow.

In the meantime I had crossed the lake and could see the boat heading for the Smith and Harris dock,—now the Peninsula Wholesale Grocery. I reached the dock in time to hear the Captain announce that Grant had taken Vicksburg. Without waiting for the ferry boat to return from the Ripley, I ran back to the ferry

dock and hired a man for a quarter to take me across the lake in a small row boat to the old Smelting Works dock where there was a group of people waiting for the news. The whistles there began to blow, and I ran as fast as I could to the Quincy stamp mill, told them the news and started that whistle going,—the heaviest whistle in the county. The whistles at the mines joined in the chorus, until every whistle within hearing distance was tooting out the glad news, though most of the people did not know the exact nature of it.

While I was in the stamp mill one of the bitterest Copperheads in the country ran in where I was standing and said, "Where is the fire?" He had run all the way down the Quincy hill on the tramway and was breathless. I replied, "Fire nothing; Grant has taken Vicksburg," and he said, "D——n fools! blowing their whistles, I thought there was a fire somewhere."

The whistles kept up their racket fully half an hour until the news had spread pretty generally throughout the district. People were always eager to learn the news, so that usually in the evening of the arrival of a boat, meetings were held to hear and discuss it. That evening, meetings were held in different sections, and speeches were made that had a tendency to strengthen the Union sentiment.

Our winter mail service was still by dog train, overland from Green Bay, via Ontonagon, and news was necessarily much delayed. It was not until the spring of 1864 that we had any winter mail service other than by dog train. Two years previous, S. S. Robinson had put in a bid to carry the mail by stage over the same route as that used by the dog train to Green Bay, and in March, 1864, the bid was accepted. Prices of labor, horses, feed, etc., had increased so

*mail routes*

much during the two years between the making of the bid and its acceptance, that Mr. Robinson decided not to undertake the work. But the business men held a meeting and persuaded him to accept it and said they would form a company to carry it on and meet the extra expense.

There was a fairly good winter road from Houghton to Ontonagon built in the early sixties along the copper range via Rockland. An appeal had been made to the State Legislature to assist in building this road, and a grant of swamp lands was made for the purpose, but no one could be found who was willing to build it. Consequently Houghton County took the lands, issued bonds and sold them to raise money to build it. A contract was let to Michael Finnegan, and it was known for years as the Finnegan Road; the present road to Ontonagon follows much of the old line. Much of the land which Houghton County owns today was secured at the time of building this road.

A pony trail had been cut out between Green Bay and Ontonagon, over which the French Canadians from Green Bay brought in fresh meats, chickens, etc., and a force of men was put on in 1864 to clean up and widen this trail. Ponies and small horses were secured and stationed at different points along the line, so that a continuous trip could be made, running day and night. The first mail under the new system reached Ontonagon in less than forty hours and Portage Lake some twelve hours later.

During that summer a gang of men was put on to widen out and otherwise improve the road from Ontonagon through to the Wisconsin line, and the following winter a stage line was run two or three times a week

road  
route  
-607

Pony  
trail

over this route; it took three days and two nights to make the trip.

In the spring of 1865 this route was abandoned by the Government and the route from Escanaba into Marquette County adopted, and from there to Houghton County by dog train again. The Ontonagon mail was sent on from Houghton and this route was used until railroads came into the country.

At the beginning of the war, both Keweenaw and Ontonagon counties were producing more copper than Houghton County, and each had a larger population, but at the close of the war Houghton County had so increased its production over the other two counties, which had decreased their output, that it had become the leading copper-producing county of this district, and is so today. The population had changed also so that Houghton County had a larger number of residents than either of the other counties.

\* At the time I came here there was no road north of Hancock usable for teams for more than three miles, although there was a trail nearly as far as the old Cliff mine, and no road was opened until the Calumet and Hecla mine was discovered in 1866.

In the early times the mines and steamboats used wood for fuel and in fact no coal was shipped up here at all, except for blacksmiths, until 1870. Much of the land around Portage Lake and all the way to Keweenaw County was cut off to furnish fuel and timber for the mines, though some of it has grown up to second growth since. I remember that in 1862 and 1863 the original forest standing on the land now between East Houghton and the Isle Royale stamp mill, had been cut off and the land was then used for a hay field and was called the Shelden Farm. Since then it had grown

up to second growth and illustrates Nature's method of reforestation.

*Transcribed  
from notes  
1856*  
\*Another striking contrast to be seen is the improvement of transportation facilities of the present day over those of the early sixties. I recall an overland trip I made from Ontonagon to Green Bay in February 1856, when we were two weeks in reaching Green Bay. Our route lay from Ontonagon to L'Anse Bay, then to Huron River and down the river on the ice to a place on the mainland opposite Huron Island, where we camped. We took to the ice from there to Marquette, where we stayed three days. Then we went overland to Sand Point—now Escanaba—and followed along the shore of Green Bay on the ice to Green Bay City. From there we went by stage to Fond du Lac, which was our nearest railway station.

Again in the winter of 1865 I went from Houghton to Green Bay by stage, traveling day and night. The route lay along the line of the mail route already described through Ontonagon and took three days and two nights. In 1869 my wife and I made an overland trip, taking the route from Houghton to L'Anse, L'Anse to Lake Michigamme, and Lake Michigamme to Champion by stage; from Champion to Escanaba we went by rail and stayed there over night. From Escanaba we took a stage on runners to Menominee, but changed there to a wheeled stage which took us to Green Bay; there we met the train, having spent three days and one night traveling, besides the night spent in Escanaba. Today we make the trip in a Pullman car leaving Houghton in the middle of the afternoon and take breakfast in Chicago the next morning, making the distance in a less number of hours now than it took days in 1860.



The Quincy mine is today operating under the same management that it was in the sixties, and the eastern office has been in New York City since the organization of the company, excepting for one year—1873—when it was moved to Boston, but returned to New York in 1874. Mr. Todd, the present president, was assistant clerk at the Quincy mine in Hancock in 1863, but left there in 1863 to enter the New York office and has been there ever since. He was secretary for a number of years and became president on the retirement of of Mr. Mason, who had been the president continuously since the organization of the company, except the year 1873.

Sheldon Street, Houghton, today has but two old landmarks which I recognize as being the same as they were in 1862,—the Billy Edwards' house on the corner of Pewabic Street and Sheldon Street and Dr. Fuller's house, the third from the corner of Franklin and Sheldon streets, both on the south side of the street. In Hancock there are also only two buildings which are the same now as they were in the early days,—the old Methodist Episcopal Church on the corner of Ravine and Hancock streets, at present used for a second-hand store, and the old Masonic building opposite.

*old landmarks*

I recall but two business firms which were in existence at that time that are still conducted by members of the same families; one is Baer Bros. of Hancock, with branch stores at Calumet, Houghton and Dollar Bay, and the other is the F. A. Douglass Insurance Agency of Houghton. Both have been in continuous business since the late fifties.

## LEWIS CASS AND THE SAGINAW TREATY OF 1819

BY HENRY E. NAEGELY

SAGINAW

ONE hundred years is a long time in the history or life of a man, and even in the life of a young nation that length of time admits of vast changes. But in nature such a period is infinitesimal. One hundred years ago The Pointers pointed to Polaris with the same certainty that they do today and with the same certainty that they did when the Pharaohs were building the Pyramids of Egypt. In our day, in our time, in our nation and in its place, one hundred years has measured as great a transformation and change of conditions as ever occurred in such a given time. It has been a complete emerging from the barbaric life and customs of an Indian tribe into the civilization of another race possessing the highest ideals of democratic government and the soundest conceptions of maintaining those principles, the best ideals of religion, education, morality and the great and beautiful things in life that come to those who have an understanding of these great basic truths of existence.

A century ago on the very land where we are observing a centennial, the great tribe of Chippewa Indians was assembled, giving consideration to making a treaty with the Federal Government, by which they were relinquishing vast areas of land from the southern line of Lapeer County extending to the northern part of the Lower Peninsula and across the peninsula from lake to lake. This vast territory had few white inhabitants.

Address delivered at the Centennial Celebration of the Saginaw Indian treaty of 1819, at Saginaw, Sept. 19, 1919.



In fact, at that time, there were perhaps not to exceed eight thousand white inhabitants in the entire territory of Michigan and, prior to the coming of Cass, there had not been a dozen white men in this vicinity; and there was only one white trader here, a Louis Campau of Detroit, who came here in 1816 as a fur trader, until after the signing of the Treaty of Saginaw.

Lewis Cass, the Territorial Governor of Michigan left Detroit on horseback with a few aides in September, 1819, and traveled through the vast wilderness as far as Flint, when his party took canoes and came down the Flint River and reached Saginaw. The Chippewas had been called together for council and met at a large open council hall directly across the river from where we now are, on a spot at about the corner of Hamilton and Clinton Streets. The council chamber was an open structure without side walls but with a roof which had been erected on trees, and here from twelve to fifteen hundred of the Chippewas with their various leaders and chiefs assembled. General Cass explained to them the needs of our country for obtaining this territory, and the desirability of the Chippewas being taken west, where they would be removed from the influence of the white race who were about to settle rapidly this State. The Indians took several days for consideration of everything that was involved in ceding this land to the Government and for agreements on the amounts that should be paid in cash, the annuities to be paid to tribes, the several amounts to be paid to chiefs and the lands in all the different sections that should be ceded to different individuals. After the fullest consideration, which involved from ten to twelve days, and on the 24th of September, 1819, the conditions of the treaty were agreed to on

the part of Governor Cass and the Indians, which was properly signed and executed. This very ground where we now stand was part of what was reserved to James Riley, one of the Chippewas, and it has carried his name from that time to now upon the official plats of the city.

Cass, at the time of the execution of this treaty, was thirty-seven years of age. He was born in New Hampshire in 1782 and was educated at the Academy of Exeter. His father was a major in the Revolutionary War. The family moved to Marietta, Ohio when Cass was about seventeen. Young Cass commenced the study of law in Ohio and was admitted to the bar. He was elected to the Legislature. He devoted his energies to the practice of law and at the age of thirty was recognized as a man of education, of excellent legal learning, a man who was familiar with the English Constitution and statutes and the Constitution of our own country, who had excellent reasoning capacity and who was a lawyer of distinction. During the War of 1812 he served under General Hull, whose surrender at Detroit he strongly condemned. He became a skilled military man and before the close of that war he arose to the rank of brigadier general in the regular army.

It was in 1813 that President Madison appointed Cass as Governor of Michigan Territory. He was continuously Governor and a resident of the State until 1831 and gave to the people of this great State the fullest measure of his talents, his time and his honesty of purpose. In 1831 he resigned the office of Governor and entered the broader field of national administration, accepting an appointment as Secretary of War in the Cabinet of President Jackson.

While Governor he was prompt and bold in action and scrupulously honest in the business of the Territory. He never broke his word with an Indian, and it was this rare virtue that enabled him to negotiate treaties with fairness and secure every possible honest advantage to the Federal Government. It was these traits that won him such respect and affection that the Indians always designated him as "The Great Father at Detroit." His dignity, his kindness and his respect entitled him to this name.

Cass served as Secretary of War from 1831 to 1836, and it fell to him to conduct the Black Hawk and Seminole wars. In 1832 in the nullification controversy with South Carolina, he sided with the President and represented the Central Government in suppressing promptly the improper constitutional construction made by the State of South Carolina. His position with the President brought him into active cooperation with him and this had a great influence and effect on his later life.

In 1836 when he was fifty-four years of age, he resigned from the Cabinet and was appointed Minister to France, which position he held with distinction to his country. In 1842 the Webster-Ashburton Treaty between the United States and Great Britain was completed and England did not thereby relinquish her claim to the right of searching American vessels. Cass, while Minister to France in this year, on account of his strong opposition to giving any nation the right to search, retired as minister. His position, however, on this question made him very popular in his native land. He had much difficulty with the British during his governorship of Michigan because the British were always conniving with the Indians to assist British

*Cass distinct*

arms and British measures, and he had the utmost distrust of that nation. And when this treaty was up for consideration, every energy that he possessed was directed against the treaty that would weaken America's position, and he was against permitting the exercise of an odious right; the peculiar charm of Cass' strength in this treaty, which was a victory for national sovereignty, was the "the sovereignty of the seas common to all nations but exclusive under every flag."

From 1845 to 1857 he was United States Senator from the State of Michigan. He loyally supported President Polk's administration during the Mexican War. He opposed the Wilmot Proviso and advocated the Compromise of 1850 and the Kansas-Nebraska Bill of 1854. At the conclusion of his term as Senator in 1857 he was again honored and appointed Secretary of State under President Buchanan and held this office until December, 1860, when he retired, because he did not consider the administration firm enough in having sufficient reinforcements at Fort Sumter against any attack at the time of secession. At this time he was seventy-eight years of age. In every one of the offices he occupied he took a prominent, influential position. His speeches on all occasions were full of learning and were of a convincing character. His large figure, his finely shaped head, his firm mouth, his intelligent features bespoke earnestness and intellectual honesty. On retiring from President Buchanan's Cabinet he retired to private life in Detroit, where he died in 1866. Throughout the Civil War his years were spent quietly. He lived to see the Union restored and the curse of slavery wiped out. His home was the intellectual center of his community. The members of the bar spoke in living admiration of his life. He

was a scholar and a lover of books. He was a statesman. He was a warrior. He was a diplomat. And all of these qualities entitled him to a right to the highest position in American life, an honorable representative of the State and of the Nation, who rendered the most heroic and exacting service to his country and to his times.

If Cass had one predominant trait in addition to these characteristics which have been referred to, it was his staunch Americanism. In all of his negotiations with foreign powers, as Secretary of State or as Minister to France he was firm and fair in all things relating to the supremacy of the Nation. From an early date his Americanism was characteristic. The year following the signing of the Treaty of Saginaw, and while he was Governor, he left Detroit for a trip to the Sault, with a party in three birch canoes. The occasion for this was Indian troubles at that point. Cass reached the Sault about the middle of June, 1820, and the braves, who were restless and out of humor assembled to meet the Americans. They had on their best attire; many of them were adorned with British medals and they seated themselves with accustomed dignity, prepared to hear what General Cass had to say. The General saw that their boldness indicated impudence and he advised them that, to a certainty, an American garrison would be sent to the Sault if they could not treat like men. Excitement broke out. The chiefs disputed amongst themselves. The Indian camp was on a small hill a few hundred yards from that of the Americans. The dissatisfied chiefs went to their lodge and in a short time a British flag was flying in the face of the little company of white men. An attack was expected but in a moment General Cass made his

*destroyed  
of Melrose*

resolution; rejecting the offer of his associates, with no weapons in hand and only an interpreter beside him he walked straight to the middle of the Indian camp; tore down the British flag and trampled it on the ground. Then he addressed the panic-stricken braves and warned them that so long as American Constitutional Government was maintained, this land was not big enough to fly two flags over the same country, and that if any one dared to raise any but an American flag the United States would crush him.

So, we are here today, commemorating the signing of the Saginaw Treaty of 1819 with the Indians. At this same time, in this changed civilization we are commemorating the return to our shores of the brave boys who fought in the battles of 1917 and 1918 on the hills and slopes of Flanders and France. The two principles of life that are involved in these two events are identical because they both represent the principles of unified American life, that so long as this nation endures it must continue as one sovereign, independent, honorable nation of integrity and equality; and just so long as the deeds of 1819 are recounted and the deeds of 1917 and 1918 are brought before us and carried into practice, constitutional government in this land will continue to live.

Cass lived and died for these principles. He was an American worthy.



## ESSENTIAL CONDITIONS OF PERMANENT WORLD PEACE\*

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PEACE is near at hand. What sort of peace will it be? Let us hope, a peace that conforms to the better thought of all those who have paid by sacrifice and suffering the price of the world's redemption from the imminent threat of militarism. America entered the Great War to see it through, on the battlefield, and in the peace conference. Her war aims and her peace purposes were synonymous. Upon an intelligent appreciation of the unchanging and just principles which have become the program of the world, the Great Victory has been won by Foch and Haig and Pershing. Autocracy has been hurled down from its high pedestal with all its schemes of barbarity and intrigue. In the distance can be seen the inevitable destruction of the entire system with all its roots and branches to make room for a peace that looks to a new international order understood and supported by all who thoughtfully appreciate issues greater than territorial readjustments and balances of power.

During the dark moments when it seemed that there was a possibility for the mailed fist and shining sword of the German war lord to accomplish the world's undoing, American hearts with American ideals answered Lafayette and the news that rocked the globe on November Eleventh was the unofficial Second Declaration of Independence. This latest edition of the Rights of Man, this time for "men everywhere,"

\*A winning essay in the Michigan Historical Commission's prize essay contest for 1918-19. (See October number of the *Magazine*, 1918, p. 641).



inspires us with the hope that soon the words of the old prophet shall be realized that "There shall come a time, a glorious time, when Nation shall not lift up sword against Nation, neither shall it make war any-more."

Thus America stood in the front line trenches and "battled for the Lord." Thus America has stood, in the personage of Mr. Wilson, at the Conference table, battling for Humanity. American sincerity and broad-mindedness has ruled supreme so far. Let us gird up our loins to further trials, let us turn our eyes to the only true goal,—and never stop until we reach our destination.

First, then, what do we mean by peace? Surely more than a temporary and patchwork settlement of the issues between the European nations that existed at the outbreak of the War, and which led to the struggle that appeared to be first merely a conflict for supremacy among rival contestants. Peace congresses have hitherto been founded on the principle of trying to patch up an agreement between contending nations, instead of probing for the causes of a war and of regulating the relations between nations according to ascertained principles. One is tempted to say that one reason why there have been so many wars in the nineteenth century is because there have been so many peace congresses. There were three notable ones, besides many minor conferences—Vienna in 1815, Paris in 1856, and Berlin in 1878. All these treaties contained the seeds for another war. Peace agreements hitherto have always contained such seeds.

The diplomats at the Congress of Vienna disposed arbitrarily of states and peoples. Not many years after, however, revolutions broke out in Germany,

in Austria, and in Italy. The trouble with the Congress of Berlin was that it made its decision and went home. It expected that decision to be good for all time. It had faith in the ability of the world to stay that way. It provided no means whereby its decisions might be "stretched" to cover changes in tempers and powers that anyone might easily have predicted would inevitably arise. And so instead of controlling the changes, the changes more and more controlled it, until, in one case after another, they set the decisions of the Congress at *nil*.

There was more at stake in the recent war than the existence of individual states or empires, or the fate of a continent; the whole of modern civilization was at stake, and whether it should perish, or whether it should live and progress, depended upon whether the nations engaged in the war, and even those that were onlookers, learned the lessons that the war taught them. With the beginning of the Great War reliance on voluntary institutions suffered a fatal shock. It was plain that the efforts of the Entente to refer the Austro-Serbian dispute to a conference, efforts initiated by the, then, Sir Edward Grey were brought to nought by Germany simply because Germany had decided that the time was ripe once again to set in motion its great military machine, and that it had selected a moment to precipitate war when it was Austria's quarrel so that Austria could be counted upon with certainty as an ally.

Alexander B. Hart adds to the above: "The experience of the last four years shows that if the world should again be divided by a balance of powers, there would be two dominant groups; and that the United

States would be compelled, for self-protection, either to join one of those groups or else, as in 1917, in case of war, to come in as the makeweight. It will be impossible to stand neutral if autocratic enemies are again opposed to democratic friends. The only escape from entangling alliances is to enter into a world combination which might begin with the Powers which acted as one during the war—a matter of some twenty nations, large or small, which might immediately take in the neutrals, and might leave a place for the enemy Powers or the fragments thereof, as they set up stable governments based on good will to mankind."

But the greatest lesson of all to be learned from the war just passed is this. We saw that it was found necessary, in order to bring the war to a successful issue, to establish between the various nations of the Entente a system of international relations. This bond of union freely accepted, and this subordination of all to the general interest, have extended from the general conduct of the war to the domain of supplies, of finances,—in a word, to the whole life of the nations. The oversight thus exercised does not appear an annoyance or an encroachment but as a guarantee and an aid. In this closely knit bond of the Allies, the smaller nations are neither sacrificed nor subordinated. They feel that they stand on an equality as to their rights, no less than as to their duties, in the councils which decide upon the common action and upon the means of putting it in execution.

The necessity of some kind of union among independent states, even democratic states, if they are to establish permanent peace, is shown with especial clearness by our own early history. Soon after the coercive hand of the Revolutionary War had been

relaxed, and our thirteen commonwealths became virtually independent of each other, it took them only a short time—though they were non-militaristic and intensely democratic—to develop the same kind of disputes and the same spirit of mutual suspicion which we know too well in Europe. New York State ordered its troops to the Vermont border to enforce its boundary claims, while partisans burned houses and murdered farmers in this contested territory. Connecticut showed a genuine war spirit against Pennsylvania because of the inhuman treatment which the Pennsylvania military authorities inflicted upon the Connecticut settlers in the Wyoming Valley. Our democracies were rapidly going the way of the military autocracies of the Old World; within these few years five of them went dangerously towards inter-state war. But they realized their danger, called an inter-state convention, and, after long discussion, adopted the present federal constitution, which the convention had drawn up. It was not their democracy but their federation which saved them.

In fact, democracy alone, however much we value it and however fiercely we intend to fight for it, must be admitted to have exerted, up to the present time, a relatively small influence in hastening international peace. Whatever advance has been made in limiting the area of war has thus far in history been accomplished solely by another means,—by uniting existing, independent political units into some larger group, thus bringing peace within continually widening areas. The independent primitive families became tribes; the tribes, city states; and the city states, the Roman Empire. After the fall of Rome, the practically independent feudal castles gradually became feudal duchies; the

duchies, kingdoms; and finally the kingdoms, the nations and empires of today. Each stage has brought peace to the previously warring units after they have once been united in the larger organization.

This process has been working out in a striking way in the recent past. Not a long time ago, as we count in history, Scotland and England were bitter enemies: Scotland, Celtic, and Presbyterian; England Anglo-Saxon, and Episcopal. For centuries their unending warfare lasted on,—until finally without conquest these old enemies were united, and cooperated as parts of the larger British nation. The states of Germany continually fought one another until they formed a union, which they later cemented by mutual consent into the German Empire. A similar development took place in Italy. Bitterly and constantly the little Italian city states contended against each other; but they all finally united, in large part by voluntary action, to form the modern kingdom of Italy, and thus brought peace and security to Venice, Florence, Genoa, Milan, and all their warring neighbors within the bounds of the Italian peninsula.

If the world's democracies are to keep the peace, they too must follow this historic process and form some greater political organization; without relinquishing their sovereignty they must league themselves together to achieve certain common purposes. Such a union of sovereign or partly sovereign states, that is, a federation, is an American conception. Forty years ago John Fiske pointed out that the idea of federation was America's greatest single contribution to civilization, and declared that it was "one of the most important in the history of mankind." Then he added, prophetically, "the principle of federation . . .

broadly stated contains within itself the seeds of permanent peace between nations." It is by federation that our own self-governing, partly sovereign, democratic states—differing in size, population, laws, customs, interests, and each with its local pride—succeed in maintaining peace and harmony throughout our continental-wide areas. It is by federation that the British Commonwealths, which are virtually independent, making even their own tariffs, their own immigration laws, and their own tests of citizenship, find security and the means of settling in common their common problems.

And thus urges Theodore Marburg in his *League of Nations*, "Mindful of this teaching of experience, we believe and solemnly urge that the time has come to devise and create a working union of sovereign nations to establish peace among themselves and to guarantee it by all known and available sanctions at their command, to the end that civilization may be conserved, and the progress of mankind in comfort, enlightenment and happiness may continue."

To us is given the greatest opportunity in history to regenerate the world, for we have ideals and science such as we did not have at the peace of 1815 or at the conclusion of any world war comparable to the last. Politically, the people of Western Europe are becoming convinced, as Americans long ago were convinced, that the rule of kings and overlords is a failure. They have largely done away with them. Also, the manifestations of the international spirit in science, in art, in labor unions, in business organizations, in humanitarian endeavors, is one of the striking symptoms of the age we live in.



*Prof. T. H. Miller*

There are still more favorable conditions to the formation of this Society of Nations. The overwhelming horrors of the recent war, and the appalling dangers to civilization itself of any recurrence thereof, must exercise a powerful effect on the nations of the world. Then there is the growing acceptance of the doctrine that, however admirable may be the sentiment of nationality, yet underlying it is a common humanity which has, in some respects, a paramount claim on the loyalty of us all. The movements towards religious reunion on one side and international labor organizations on the other are evidence of the strength of this sentiment. Even Bolshevism, before it degenerated into the bloody and ignoble tyranny of a few adventurers, may be cited on the same side. Finally, we have a right to place some confidence in the increasing recognition of the truth that all civilized states are parts of one economic whole. The Allies proved that sufficiently. Granted a well-ordered and vigorous organization of this kind, especially if it were joined by other nations besides those which are concerned in it at present, it might be used to compel all nations to become members of the proposed League. It would facilitate the economic coercion of a country bent on aggression, and by promoting international cooperation instead of competition might tend to remove some of the causes of international strife. Since, therefore, nations have shown a tendency to combine for other purposes, it does not seem hopeless that they should form an association to promote the greatest of all earthly blessings—namely, peace. It is the machinery required to enforce the principles of the League of Nations that causes the real difficulty. Discussion and delay must always make for peace. There-



fore the most important step is to devise machinery which, in case of international dispute, will, at the least, delay the outbreak of war, and secure full and open discussion of the causes of the quarrel. It is only, therefore, while the recollection of all we have been through is burningly fresh that we can hope to overcome the inevitable opposition and establish at least the beginning of a new and better organization of the nations of the world.

"One thing that promises success for the League of Nations idea," said Lord Robert Cecil, "is that the world for the first time in history is prepared to give it favorable consideration. Until the outbreak of the Great War public opinion, internationally speaking, was never favorable. That has been changed, and there will be a vehement desire on all sides to consider seriously every proposal that promised to prevent any such struggle as the last recurring again."

The League of Nations is essential to secure the peace of the world. And it does not follow that this League will be impossible because it had not been possible hitherto. What may formerly have been a dreamy ideal can now very easily be made practical. Nations at the present time desire this form of security. All small States must naturally desire in their own interest everything that will safeguard small states as well as great from aggression and war. President Wilson, of course, cordially accepts the World Alliance plan as the only feasible solution. So also have the governments of the Allies already drawn the same conclusion from the experience of the war. And even that part of public opinion in Germany which knows that the use of force causes at least as much suffering to themselves as to others, and that security based

upon law and a treaty and a sense of mutual advantage is better than the risks, dangers, and sufferings of a will to supreme power and efforts to obtain it, welcomes it genuinely though secretly as a safeguard for her future.

We have, then, to consider the nature of the democracies and those obstacles which at present lie in the path to its better realization, a realization prerequisite to the assumption of their rightful places in a League of enlightened nations seeking to establish a world order more righteous, more enduring, more auspicious than this earth has yet seen.

At present there are four principal obstacles in the way: autocracy, which is the same thing whether it proceeds from a monarch or from a minister who acts without the knowledge or approval of the people of his country; Bolshevism, which is an attempt to create an autocracy of the people who work with their hands as against the rest of the community; commercial rivalry, which is only an outgrowth of barbaric selfishness; and undiminished national sovereignty, which, in the present condition of the world, is an insistence that a part is greater than the whole.

Balance of powers has been tested and it failed. There was plenty of power but no balance when the crisis came. What we need now is a "balance of authority" by which all countries shall yield something of their present control over their relations with other countries, and in return shall get the splendid bargain of security from aggression, of a chance fully to develop their resources of things and men.

The first widespread evil causing temporary returns to primitive savagery is autocratic national executives who can swing the whole physical force of the nation

to this side or that without consulting the people or their representatives. So long as executives of this sort endure, so long will civilization be liable to such explosions as took place in August, 1914. It is well-known that secret diplomacy goes hand in hand with autocracy. Such hidden intrigue with power to make issues that secret negotiations, like those habitually conducted on behalf of the "Concert of Europe," and alliances between selected nations, the terms of which are secret, or, at any rate, not publicly stated, cannot avert in the long run outrageous war, but can only produce postponements of war, or short truces. Free institutions, like those of the United States, take the public into confidence, because all important movements of the Government must rest on popular desires, needs, and volitions. Autoeratic institutions have no such necessity for publicity. This government secrecy as to motives, plans, and purposes must often be maintained by disregarding truth, fair dealing, and honorable obligations, in order that, when the appeal to force comes, one government may secure the advantage of taking the other by surprise. Duplicity during peace and the breaking of treaties during war come to be regarded as obvious military necessities.

Even republics, moreover, are not free from the danger inherent in the privilege of armament, for the lure of conquest may be dangled in a most attractive form before the eyes of the people. Power creates the temptation to use power. The existence of a large military class in a population tends to keep alive the spirit of war, and the spirit of war is only a few degrees removed from the militaristic spirit. A plan of disarmament, carefully worked out and carried out gradually, is therefore a logical step towards the

establishment of a genuine peace. Disarmament is the corollary to the recognition of the principle of tribunals of arbitration.

Bolshevism, the second great hindrance to a proper peace settlement, must be eradicated. The new order can have no room for this desire to wreck what others have built. Bolshevism is an ambition to tear down Civilization as we know it; a delusion that mankind ought to go backward instead of forward. In sum: The Bolsheviks want to enjoy what others have produced. They want to keep all they themselves produce if any. They are not at all squeamish about methods, nor afraid of blood. How can we have peace and good-will with such theories:

Under modern industrial conditions it is conflicts springing from economic forces that are mainly responsible for war, forces that seek the ownership or control of other people's lands, territories, trade, resources, or the land and waterways which control such economic opportunities. This gives us our third important obstacle to the goal we aim at.

The recent war was due to so great a variety of different causes that it is a dangerous thing to isolate any one of them. But few persons with any knowledge of international relations during the last thirty years will deny that deep down in the origins of the great conflict the question of overseas possessions, of the control, economic or political, of Africa and Asia, played a very large part. There can be no peace in the world so long as the competitive and exclusive policy with regard to overseas possessions holds sway. Political control in Africa and Asia is very unequally divided between the Great Powers of the world. If that political control is used through protective tariffs,

concessions, and other exclusive privileges to exclude participation of other countries in the economic privileges and opportunities, the economic struggle will inevitably be transferred first to the field of diplomacy and finally to the field of battle. And it would be folly to imagine that this is a question merely between Germany and the Powers in control. If the policy of exclusiveness and competition continue, it will not be long before the financial, industrial, and commercial interests in America, Italy, and Japan are claiming their right to places in the sun—in fact, the recent history of Italy and Japan shows that the process has already started.

Says Carl H. Grabo in his analytic book *World Peace and After*: "Economic pressure and the thirst for conquest have made the frontiers of states as we know them today. Economic barriers of tariffs, government subsidies, and export duties keep alive the fiction that races and nations are more different than alike. And the belief in national destiny, the right of a 'superior' race to control the destinies of one deemed 'inferior,' and the trade rivalries of competing economic groups among nations, are still potent for future alliances, conquests, and wars, unless at this opportune moment for the establishment of a world order insuring peace, the root source of international hatreds is recognized and removed."

These underlying causes of war, commercial and economic, date a half a century back. Imperial Germany's desire for colonies in other continents was intense. Prussia's seizure of Schleswig in 1864-5 had the commercial motive; and it was with visions of ports on the North Sea that Germany justified her occupation of Belgium. Austria-Hungary long sought ports on



the Adriatic. She seized without warrant Herzegovina and Bosnia to promote her approach toward the Aegean, and tried to seize Serbia with the same ends in view.

The fourth hurdle to overleap is the unwillingness of the nations to sacrifice a little of their independent sovereignty. History has shown us by the evolution of individuals into states that in order to gain greater strength through union the freedom of the units making up this union must be, in part, curtailed. Government in communities and states is the imperative compromise effected by individuals each desirous of doing many things the right to which he must surrender if he is to retain others. The surrender of liberties is the first requisite for the establishment of any government. The function of government is to make the surrender rest as lightly as possible upon the different units and to compensate for it by the grant of privileges which spring from the association of these units under wise guidance. Similarly must the various member-nations of the League concede certain hitherto sovereign privileges for the general betterment of the majority.

To deny the Powers the opportunity to join in a world concert would be to keep alive the conditions, mentioned above, which would sooner or later renew war on a great scale. Of course no such world combination can be made without giving up authority at some points—for instance, without partial disarmament and a limitation of military and naval forces by all concerned. On the other hand, "such an arrangement means a great increase of the power of the United States to make the principles of free government and peace prevail." (A. B. Hart in *Outlook* of Jan. 15, 1919).

The idea of a League has naturally not been allowed to grow up and flourish without being subjected to criticism, objections, and attacks. A curious and enlightening fact will very soon become apparent to anyone who reads the hostile critics with any detachment. Leaving on one side all those objections which are concerned with details of the various schemes, he will find that all the serious criticism centers about a single point. That point is the value of the League's guarantee.

Whether the League of Nations be formed or not, the world of states, its peace, stability, progress, and righteousness, will depend upon international treaties and agreements. And ultimately every agreement must depend upon the faith and the good faith of the parties to it. The ultimate guarantee of a League of Nations, as of any other future arrangement, must consist for us in our own good faith and our trust in the good faith of others. The whole question is a relative one, for it concerns our belief in the probability of obtaining conditions under which states will keep their promises. Now, in this sense it can be argued reasonably that a League will create conditions which did not exist before the war and which will increase the probability of international agreements being respected. In the first place, the treaty which establishes the League will create a permanent union of states for certain specific purposes of international cooperation. The agreement will not only specifically define the rights and obligations of the different states, but the measures to be taken to insure that the obligations are fulfilled. Now, incredible though it may appear to persons who are not intimately acquainted with the details of international history, these elementary guar-



antees never existed in the case of the most important international agreements. Even where several great states signed treaties upon which the peace of Europe obviously depended, their obligations have not been clearly defined. It is the rarest thing in the world to find any mention in a treaty of the steps to be taken to insure compliance with, or performance of, its terms.

The League of Nations does create and define a joint obligation, and therefore it may correctly be said to create a guarantee which did not exist before the war.

Thus the difference between the critic and the supporter of a League may be reduced to the difference between pessimism and optimism. The critic overwhelmed by the spectacle of international lawlessness and bad faith despairs over international law, and swears never again to trust to an international treaty. The other sees that the cure for lawlessness is not less law, but more law, that the cure for broken treaties is more and better treaties, and that the cure for bad faith is more faith.

Why the constitution of the League of Nations ought to be the first proposition in the peace conference should be obvious enough. Once certain principles of public law are established, the adjudication of all specific racial, territorial, economic, and military issues will follow easily and smoothly enough from them. The converse is not true. Let these issues be taken up severally and separately, without regard to an international rule, and the peace conference will become a bargain counter between dickering diplomats representing military forces. At best we shall have restored a precarious balance of power; at worst we shall resume fighting. If the peace conference be permitted to begin

at the wrong end of the series of problems, there is little hope for a good end to the conference.

What are the minimum obligations which the nations entering a free League will be willing to accept, but which will be sufficient to make the League effective for the purpose for which it is primarily created—the prevention of war? There are several plans offered, a few of which are similar in many respects.

Harry Allen Overstreet gives us his ideas in his recent speech "What a League of Nations Shall Be": *Overstreet*  
"What is needed if decisions are to live and operate is an international adjusting body that will be continuously on the job. One that is not only permanent but small enough in size and with a sufficient breadth and flexibility of powers to make possible not only a constant alertness to changing international situations but an instant power of suggestion and mediation. The main lines of organization of a League of Nations are not difficult to trace. There is first the criterion of admission to the League. In this respect two radically different tendencies are noticeable among the plans proposed. There is, in the first place, the conviction that all states of the world should at once be freely admitted to membership in the League. There is, in the second place, the conviction that League membership should be restricted in the first instance to the Great Powers, and that other states should be admitted only as these Powers agree. There is much to be said for each plan. For the second, it may be argued that the leap from sheer independence of sovereignty of the large number of states, big and little, mature, and immature, of the world, to the immediate federation of the entire world is a very long leap indeed, which may quite easily prove disastrous. It may not be

an altogether unwise move, therefore, to take the first step towards the federation of the entire world by the effective leaguings together of those states which are sufficiently similar in standard and political ideals to make the League immediately workable. For the first proposal, it may be said, on the other hand, that any initial exclusion from membership tends to continue the old balance of power which proved so disastrous to the world in the past, besides allotting to the Great Powers a leadership that may easily become an injustice to the remaining states of the world. The problem involved here is a real one which demands careful thought."

*proposed* Robert Goldsmith's platform is as follows: "Briefly, it is proposed that a League of Nations, including the United States, should be created. Such a League would not constitute an "entangling alliance," wherein one group of nations would combine to protect one another against an opposing group similarly united. An invitation to join the League would be extended to all civilized and progressive nations. A general treaty would be signed by the terms of which the member-nations would mutually agree to submit for public hearing any and all disputes whatever which might arise among them. To carry out the program it would become necessary to set up two international tribunals: a judicial Court for the purpose of hearing and deciding those questions that can be determined by the established and accepted rules of international law; and a Council of Conciliation for the purpose of composing by compromise all other questions which come up that, unless settled, would be likely to lead to war. The Court, after preliminary inquiry, would determine before which tribunal a given case should go. In the

event of any member-nation threatening war against any other member-nation, before first submitting its quarrel for public review and report, all the other nations who are members of the League would immediately join in bringing to bear both diplomatic and economic pressure to stop the would-be aggressor. If, after this joint protest, it persisted with overt acts of hostility and actually commenced war, then the other member-nations, with their combined military and naval forces, would come to the defence of the one attacked.

"This might require that each nation would have to pledge itself to provide and maintain its fair quota of the necessary military forces; but, on the other hand, it is confidently expected that the acceptance and operation of the program would result in the gradual reduction of armaments, if indeed a specific agreement to reduce armaments were not made one of the essential terms of the treaty creating the League of Nations. The forces of the League would be used for one purpose only: to compel submission of matters in dispute to a Court of Inquiry before any war was begun or persisted in by any member; they would not be employed to execute the judgments of the court or to enforce the unwilling acceptance of awards. The appeal to arms would still remain available to the several nations as a last resort."

Says Morris Jastrow in *The War and the Coming Peace*: "With power to carry out its regulations, such a 'parliament would obviously be a body primarily devoted to studying the causes of war. Its functions will necessarily lead to such a study. It will be able, by virtue of accumulated experience, shared in by all the nations represented, to detect dangers in time to

prevent their growing beyond control. Above all, an international representative body will be a powerful incentive in promoting the spirit of internationalism, in order to counteract the overemphasis on nationalism which we have seen to have been one of the causes that led to the moral downfall of so many of the intellectual leaders of Germany during the Great War."

"As against this larger scheme of a parliament or international body, sitting at regular periods, a more restricted scheme of a League of Nations, primarily and chiefly to enforce peace, commends itself to many wise minds as more in keeping with the present still undeveloped stage reached in the manifestation of the international spirit. It is held that we have not yet advanced to the point when nations will be willing to sink their national interests to the extent that would be required by the establishment of a genuine and effective international parliament. The blending of interests, it is argued, may lead, at the present juncture of affairs, to the weakening of some nations and redound to the unequal advantage of others."

Ex-President Taft speaks in this wise: "The functions of the League may conveniently be divided into the legislative, the judicial, the mediating, and the executive. The congress of all the world powers, great and small, will consider and determine general principles of international law and policy for the guidance of the judicial and executive branches. In such a congress the nations should have representation in accord with their world importance, measured by power, population, and responsible character. The judicial branch or court of the League should not be a representative body at all. It should be a tribunal made up of great international jurists, selected for their high

character, judicial and impartial bent of mind, their learning in jurisprudence and their ability. They should be permanent judges, made independent in tenure and compensation. Citizenship in countries parties to the controversy should disqualify members of the court in the particular case. They should have jurisdiction only to hear pure questions of law and fact. No political questions should come before them. They should interpret treaties and declare and apply the international law as now established or as qualified and enacted by the congress of powers. Of course to give confidence in its broad view of world law, care should be taken to select judges from different countries with different systems of law, and thus give the tribunal a world character. The commission of conciliation, which is a negotiating, mediating body, should have the representative feature. The small nations are too many to have constant members of it; but every nation having a real interest in the issue to be settled should be represented on it for the time being, and its representative should take part in the mediation, hearing and recommendation of settlement. In its practical working the great powers will furnish the police force of the League and their representatives should exercise the executive function. The safety and security of the lesser nations who cannot be expected to share the burden of military contribution will be found in the judgments of the impartial international court, in the recommendation of the commission of conciliation and in the principles of international justice ordained in a congress of world nations."

"In regard to differences," says C. R. Van Hise in his book, *A League of Nations*, "between states members of the League and states not members of the League,



the League of Nations should be free to follow precisely the same procedure as if both nations were members of the League, and whether or not the nation outside of the League requested it, should take steps for the investigation of differences and the making of recommendations. If the nation outside the League attacked a nation within the League before the case was investigated and recommendations made or contrary to the recommendation, then, again, the nations of the League should be free to support their ally with their armies and navies and should be bound to support their ally by complete boycott of the offending state. In case of a controversy between two nations altogether outside of the League, probably it is not wise to propose that the League should do more than tender its good offices to settle the difference which threatens war, precisely as if the two states were members of the League. This offer might not always be accepted, but if it were accepted by one state and not accepted by the other, it is inevitable that the state that was attacked contrary to the recommendation would have at least the moral support and influence of the nations of the League, and no war has ever illustrated the mighty power of moral support as has the recent war."

Theodore Marburg speaks for the League to Enforce Peace: "First: All justiciable questions arising between the signatory Powers, not settled by negotiation, shall, subject to the limitations of treaties, be submitted to a judicial tribunal for hearing and judgment, both upon the merits and upon any issue as to its jurisdiction of the question. Second: All other questions arising between the signatories and not settled between negotiators, shall be submitted to a council of conciliation for hearing, consideration and recommendation.



Third: The signatory Powers shall jointly use forthwith both their economic and military forces against anyone of their number that goes to war, or commits acts of hostility against another of the signatories before any question arising shall be submitted as provided in the foregoing. Fourth: Conferences between the signatory Powers shall be held from time to time to formulate and codify rules of international law, which, unless some signatory shall signify its dissent within a stated period, shall hereafter govern in the decisions of the Judicial Tribunal mentioned in Article I."

We have further support in the words of Carl Grabo, who has already been mentioned: "If the ideals of democracy are increasingly to determine the relations of states and nations one with another, something in the nature of an international court to which the smaller peoples may appeal for justice against the aggressions of more powerful nations is a first requisite. The Hague Court was a tentative essay in this direction but was of small practical value by reason of its powerlessness to enforce decisions. The League to Enforce Peace, which seems a likelihood, bears in its very name better promise of success. Regrettable though it may be, force is still essential to the maintenance of law and order in society, both in the state and in the realm of international affairs. The time has not yet come to dispense with it. But the time has certainly come when force should be made subservient to justice and no longer be the weapon of national ambition over-riding the wishes and rights of weaker peoples. If the nations are regarded for what they are, merely families of the world clan, or individual members of a single family, there is nothing startling in the conception of a court established by common consent."

H. G. Wells sums it all up, to my mind, tersely and correctly: "Roughly one may arrange the League-of-Nations proposals, as they are to be encountered at the present time, into a series between two extremes. On the extreme left is what is practically a mere rehabilitation of the Hague Tribunal. It is a timid scheme for delay and arbitration; some sort of international conference is to meet occasionally; there are to be a supreme court and a court of conciliation, the former to try disputes upon points of international law, the latter to discuss nonjusticiable differences. No interference with the political constitution or internal arrangements of any state is contemplated; no organized disarmament and control of militarism can therefore occur. This is a proposal for a weak League of Nations. What most sensible people desire is either a strong League of Nations or no League of Nations at all. Instead of being a mere delaying intervention and remonstrance, upon the eve of war, of a respectable but powerless assembly of jurists, it must be a project for a world control of the preparation for war and for a world anticipation of its causes. If the League of Nations is to be a reality in the days to come it must have sufficient authority and power to inquire into, restrain and suppress, armaments on land and sea.

"A League of Nations provides an instrument and a basis for international cooperation which did not exist under pre-war diplomatic conditions. International relations in the last century were continually jeopardized by the absence of an adequate guarantee for international agreements and of a center for the unification and co-ordination of international action. By constituting the League the world would for the first time have taken a real step towards supplying

these deficiencies. Certain particular instances of a political and economic nature must be considered. One of the most important of these is the economic right of way.

"The result of the revolution in industry and means of communication in the last century was that today there is hardly a single question of international importance which is not complicated seriously by economic consideration. The economic lines of communication, whether on land or sea, have become increasingly vital to the material existence of the majority of states. After all, the War itself showed this with appalling clearness, for whereas the strategy of previous wars was directed mainly to the cutting of military lines of communication, the recent combatants entered into a bitter struggle to cut the economic lines. How widespread and how dangerous for the world's peace and progress these questions are, may be shown by some examples. The matter has forced itself upon the attention of statesmen in many different parts of the world, but particularly upon the Danube, the Scheldt, the Rhine, the Vistula, and the Congo. In fact, the last century saw the principle of an economic right of way on navigable rivers established for a particular case by the Treaty of Vienna, and gradually extended to nearly all the navigable rivers of the world. The control of narrow straits or of inter-oceanic canals produces cases of precisely the same nature as that of navigable rivers. Thus the question of Constantinople derives its international importance from the fact that the political control of the Straits vitally affects the economic communications of Russia and Roumania.

"Railway communications produce international problems of the same nature. The whole Balkan

question has been complicated and embittered by conflicting attempts to bar and to open economic rights of way. This was most obvious, perhaps, in the relations of Austria and Serbia.

"These conditions have in the past been among the most prolific causes of hostility. And as the world becomes more and more completely industrialized, so will these questions of economic communications become more and more vital and dangerous. There can be no peace in the world if half the nations live in fear of the arteries of their commerce being cut or obstructed, while the other half are occupied with plotting and planning to cut and obstruct them."

*Waller*  
*join*  
The same writer concludes: "Moreover as the case of Poland will show, as long as this problem remains unsolved, it is impossible to reconstruct Europe politically and nationally on a just or sound basis. The whole problem can, of course, only be solved if cooperation takes the place of hostility and rivalry in international relations. But in conditions so complex as those of international relations, cooperation will never persist unless the broad principles of international action are definitely formulated and means of putting the principles into action are consciously provided. A League of Nations alone would provide such means."

But, perhaps the greatest difference in principle among the plans for a world League is upon the question whether physical force or moral force is to be employed as a sanction. And yet it would seem that all would admit that force may be legitimately employed in restraint or correction. For example, in ordinary social life, force is illegitimately employed when it is used for personal ends, as when a man strikes another

in wrath or hatred, or to secure for himself the other's possessions. When, on the other hand, a policeman forcibly restrains a would-be murderer or thief, force, being employed and through the arm of the state, is wholly legitimate. In the same manner, group force is illegitimately employed when a nation, for its own interests of conquest or glory, makes war upon another nation. On the other hand, when a group of nations, pledged to support an international agreement made for the welfare of all, restrains or chastises a rebellious state, force is legitimate because impersonally or disinterestedly employed.

So much for the structure of the international state. But a structure without foundations is a shaky affair. What of the underlying principles?

In the first place there is overwhelming agreement as to the necessity for Open Diplomacy. "Parliamentary control of foreign policy . . . so that secret treaties and secret diplomacy may no longer endanger the most vital interests of the nation" (Neutral Conference for Continuous Mediation). "Secret treaties shall be void" (Central Organization for a Durable Peace). "Diplomacy in all nations must be put under the control of parliaments and public opinion" (International Bureau of Peace). "Foreign politics shall be subject to democratic control" (International Congress of Women). "Abolition of secret diplomacy" (Conferences of Socialists) and so on. Such are the phrases used to express the one overwhelming conviction that the old diplomacy of hidden bargains, of suspicions and dreads and surprises, of lyings and cheatings must be completely eliminated from a decently organized world society of nations.

In the second place there is practically equal agreement upon the principle that no transfer of territory shall take place without the consent of the population involved and that nations shall have the right to decide their own fate (Neutral Conference for Continuous Mediation). The Australian Peace Alliance expresses it in the words: "No province or territory in any part of the world shall be transferred from one government to another without the consent by plebiscite of the population of such province." The Federation of British Peace Societies: "No territorial change without consent of the population involved." So also a host of others. The principle of No Conquest therefore is the second principle which has emerged out of the uncertainties and confusions of earlier thought into the clarity of a world conviction.

In the third place, there is a concerted voice calling for a sincere attempt at reduction of armaments. "Armaments must be reduced according to general agreement and placed under international control" (International Bureau of Peace). "Considerable reduction of armies and application of war budgets to education, etc." (Union of Int. Associations, Brussels). The agreement is, again, overwhelming that no future world organization can be contemplated that does not take effective steps to root out the war-breeding evil of armaments.

In the fourth place there is a large agreement for Commercial Freedom. Whether this takes the form of a demand for the removal of tariffs, for neutralization of the seas, or for freedom of investment opportunities in foreign lands, or for all of them, it is an indication that the world has become instructed, as it never has been before, upon the war breeding quality of all



hindrances to the free movement of legitimate economic enterprise.

Open Diplomacy, No Conquest, Reduction of Armaments, Commercial Freedom—these apparently are to be the four bed-rock principles upon which the new international order is to be built.

And now let us ask ourselves what it all means. These underlying principles are but the expressions of American ideals. The "14" points are repeated time and time again, perhaps in different words, but they are always there. The spirit of Democracy rules over everything. It was shown that the source of greatest danger lies in the concentration of power within a group holding an entire nation in control, and that the danger is far less when the power is conferred on a group by the freely expressed will of the people. The moral issue of the Great War arose from the circumstance that the power in Germany was wielded by a group that did not receive its mandate from the people but which had inherited its position from an autocratic form of government that had never been abolished but only modified to some degree under pressure exerted by popular opposition to it. Political intrigues, secret diplomacy, the spy system, insidious propaganda, all arise as a logical outgrowth of a government carried on under a non-democratic form. Having regard, therefore, to the establishment of conditions that may make for enduring peace, we may set down as the primary one the necessity of the same general basis of a democratic form of government for all nations. Such a form is the only one consistent with the spirit of the age and with the stage of political development, reached in the course of a century and more after the principle of popular government was

first proclaimed in definite terms by the American Declaration of Independence.

Wilson

Again our President's words stand out with clearness: "A steadfast concert for peace can never be maintained except by a partnership of democratic nations. No autocratic government could be trusted to keep faith within it or observe its covenants. It must be a League of honor, a partnership of opinion. Intrigue would eat its vitals away; the plottings of inner circles who could plan what they would and render account to no one would be a corruption seated at its very heart. Only free peoples can hold their purpose and their honor steady to a common end and prefer the interests of mankind to any narrow interest of their own."

More briefly, Wilson says: "What we seek is the reign of law, based upon the consent of the governed and sustained by the organized opinion of mankind."

"The impartial justice meted out must involve no discrimination between those to whom we wish to be just and those to whom we do not wish to be just. It must be a justice that plays no favorites and knows no standard but the equal rights of the several peoples concerned."

"No special or separate interest of any single nation or any group of nations can be made the basis of any part of the settlement which is not consistent with the common interest of all."

"There can be no League or alliances or special covenants and understandings within the general and common family of the League."

"There can be no special selfish economic combinations within the League and no employment of any form of boycott or exclusion except as the power of

economic penalty by exclusion from the markets of the world may be vested in the League of Nations itself as a means of discipline and control.

"All international agreements and treaties of every kind must be made known in their entirety to the rest of the world."

We have here also a voice from the grave, so to speak. The following is the advice given us by the American of Americans, Theodore Roosevelt: "From the international standpoint the essential thing to do is effectively to put the combined power of civilization back of the collective purpose of civilization to secure justice. This can be achieved only by a world League for the peace of righteousness, which would guarantee to enforce by the combined strength of all the nations the decrees of a competent and impartial court against any recalcitrant and offending nation. Only in this way will treaties become serious documents."

As an appropriate summary we have the wonderful lines by Austin Harrison in his *A World Declaration of Human Rights*: "National purposes have fallen more and more into the background, and the common purpose of enlightened mankind has taken their place. This indicates the moving spirit of the new international principle, which seeks nationally and internationally to provide securities for civilization against war. It is the finest expression of democracy, by which we understand opportunity and progress. It means that the present peace settlement rests on the novel issue of morality. For this great end America went into the War, and this is the meaning of the League of Nations. Mr. Wilson speaks in the voice of construction, not of destruction. It is the truth of deliverance: from the

fetters of feudalism; from the old European order of balance of power; from the old time peace of imposition and expropriation; from the militarism of the map. The appeal is to the common sanction of mankind. Europe has known no ethic of international relations. Only force values have dominated. Hitherto international morality has been but the dream of a few idealogues. Napoleonism ended on a power value, its reaction was the "blood and iron" statesmanship of Bismarck. The light of a new wisdom is dawning, to emerge perhaps as the strangest phenomenon of our time and civilization.

"The claim of power sovereignty is to give way to an ethic or governing principle of human relationship. In the place of diplomacy acting in secrecy for purely selfish or national motives, Europe is bidden to the forum of publicity, bidden to regard the opportunity of the whole, bidden to the law of a commonwealth. As President Wilson has said, this morality can only come into being when the Peace Conference accepts as the settled law of civilization the principles which are to govern the constitution of the League of Nations. The task is to rebuild Europe on a basis of racial and economic freedom; to give to the parts the values and opportunities of the whole."

During the period of reconstruction the one force to be looked to for the prevention of possible internal wars in the various nations—wars which if they came would be far bloodier and more heartrending than the recent war, because between brothers—is the spirit of Brotherhood. If that spirit shall prevail—influencing as it must and will those who are conservative in their views, to consider the vital questions of the day from all sides, and likewise influencing those who are radical to realize

that time is a great force in changing most things, that patience must be called into play and that the progress which is slow is surer than that which is precipitate, then and then only can we expect this critical period to be lived through, and the momentous questions which it will bring satisfactorily adjusted, without further bloodshed and suffering.

Here, then, we have some of the main foundations on which peace can be established—the organization of all nations on a democratic form of government as the primary condition, and then tribunals of arbitration, disarmament, and an assembly of nations in the form of a League or parliament. Peace established on the recognition of such principles would be a genuine one, and not simply an armistice. Peace treaties guided by these principles must be reasonably safe from the danger of planting the seeds for future wars. It means “ . . . the enthronement of right against might; and this will be followed, as surely as the day follows the night, by the dawn of a new era of light and peace for the entire world.”

To close, what finer words can be said than these:—  
“The Creation was a larger event than the Great War. The Creation was only a beginning. The war, too, is but a prelude. No chapter of life closes but another one opens. What the war ended is less important now than the work which at once begins. In war was laid the foundation, toilsomely constructed, in tears and sacrifice and heroism and heartaches; in peace the enduring edifice is to be raised; our task. To conceive that these four years of agony bid us do nothing more than behold our dead, would be to deny that just Providence which guides, in lofty benevolence, the destiny of men. It is our sovereign opportunity

brought, miraculous, to live this eager hour. We need be watchful, fervently watchful; we need be thoughtful with a careful solicitude to look behind as well as up; we need be patient, with sane and understanding sympathy; we need be courageous, with a vigorous, tireless courage; and we need be honest, self-honest, with an honesty greater than a zealot's devotion to a cause, an all-embracing honesty which never lacks the sweetness which is the oil of kindness in the human heart. All that long time of misery was only, then, the preparation. It passes, and with it many things of life that are well lost. The real task is now; to live, to view all roads, and fairly choose the right one. The hour of impending great adventure aches for interpretation. Ours is a task, privileged and not to be avoided. It is the task laid on us by those who passed on, unselfish, in the van of victory; their solemn adjuration. This is the torch they lit for us to snatch and, bearing it preciously aloft, to light the road. This is the torch, and this the spirit which, restless, hovers on scarlet poppies soon to be all a-blow over those dead who sleep, in peace, in Flanders' Fields, a grateful benediction."

And so may it soon come true, that

"Suddenly one day  
The last ill shall fall away,  
The last little beastliness that is in our blood  
Shall drop from us as the sheath drops from the bud.  
And the great spirit of man shall struggle through  
And spread huge branches underneath the blue.  
In any mirror, be it bright or dim,  
Man will see God staring back at him."



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## OLD VETERANS' STORIES

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### THE OLD MAN'S COURTSHIP

BY BERNARD B. WHITTIER

"WELL, I guess my daughter's goin' to get married after all," said Mr. Ponsonby.

"Is that so?" said Mr. Scott, leaning back against the porch post and putting his pipe back in his mouth for a few puffs. "Sit down and make yourself comfortable. Seems to me them kids have been having quite a time of it, haven't they?"

"Well, I guess they have!" ejaculated Mr. Ponsonby. "That air kid ain't got brains enough to catch a man, I do believe. It's a wonder young Morgan has stood for her nonsense as he has. Why, d'ye know, he gin her a gold plated bracelet and she up an' let that Miss Horner wear it to the school party. O' course she wa'n't able to go to that, not bein' a member o' the school nor nothin', but Cy Morgan could, bein' on the school board, an' o' course he recognized that air bracelet right off first thing. That made a fuss

between the kids, but they patched it over somehow, an' now they've set next Monday night as the weddin' date. I jest come over to invite you an' your woman to the doin's, if Sary don't up an' spoil it all some way 'tween now an' then."

"Yes," said Mr. Scott, contemplatively puffing on the old cob pipe, "they have had quite some courtship out of it, off and on. Did I ever tell you about mine?"

"No, Henry, you didn't," said Mr. Ponsonby. "I've often wondered, too, how an' old Canuck thistle like you ever got such a woman as that'n o'yours."

"Well, I've wondered a good many times myself," said Mr. Scott. "I guess maybe it was more pity than anything else. Anyway, that's the easiest way to account for it."

"I guess I've told you before that I first enlisted in the old First Michigan Lancers, in company E, soon after the outbreak of the war, in November, '61, it was. Well, we didn't do much of anything but sit around and drill, and a little guard duty in Detroit, where our headquarters were. We never were called for active service, and in March, '62, we got a General Order from Washington mustering us out, on the grounds that no more cavalry was needed. Somebody made a blunder, evidently, for the war had only just begun."

"Well, to make a long story short, it was too much for me to sit around doing nothing during such a war, even with a sweetheart to make it interesting. So I up and volunteered again, in August, going into company A, the 23rd Michigan Infantry. About the last thing I did before I left was to call on Mary, and get a picture of her. You know what the pictures were in those days, old fashioned daguerreotypes. Well, she

gave me one of hers, and I gave her one of mine, in a sweet moonlight scene, and she made me promise to always be brave and to guard that picture well, and to carry it in my knapsack where the bullets could not get to it. She didn't allow for a fellow suddenly seeking a stump to lodge behind, you see.

"Well, everything went well for a year and a half, and I hadn't done anything worse to that picture than to nearly wear it out in my knapsack. We had written each other pretty regularly, and I guess I had made quite a hero out of myself in my letters, for she kept prodding me to tell her all the rest of the brave things I had done, saying all the girls up there were crazy over her brave sweetheart. I was easy in those days, and I fell for most of it, too.

"But then one fine May day things changed, and what didn't get done to that old daguerreotype wouldn't be worth the doing. It was in my knapsack, too, just where she had told me to keep it. What's more, I had it carefully folded into my pup tent, which I had in my knapsack, so as to keep it from getting bent. This was at the battle at Resaca, Georgia, while we were trying to push Johnston's army across the Oostanaula River. We did it the next day, but the rascals burned the bridge after them. It was on May 14, '64, that I finished that daguerreotype.

"Things had been getting pretty warm, when I got a gunshot wound in my left leg, and while I was trying to get behind a stump to attend to it I was hit again in my right side, and was nearly knocked over by three bullets going through my knapsack. I suppose they would have gone through me if the knapsack hadn't been there.

"Well, my wounds were serious enough to take me off the field, though they did not put me out for keeps, but the fun came when I took off my knapsack to get my pup tent to roll in. As I said, there were three holes in the knapsack; but when I got that pup tent out and unrolled it, there were only 42 holes in it! and that daguerreotype! One of the bullets had clean knocked that poor picture into Kingdom Come!

"Of course I had to write to Mary about being wounded, and I made much of it, I suppose, but I carefully didn't say anything about that picture. However, she came right back and wanted to know if I had defended that picture carefully. I was completely stumped for a while, but I finally made much of how it had saved my life, and all that sort of thing; but of course she saw through it, and of all the kidding you ever heard, I got it. You know yourself she can say things about as pointed as a pin, when she wants to.

"But then, it was all in the game, I suppose; but what gave her talking point was that I was hit three times in the back while I was getting that game leg behind a stump."

"You bet," said Mr. Ponsonby. "They'll take the advantage of a feller if he just gives 'em a chance. That's what Sary's been doin' to young Morgan, only I been afraid she'd do it once too much. He's a good catch for a kid o' mine."

"Yes," said Mr. Scott, "but lovers will stand for a lot of foolishness, I guess. It's the foolish age, and it's a good thing they have sense enough to realize it."

—*From the experience of Robert Anderson, Co. A, 23rd Mich. Vol. Inf., Battle of Resaca, Ga., May 14, 1864.*  
*Courtesy of Erford A. Martin*

ON THE TO VICKSBURG

CONTRIBUTED BY ADDISON S. BOYCE

**JUNE 2:**—This morning we were under marching orders. The orders were to pack everything except tent cloths and blankets, draw eight days rations and carry three in haversack and five in one-half of knapsack. Where we were going to need eight days' rations we were unable to say. The commander knows that not one boy in ten carries a knapsack and would not carry eight days' rations in it if he did.

The night of the third came the order, "Reveille at 3:30 o'clock, strike tents at 4, and march at 5 a. m." If you were ever a soldier you will know about how we felt. Promptly on time the next morning the head of the column moved off towards Lebanon (Ky.). Some of the boys sang out from the ranks, "Send an orderly ahead and have that column countermarched, for there is no enemy in that direction." But still they kept straight ahead. Soon after the order came, "By the right flank into column, march." Now the mystery began to deepen as to our destination, but it was apparent that it was something more than an ordinary move, for the marching orders were very strict.

Word was passed down the line from company to company, "No detours on account of mud;" "Keep your ranks well closed up, no falling out will be allowed." Col. Smith and Maj. Cutcheons were just as ignorant as any private on the subject. We thought that if we turned to the left when we reached the turnpike,



Nashville was our destination, if to the right then we should have to wait and see.

On the fifth we marched twenty-two miles and went into camp for supper. An orderly was sent to each regiment with the question, "We have twenty-eight miles to make by noon tomorrow; shall we make eight miles more tonight, or the twenty-eight miles from 4 a. m. till noon tomorrow?" The answer was, "Four o'clock tomorrow morning." So we bivouaced for the night.

On the sixth, reveille blew at 3 a. m., and we began marching at 4 a. m. It was a delightfully cool morning for the work we had before us. At 11:50 we halted by the side of the railroad track at Lebanon, and were ordered to prepare our dinner. Several long trains of cars were standing there waiting for us. The balance of the division arrived during the afternoon. Toward night we went on board the cars and ran up to Louisville during the night.

The next morning we crossed the Ohio River from Jeffersonville, Ind. It was now stated that we were to take the cars there for Cairo, Ill. If so, Vicksburg was our destination. We loaded into the cars on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, and went to Centralia, Ill., where we changed cars to the Illinois Central for Cairo.

While we were changing cars at Centralia a train-load of rebel prisoners passed up the Illinois Central en route from Vicksburg to Chicago, but that was not the best thing we saw while there. It being Sunday, the citizens turned out *en masse* and gave us a splendid dinner and we were served in true style by the ladies of the city.

A young lady gave me a bouquet, with the request that I carry it into Vicksburg, should I go there. While we were changing cars on our return from Vicksburg, this same girl hunted me up to learn the fate of her flowers. When I assured her that I did carry them to Vicksburg, she was much pleased, and invited me to dine with her, which I regretted very much that I was unable to do. This passing through a country where the people were so like ourselves made us feel almost homesick.

At Cairo there were ten or twelve large transports and two gunboats lying ready to receive us and take us down the river. We left Cairo the morning of the eighth. The 2d and 20th Michigan were on the U. S. transport Nebraska. Altogether there were about one thousand men besides all horses and baggage of the two regiments on board the boat, which made it rather crowded. The regimental drum major left us at Cairo, sick. I was detailed as acting drum major. The drum corps and the color guard had the stateroom at the rear of the left hand wheel house, which gave us the best side of the boat. Our general course was south, and it gave us more shade.

On the tenth we passed Fort Pillow, famous for the great massacre of colored troops. The banks of the river the greater part of the way were low and apparently swampy, but occasionally we came to a high bluff which was invariably crowned at some point by a battery of heavy guns pointing at us as much as to say, "Halt!" We arrived at Memphis at noon, and spent the afternoon looking over the city.

We were still going down the river on the 13th, but were ordered to keep a sharp lookout for rebel batteries. We expected an attack from the left bank

and sure enough the first warning was a white puff of smoke and two twelve pound shot came crashing through the rigging, accompanied by a volley of musketry which was promptly answered by every gun on our side of the boat. One of the gun boats which were our convoy was soon on the ground and opened fire. The rebels gave us one more volley and then ran. A little later they gave us two more shots but did not do any damage.

We arrived at and landed four miles above Vicksburg about 8 a. m. the 14th, in plain view of the city. The "Mortar Fleet" lay about one and a half miles below us, and kept firing at the city night and day. In the fleet were two sixty-four pounders and one one-hundred-and-twenty pounder. These three guns were expected to throw a shell every ten minutes. They fired at an elevation of about 45 degrees, making a graceful curve until it struck in or burst over the city. To us lying in the rear of the guns it was a beautiful sight.

On June 16 we moved across the neck of land to the river below Vicksburg; then we commenced ferrying across to the Mississippi side, but the order was soon countermanded, and we were ordered to remain where we were until further orders. Just in the river where our regiment lay there was one of the sunken barges disabled from running the batteries at Vicksburg. It was loaded with hay and oats around which the cat-fish collected.

Our boys hunted up fish hooks and the fun commenced. A large number of fish weighing from ten to sixty pounds or more were caught. I succeeded in capturing one weighing about fifteen pounds, and without waiting for a better haul turned my hook over

to another and proceeded to skin him (the fish) for dinner.

Several of the boys had been trying in various ways, by scalding, scraping, etc., to prepare their fish for cooking. When they saw me hang my fish up by the nose to a sappling and commence to skin him, they laughed, saying I was pretty good at skinning a hog but that I had got my match on a cat-fish. Nevertheless, I proceeded with my task and soon had the old fellow as cleanly skinned as an eel, and then sliced him up into great, nice steaks and soon had him in the frying pan with a piece of bacon.

The savory odor of a frying fish soon drew a crowd, and I could scarcely get time to taste the toothsome qualities of my catch, as every one seemed determined I should dress one for him. After dinner I dressed one for Col. Smith and one for Capt. Dewey. I then told the boys that I had not been detailed "regimental fish skinner," and that they must learn their own trade.—*From the diary of Addison S. Boyce, Co. A, 20th Mich. Vol. Inf., June 2 to 16, 1863.*

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## A TAME EXPERIENCE

CONTRIBUTED BY EDWIN R. HAVENS

PERHAPS I may be pardoned for relating an instance showing that I was never cut out for any of the thrilling experiences which did fall to many of our men. It sometimes happened that when small parties visited farm houses they were met by guerrillas, fired upon

and killed or wounded, the guerrillas being located in the houses visited. Soon after the command returned to Virginia after Gettysburg, and on one of the many scouting expeditions that we engaged in, I was commanded to take the greater portion of my company and proceed, after midnight, to a certain farm and get a colored man, a slave, to guide the command through a pass in the mountains south of Thoroughfare Gap, which pass none of the command knew. I found that the farm buildings were set back from the road a quarter to one-half mile, surrounded by orchards and groves and that to reach them we had to pass over open fields for quite a distance.

The night was still and clear, and the moon shone brightly so that objects were visible for a long distance and easily recognized for what they were. Visions of guerrillas harbored in the buildings, prospects of a terrible struggle in which some of my party should be killed or wounded, ran riot in my mind and I "wished I was home in father's barn so that I could go in the house." But no such good luck was possible, so putting on my best behavior, as I neared the grove and buildings I deployed my men so that we surrounded the place and gradually drew in until we found ourselves immediately surrounding the buildings. In the meantime we had discovered a horse tied to a tree near the dwelling, and then I was positively certain that some guerrilla was stopping there for the night. But we were there and it would not do for me to show the white feather, so calling two of my best men to my side and asking them to keep their eyes on the door of the house and to shoot at any hostile demonstration, I dismounted and crouching my way through the moonlight until under the shadow of the building I

"backed up to the door" and with the hilt of my sabre rapped vigorously.

Immediately a window over my head was thrown open and the question was asked as to who we were and what we wanted. I replied stating who we were and that we wanted the Negro we were sent after and the purpose for which we wanted him. "All right," said the voice, "He is in that cabin there. I will be down in a minute and help him get ready to go." We found that the horse tied to the tree was the family saddle horse and the only one left on the place, but he was soon saddled, the master and mistress helping to get their man ready, providing him with eatables for the trip and wishing us success. I do not know whether this man ever returned to this home with the horse or not, but doubt his doing so.—*Sergt. Co. A, and Lieut. Co. I, 7th Mich. Vol. Cav. Experience during summer of 1863. Courtesy Miss Edna Havens and Miss Gertrude E. Mevis.*



## RED CLOUD AND DEW DROP

BY FLAVIUS J. LITTLEJOHN

(An unpublished romance of the Saginaws)

NO FACT is more familiar to persons versed in the native management of tribal affairs, than that sharp contests were wont to arise out of border-line difficulties. Those boundaries were often irregular, being made to conform to the watershed crest between the sources of rivulets and creeks running in opposite directions and emptying into different rivers. Bands of hunters on the track of game and in the eagerness of the chase were not apt to heed any such limit to their range.

Hence if bands of two adjacent tribes happened to be in the vicinity of the trespass, if a collision did not occur on the spot, complaints were sure to be lodged with the chiefs. If blood was shed in a hasty affray, each band was sure to justify itself at home. The tribes were uniformly jealous of their rights and prone to regard all territorial aggressions as a stain upon their honor and a dire affront to the tribe.

Under the untoward circumstances negotiation was found difficult and the practical solution of these and all kindred troubles was usually sought upon the war-path, where after a few skirmishing engagements, the tribal honor being duly vindicated, the affair was generally ended by resort to negotiation and a hollow truce.

The practice of exacting hostages for the performance of treaty stipulations was quite common among

the various tribes. The children of chiefs were often thus pledged, and instances occurred of quite a lengthy restraint of liberty, although it was regarded as an honorable species of captivity. Generally, however, the hostages either managed to escape or were spirited away by their friends.

Among the outlaws and renegades, the practice of kidnapping native children was by no means uncommon. The reasons prompting to the act were twofold. The most usual one was to gratify a spirit of revenge. The other was purely mercenary, and for the purpose of exacting a ransom for their surrender and return. For the safe and successful accomplishment of the latter, resort was had to artful schemes and the frequent use of what are often in common parlance termed middlemen. When abducted for purposes of revenge, the condition of the helpless captives was often most deplorable.

To those of our readers who may have chanced to peruse our earlier legends of "The Saginaw Maidens of 1804," and of "The last Raid of the Renegades in 1805," several prominent characters in our present sketch will prove familiar personages. Our description of the scenery of the Saginaw Basin, with its noble bay and principal rivers will also be readily recalled.

In the hands of an enterprising and thrifty population of the white race, the development of its many natural resources and the fruits of industrial production in the entire region have bordered closely upon the marvellous.

But as our story antedates all such developments and artificial improvements, so the reader must be content with the region in its wilderness state and

subject to the shifting occupation of its former roaming denizens of aboriginal descent. For the more easy perusal of our present story to all our readers we will give a brief synopsis of that tribal occupation, naming some of the ruling chiefs, with the native designation of their villages, tribal bands and principal rivers at the opening period of the last century.

For about the distance of thirty miles inland from the southwestern extremity of the bay, the principal river in common with the latter magnificent sheet of water bore the name of Saginaw. At that distance up in the interior a fine large tributary rolls in from the west, then as now, known as the Tittabawassee. A short distance further up stream a second affluent comes in from the opposite direction, known to our moderns as Cass River, but then called by the natives Wakishegan.

A few miles above the junction of the last named river a third tributary is added with a main course from the southeast. This stream was called by the aborigines Peonigowink, but is known to moderns by the name of Flint River. From the junction of the lowest tributary we have named upward to its source, the main stream has ever borne its native appellation of the Shiawassee.

In 1804 a band of natives, both warlike and somewhat numerous, occupied the adjacent uplands as well as the valley ranges of the Peonigowink with its various affluents. They were Chippewas by descent, and in that year the youthful Neome became their chief. At that period the natives occupying the region north of them and drained by the Wakishegan were also of the old Chippewa stock but of a distinct tribal descent. Late in the year last named the latter band elected

Tonedoganee as their chief. Collectively the people of the former band were termed Pewanigos, whilst those on the latter river were called Wakishos.

At the same era an equally numerous and spirited band were in full possession of lowland and upland in all the region of the Shiawassee with its branches. This band were said to be of Huron extraction. They probably had their remote origin in the red Huron stock of Canada West. They were familiarly termed Shiwassos, and in 1804, Chessaning, a young man, was duly elected as their chief.

North of them on the west side of the Saginaw River the region of the Tittabawassee was occupied by Hurons also, but they were of no near affinity with the Shiwassos. At our opening period their chief was a man of middle age who had ruled over them for many years. He was a chief of great activity and possessed a fair ability, but of hasty temper and haughty mien. His tribal designation was Gray Eagle. His people for some unknown reason came to be generally termed Wassenings.

In the year 1804 Mokishenoqua, then the maiden ruler on the Wakishegan River, rescued Onwanamache, the sister of Chessaning, chief of the Shiwassos, out of the hands of a pair of renegades, the one a paleface and the other a native, who were both outlaws and had long consorted together. They had forcibly abducted the maiden from her brother's family lodge at Omagansee on the Shiawassee, and had concealed her in a grotto far up the Wakishegan.

Being caught in the act and captured, they were condemned by their maiden captor to perpetual banishment, after running the gauntlet between lines of a hundred braves with scourges in their hands. It was

to them a terribly damaging operation. They left the region bearing many marks of that severe castigation, and with deep-breathed threats of a future revenge.

Alarmed by that condign punishment, many other renegades hastily departed from the region, and the two thus roughly handled, and whilst thus lacerated and bleeding, fled away without daring to return. After the lapse of a few months their special inducement to revisit that river ceased to operate, for Mokishenoqua had become the bride of Chessaning, and removed to his capitol of Omagansee.

In their ignominious flight from the Wakishegan by canoe, the two renegades drifted down to the mouth of the Tittabawassee, the next tributary below. Up that stream they drove their canoe far towards its source to hide their shame. There they harbored for years in the vicinity of a small native settlement. From those natives who made frequent visits to the mouth of their river the two recluses soon heard of the marriage and removal of the special object of their hatred, Mokishenoqua.

During the very next year Neome of the Pewanigos, Chessaning of the Shiwassos, and Okemos of the Ottawas on Grand River, entered into a triple league for the extermination of all the renegades and outlaws harboring in their respective domains. That effort had proved eminently successful. The terrible slaughter of the miscreants and felons by those three chiefs struck terror to the hearts of all of their base calling and depraved lives, over on the Tittabawassee and other rivers not yet liberated from their pestilent presence.

With a lively remembrance of that gauntlet race for life in which they had been all but flayed alive, those

two unmitigated vagabonds in their present security concluded to postpone their revenge for the time being, but vowed never to forego a final terrible retaliation. The region they chanced to select for a hiding place was swampy, with intervening abrupt elevations and ridges. The streams were numerous, with stretches of level marginal depressions and miles of sluggish current flow.

At that early era it was a famous region for furs. The muskrat, the mink, the beaver and the otter abounded in the low grounds, with the black and silver fox, the lynx, the bear, the wolf, and the feline family frequenting the uplands, thickets and timber glades. In 1810, the year of our story, our two villanous outlaws had spent six years of comparative quiet in that secluded region, but had met with marked success in trapping. They made their sales and slender purchases at Wassebeewing, midway of the main stream; and there by inquiry they kept track of Chessaning and his wife, and knew that they were flourishing, and rearing children of their own.

Their purpose of revenge upon that woman seemed to strengthen by delay and to increase in fervor by the very impediments and difficulties in the way of its fulfillment.

Meantime the object of all that malignant hatred and cherished wrath had during those six years been eminently healthy, happy and prosperous. She was idolized by the chief, her husband. She was beloved in her household and highly esteemed and respected by her adopted people. Onwanamache, the gifted and beautiful sister of Chessaning, whom she had rescued and saved, was also the happy wife of Neome, chief of the Pewanigos. Between the two a fond inti-



macy subsisted and a sisterly regard was kept warmly alive by frequent visits.

The early promise of our heroic maiden of 1804 was in 1810 more than realized in the full development of rounded and ripened womanhood. Her youthful step, so elastic and buoyant, had been toned down to the more dignified movement of the matron. Still her fine attitudes, classic profile, flashing eye, polished brow with the exuberant growth and extra length of her black lustrous hair, now proclaimed her the gifted, charming woman.

She was the mother of two children, a son and daughter, twin born, and now of the age of five years. They were glorious children of their type and race. They were perfect in physical form and natural faculties. They were sprightly, supple and active in all their movements and blest with sunny temperaments and exuberant spirits.

To some of their mother's endowments we have alluded. Chessaning, their father, was a model of fine ripened manhood. A man of wonderful muscular power, his fleetness was at the same time unrivalled. His mental gifts were of the same high order. His tread was stately, as became a warrior chief. His eye black and naturally lustrous, under excitement glittered with basilisk power.

By such parents the children we have described would as a matter of course be idolized. The mother, of a poetic cast and highly imaginative, had early christened these darling pets, "Red Cloud and Dew Drop." They had been from infancy consigned to the cave of an intelligent and very comely native maiden. She had proved a faithful and watchful guardian of their health and safety.

In the early months of 1810 the maiden herself had become the object of ardent and most devoted love on the part of a well behaved and comely featured half-breed trader, who had settled at Omagansee. Frequently meeting the children with her on the paths and by the riverside, in their walks and pastimes, the trader became strongly attached to them also.

Between those children closely resembling each other in physical mould and feature, the difference in thought and motive power was as marked as that of sex. The large black eye of Red Cloud fastened on its object with a bold, steady, falcon gaze. His head was carried proudly erect, and his step was already marked by the firm stride of one conscious of an inward force entitling him to lead and command.

The eyes of Dew Drop were equally large, black and lustrous. But there was a shade of added moisture, imparting to them a soft, mild radiance. At the same time they were generally beaming with a half-hidden look of mirth and frolicsome mischief. Graceful and light of step as a playful fawn, the child girl foreshadowed the witching graces and fascinating charms of maturer years.

As was usual among all the native bands where renegades and outlaws were allowed a foothold, their influence was pestilent, and their associations debasing. Vagabonds and thieves by nature and habit, their secret raids and midnight depredations over their territorial border produced disputes and fomented quarrels between the native bands.

Those two precious scamps, the pale face and native renegade who had been so severely handled over on the Wakishegan and exiled therefrom by the maiden ruler of the Wakishos in 1804, were now active

and indefatigable in promoting feuds between the Wassanings and the Shiwassos along their conventional border line of occupation up in their hunting and trapping ranges.

Too cowardly and craven spirited to push their way singly up to Omagansee and wreak their vengeance upon the woman who had ordered their humiliating and bitter chastisement and exile, their hopes of achieving that revenge so long deferred rested solely in provoking actual hostilities between the two several Huron bands. In that event and with the chief and Shiwassos braves away upon the war path, they designed to steal by an inland trail into Omagansee and aim some telling blow at the life or happiness of Mokishenoqua.

In the early Spring of 1810 chance seemed in a signal manner to favor the plans of the scheming villians. Occasional parties of Shiwassos had previously in their hunting excursions met with similar parties of the Wassanings along their border line of occupation, and each had accused the other of pursuing their game over that dividing line, thus trenching upon the vested rights of the accusers. In these altercations, the claims of the respective parties as to the true line of demarcation overlapped each other by a space of miles.

The chance of which we spoke a few moments since occurred in this wise. Two of those rival hunting parties, composed of half a score each, met away back in the interior upon that disputed boundary territory. The two renegades were in the vicinity and witnessed the encounter of those tribal bands. Furtively edging their way up within ear shot they listened to the claims put forth by each. The discussion, waxing warm,

was soon merged in bitter words and angry recriminations. From his hiding place the pale face renegade aimed and sent an arrow to the heart of a Shiwassos brave.

Without pausing to inquire whence that arrow came, the hostile parties in the blind fury of that wild moment came to blows and a murderous conflict with tomahawks and knives. The Wassanings were finally beaten, and fled precipitately leaving half their number slain. Gray Eagle, listening to the distorted account of that bloody affray from the survivors of his own party, believed the Shiwassos to have been criminally aggressive. Chessaning on the contrary, relying upon the statement of his hunters, as strenuously imputed the fault to the Wassanings.

Gray Eagle promptly sent an angry message to Chessaning, demanding reparation and the condign punishment of the Shiwassos who had participated in the affray. Chessaning more politic, and withal desirous of averting a war, despatched to Gray Eagle a counter message, temperate but firm in tone, offering to refer the matter of grievance to Tonedoganee of the Wakishos or to Neome of the Pewanigos for a peaceable adjustment. To this pacific overture Gray Eagle rejoined by a curt and haughty reply:

"Tell your boy Chief that Gray Eagle will submit to no umpire but his own right arm on the war path."

Negotiation being thus summarily ended and all peaceful avenues closed, the Shiwassos chief gracefully yielded to the sole alternative. By return message he signified his acceptance of the gage of battle in these words:

"Chessaning fears not the right arm of Gray Eagle. The Shiwassos warriors will be no laggards on the

war path. Chessaning will yet dictate terms of peace to Gray Eagle at his own fireside."

As we have elsewhere remarked, Neome of the Pewanigos had married Onwanamache, the sister of Chessaning, and they dwelt at Muscatawing, his chief village on the Peonigowink. He was possessed of great political forecast for one of his years. He deemed the present a fitting opportunity for humbling the pride and weakening the power of Gray Eagle.

Knowing that the Wassanings far outnumbered the Shiwassos, stretching as the former did away up the east shore towards the Straits of Mackinaw, Neome resolved at once to aid his brother-in-law. His policy was to confine the theater of the war to the valley of the Tittabawassee. He promptly repaired to Omagansee by canoe and sought an interview with Chessaning.

He proposed to the latter hastily to muster and embark his war force in a fleet of canoes and drop down to the confluence of the two streams. Thence he was to ascend the Tittabawassee to a suitable place of rendezvous and base of campaign operations. Then Neome would himself close the mouth of that river with a fleet of canoes and a strong blockading force as his ally in the war. Chessaning, once landed and encamped, could return his fleet of canoes for safe keeping under cover of the blockading squadron.

Next Okemos, ruling Chief on the Grand River, being at his upper settlement of Akmonshee where the city of Lansing is now situated, despatched a messenger to the Shiwassos chief. He tendered to the latter as an allied force, five hundred Ottawa braves, but recommended that by an overland and interior route they should first strike the smaller settlements of Gray Eagle far up the branches of the main stream.

Chessaning gratefully accepted the assistance and adopted the advice and plans of both the friendly chiefs. Feeling now confident of possessing both the strength and ability, he determined by prompt action and vigorous blows to make it a short and brilliant campaign and to effectually humble the vaulting pride of Gray Eagle. His runners were sent in various directions calling for one thousand braves to rally around his standard at Omagansee on the fourth day thereafter.

Gray Eagle, having elected to abide the "wager of battle," was equally energetic in his preparation for the impending crisis. He also sought the aid of neighboring bands. On the west shore of Saginaw Bay and Lake Huron three weak bands tendered to him one or two hundred men each.

The crafty old chief next drafted all the renegades into instant service under the penalty of death or banishment for the slightest recusancy. He sent for the pale face and native away up stream. Those miscreants he more than suspected of having drawn the first blood in that border line affray. He well knew them to be familiar with the surroundings of Omagansee and Muscatawing, with the upper sections of the rivers on which they were respectively situated.

With sore misgivings the two yet promptly obeyed the call. For his own purpose the Chief sternly accused them of having fomented quarrels and purposely brought on the war. The pale face, knowing that the proof was at hand to convict him, thought it advisable to own the fact, and then desired to state the reason. Gray Eagle grimly cut him short. The reason he cared not to hear. The fact was all he de-



sired to know. Their fate was now at his disposal and their lives were in his keeping.

But they could yet atone for the crime and purchase his future favor. It was in their power to render him a special service. Accurate knowledge on two points would soon become vitally important to him. It could only be learned in the camp of the enemy. "First, how many braves would Chessaning lead forth on the war path? And, next, what settlement of the Wassanings did he intend first to assail?"

The Chief here proposed to them a jaunt to Omagansee forthwith to ascertain those facts and report them to him promptly. This fully accomplished inside of three days would win for them full pardon for the past and exemption from further service during the present war. Both turned pale at the bare mention of that duty and the fearful hazards of the trip. They had designed to visit that place, but the time they had chosen was when the Chief and braves were absent on the war path.

To them there was however no alternative. Should they decline the service, the Chief would slay them outright. They might approach and learn those facts under cover of darkness and swift canoe transit. Besides, an exemption from further service in the war would afford them ample time for revisiting Omagansee. They could go by an inland trail and take their long cherished revenge with impunity, for the resident families would be defenseless.

They accepted the proposal of the chief. Within the next half hour they were ready to leave Wassebeewing, the capital of Gray Eagle. It was at the junction of a large southern tributary with the main stream and where Midland city is now situated.

Down the stream by canoe the two renegades took their way in season to reach the mouth at early evening twilight.

Here they turned up stream, and successfully passed the mouths of the Wakishegan and Peonigowink without interruption. With added caution they pulled steadily onward in the obscurity of a night sky overcast with clouds. Arriving at Omagansee before the people had retired to rest, they stopped at the lower landing, and mooring their canoe, walked up one of the less frequented paths, until they saw a bright light in a trader's lodge.

They approached it near enough to hear a murmur of voices within. Then with the instinct and low cunning of sneak thieves, they left the path, and on their hands and knees crept to the rear of that lodge. With ears placed at the bottom of the matting spirally wound for a covering to the lodge, they could hear quite distinctly the conversation of the persons inside the trader's abode.

The talk of those gossiping visitors very naturally turned upon the preparation for the war and the anticipated assemblage of one thousand braves at Omagansee the day after the approaching morrow. Next they talked of the fleet of canoes then being gathered at different points, to take the whole by water down to and up the Tittabawassee well towards Wassebeewing.

They also gathered from that chance medley talk that Chessaning and the deaf mute Segoquen were up the river at Owasso, but were expected to return the following morning. Thus early and safely had the renegades acquired a knowledge of the very facts they had visited Omagansee to learn, and were really ready

for an instant start homeward, although the white outlaw seemed inclined still to listen.

The current of talk within gradually shifted until finally it assumed a lighter vein and one or two commenced chaffing the young trader about his evident partiality for the young maiden of the household of Chessaning. The further talk showed that the young woman had the principal charge of the two children of the Chief, a boy and girl, twin born and then about five years old. These facts were carefully treasured up by the listening renegades. Finally they retired to some hiding place for rest till morning.

The deaf mute Segoquen was now some four and twenty years of age, and a son of the foster mother of the Chief, having been reared and still remaining an inmate of the household. He had been a deaf mute from his birth, but was intelligent, acute and keenly observant of every object coming within the compass of his vision.

He conversed readily with all the inmates of the family by finger signs. He was an adept with the bow and arrow, and as a scout upon track or trail he was without an equal in the entire Shiwassos band. His services had already been so signal, and his skill and bravery so important and eminent, that Chessaning, contrary to usage and overlooking his infirmities had raised him to the rank of a brave on the war path.

Segoquen had ingeniously sought a remedy for his lack of the faculty of hearing by training a dog of remarkable acuteness to accompany his foot steps and to hear for him. In other words, the mute by closely watching the dog could easily tell by his motions when any sound disturbed him. The dog, although of native breed, had the keen scent of a hound in following a

track. His body was long, but his limbs were short. His tail was bushy and carried low. His step was quick but stealthy. His hair was mainly coarse, shaggy and dark colored, but mottled with gray. His eyes were deep set, round and having the deep far-reaching sight of the lynx. His ears were delicately formed, being thin, pliable and covered with soft velvety hair. They stood partially erect from the base but lopped over at the tips. They were lifted or depressed at pleasure by the dog, having the ceaseless flutter of the aspen when he was excited by scent or sound. On the evening the two outlaws reached Omagansee as we have above related, the mute and dog were both with the Chief at Owasso.

From the first glimmer of the morning dawn the renegades had been astir. They had reconnoitered the lodge of the chief with its vacant grounds and avenues or paths. One of the latter led from the front entrance angling down stream to the main landing. Another led from the south side entrance obliquely up stream to a small family landing. The outlaws next entered their canoe and passed along up stream above the upper landing.

Having thus completed a full survey for their guidance in a premeditated though subsequent visit, they had turned their canoe for descending the stream on their return for Wassebeewing. They had then a half hour's morning sun with the air of that springtime soft and balmy.

At the moment they thus headed about, the south entrance of the lodge was brushed aside and two little children came bounding forth followed by their attendant maiden. From the talk the previous evening at the trader's lodge to which the renegades had listened,

they recognized the three at sight, and instantly the fiendish scheme for their abduction was concocted by the miscreants. They shot their canoe under a fringe of bushes on the western side. The pale face leaped ashore leaving the native to drop the canoe cautiously down to the landing.

The white outlaw was left to make his way covertly under the bushes close to the same port. The fact turned out as the outlaws had shrewdly surmised. The three from the lodge were bound for that landing. The children came to watch for the coming of the Chief, their father. Down the path the little ones skipped in gleesome mood, with many frolicsome antics and playful gambols. The maiden came more demurely, but yet with a light tripping step. The children sprang to the verge of the landing and cast their quick glances up stream towards Owasso.

The maiden stopped within a few feet attentively watching their movements. Together the outlaws moved. The pale face leaped within reach of the maiden, but the native rushed his canoe bow on the landing. With a smart blow of his hatchet handle the white kidnapper struck the maiden on the temple, thus felling her senseless to the ground. The native leaped ashore seizing the boy as the other did the little girl and together they tossed them inside of the canoe.

The native followed with a spring and holding over them his drawn knife menacingly, told them he would cut their throats if they spoke a word or made a loud noise. The other renegade next stepped aboard with the unconscious maiden in his arms, and laying her down sprang ashore and shoved off the canoe by the bow stern. Vaulting into the floating craft each with

his paddle sent it flying down the current past the lower settlement.

The pale face laying aside his paddle bent over the side of the canoe and scooping up water with both his hands threw it in the face of the yet unconscious maiden. He repeated the application a second and even a third time. Then came a sigh, a shiver, a gasping breath, and the eyelids slowly opened. With a bewildered look the maiden gazed at him and then around till her eye chanced to light upon the children.

She raised herself to a sitting posture and stretched out her hands to them. They crept towards her, till each nestled its little head in her lap. During the whole scene not a tear had been shed, not a whimper had been heard from either. The young woman threaded her fingers through their locks caressingly, and then bending down her head kissed them lovingly. Lifting up her eyes she fixed them wistfully, beseechingly upon the face of the renegades each in turn.

The native looked grim, unmoved and malignant; the pale face equally relentless, but, stirred by that touching though mute appeal, addressed here in words designed simply to allay her fears of present violence. He told her that if they remained quiet and submissive, they should not be harmed beyond being held in captivity. But from it they would never be released.

His brief statement was barely ended when little Red Cloud standing up erect, with flashing eye fixed fearlessly on the white man's face spoke out sharply.

"Me think you mean coward to steal children. Red Cloud is little boy and can't fight. He will some day be big chief. Then he will kill all such bad men."

The pale face was at first surprised, and then his features fairly worked under the power of the childish



home thrust. The eye of the native burned with a dangerous light, as his hand for an instant wandered from the paddle to his knife handle. Just then Dew Drop stood up beside her brother and with a resolute rather than a fiery tone she said, "Dew Drop is little girl. When she is woman she will not fight or kill bad men."

The pale face amused by her pertness and the abrupt close of her speech carelessly inquired, "What then will you do?" The answer came sharply on the heel of the question, "I will have them whipped with rods by many braves, as mamma once did." The shock of that reply ran shivering through the frame of the white renegade, whilst the native throwing down his paddle drew his knife, with a malignant scowl on his swarthy features and a fiendish glance at the children.

The white man at once interfered, saying sternly to the native, "What folly is this, to flare up in fierce anger at the idle prattle of babes? Put up your knife, and be content to use it on men. These children we are to keep, that through them we may continue to punish their mother. I foresee that the task will be difficult, short of brute force. You know what my theory is, that blood will tell. In these two little speeches Red Cloud has flashed out the spirit of Chessaning, whilst Dew Drop has evinced the resolute will of Mokishenoqua." Both of the renegades relapsing into silence were content to ply themselves diligently to their paddles.

Two hours after the downstream flight of the renegades with their captives, Chessaning and Segoquen arrived at the upper landing by canoe from Owasso. They found the whole settlement alive and laboring under intense excitement. Males and females were

rushing to and fro on the land, whilst canoes were glancing everywhere over the water's surface.

Mokishenoqua, tearless and motionless, stood like a marble statue on that upper landing as Chessaning leaping ashore stood facing her. The Chief discerned in that still exterior, the voiceless agony which was crushed back and held locked in that heaving bosom. A nameless horror ran thrilling through his nervous system, chilling the blood and congealing the heart with all its life issues.

Speech first came to the lips of the wife and mother. The tones were even, but the voice was chilled as though freezing with a death touch at the point of utterance. "We are childless," were the words she spoke, and that was all. O! For the power! by a word picture to limn out the features of the Chief as those words of doom fell on his ear and the mighty agony came surging over the face, swelling, then shrivelling, twisting, then contorting nerve and tendon, forcing the beaded drops of horror to stand out thickly on the brow and sweeping across the features with shadows successively livid, then leaden and finally of ashen hue. Parrhasius, the great artist painter of antiquity, might wring from his bruised and broken slave victim on the rack and transfer to his canvass the master expression of agony produced by physical suffering and the pangs of acute bodily pain, but the agony of which we now speak was mental and heart agony, intense, unbearable and excruciating.

For a brief space eyesight failed, the brain reeled and trembled in dizzy whirl, whilst bodily strength departed. The Chief swayed from side to side and then staggering would have fallen, but the hand of that wonderful woman caught his arm and her loving

words revived and rallied his fainting spirit. She said, soothingly, "We are still left to each other." The fact thus tenderly announced he grasped as a sure anchor to the soul in that tempest of thought agony. Both sight and strength returned and the brain was clear and steady again.

Then too Segoquen approached holding up a tiny moccasin to view. Mokishenoqua seized and kissed it saying, "It must have fallen from the foot of Red Cloud." Then as the mute still held out his hand she restored it to him. He examined it critically as though making its imprint on mind and memory and then thrust it into his bosom. Next in his language of signs he addressed them. "The children are not dead, but captives. I want this landing for a short time wholly to myself. I shall find the trail and follow it. I shall also find and bring your children safely back."

With these words of hope and promise the stricken parents walked to the lodge whilst the mute bent himself on hands and knees to his task. Every foot of that ground was scrutinized by that falcon eye. Every mark, dent, or imprint was noticed. Fortunately none but the parents and himself had been there since the abduction. He found the track of the pale face and knew by its size and toeing out that a white man made it. He found two or three foot prints of the other as he had stepped ashore to seize the child.

He next traced the light foot prints of the maiden to where she had stopped. There he found the impression made by her fall, and the slight dragging of the feet as the renegade had lifted and borne her unconscious form to the canoe. Standing at the point where the maiden fell he glanced around him. He saw in

the edge of the bushes a few feet south a twig lopped and newly broken, and stepping to the place he readily traced back the track to where he had landed from the canoe.

Segoquen was master of the whole mystery. He held the threads to lead him through the labyrinth to a satisfactory conclusion. He could solve the problem of the sudden disappearance of both maiden and children. He started for the lodge but met in the path the half-breed trader and lover of the maiden, full of grief for her loss and wild with terror at her probable fate, for he had come from the lodge where the Chief had told him that the three had been kidnapped by some unknown ruffians.

The half-breed was spirited, intelligent, a good hunter and skilled in the use of the bow and arrow. He and the mute were intimate friends and conversed readily with each other by signs. Segoquen told him of his discoveries and of his resolve to leave at once in pursuit. The half-breed urgently requested the privilege of bearing him company. The mute knew that he was handy and trusty and that love for the maiden would make him wary and watchful. So the offer was accepted and a half hour's time for preparation allowed.

As they separated, Segoquen sped to the lodge informing the parents of all his discoveries. He told them with confidence that a pale face and a native were the abductors, that the maiden had been struck down, the children first put in the canoe, then she was borne aboard in the arms of the pale face who had shoved the canoe afloat, and they had gone down stream.

Mokishenoqua having listened attentively now spoke, "I can see it all very plain. It is the work of

revenge long deferred. Segoquen is right. The kidnappers are the two renegades who six years ago abducted Onwanamache, and whom I caused to be severely castigated and banished from the Wakishegan. Oh! My poor children! I fear they are lost!"

Segoquen caught from her lips the substance of her remarks. He replied in his language, "Let me go. I will find and bring them back." They both implicitly trusted him. They knew him to be capable of wonderful exploits. They gave him a hearty consent. The provisions and the arms of the two were placed in a good serviceable canoe, and as a last precaution the mute took his dog to the upper landing, showed him the tracks and took him up the margin and let him follow that track to the landing.

Then they embarked and the two plied their paddles with practiced dip, but without exhaustive effort, as their trip would doubtless prove a lengthy one. They were agreed that up the Tittabawassee the renegades had gone with their captives. Knowing of the hostilities about commencing between the two bands, Segoquen surmised that the act of the renegades had the sanction of Gray Eagle. If so, then they would make direct for Wassebeewing to report to the Chief.

Thus reasoning, they lost no time in searches by the way or at the mouth of either of the rivers. Finally they turned up the Tittabawassee and pursued their way for a half score of miles. Here near the south bank was a cluster of large wide-spreading forest trees. Under them they could see from their canoe that many fires had been kindled and they were satisfied it was a wayside stopping place for rest and for cooking food.

They ran up, landed and entered upon a search. The mute fastened his eye upon the dog who was busily sniffing over the ground. He saw him suddenly stop. The dog with his ears rising and falling in a flutter and eye and nose fastened upon a foot print. Segoquen advanced to the spot as the dog started with nose to the ground and wagging tail for the camp ground.

The mute found a large moccasin track toeing out, and a second smaller one stepping native fashion over all the toes, also a third track still smaller and evidently that of a squaw. The two scouts followed the dog to where a fire had been kindled and where hot embers yet remained. Seating themselves, they made a meal of their prepared food, giving to the dog a liberal share.

Then rising to depart, the dog found and followed the return track of the outlaws to the water side. The mute and half-breed were now in exuberant spirits. They felt assured that they were close on the track and that the captives were yet safe. They reasoned that the ruffians had each carried one of the children in his arms, and that the third small track was that of the maiden.

From that moment the half-breed believed in the dog as implicitly as Segoquen had done for years. They again embarked and steadily advanced hour after hour till they knew by many indubitable signs that they were in the vicinity of Wassebeewing. Discovering on the bank the mouth of a small rivulet, they pushed their canoe a few rods up its bed. Landing there they hauled it up under cover of thick bushes.

It was now twilight and they were in a strange land and destitute of a solitary landmark to guide their further search. They had met no canoes in



their lengthy trip and felt confident that as yet no spy was dogging their footsteps. Creeping into a thicket and wrapping themselves in their blankets, they lay down for a sleep of a couple of hours with the dog curled down beside them.

The day succeeding the capture of the maiden and children was the time fixed for the one thousand Shiwassos braves to assemble at Omagansee. At early dawn by trail and by canoe the arrival commenced singly, by twos, and by squads. Before noon of that same day the principal war leader or Chief by a messenger sent to the lodge of Chessaning announced that the complement of warriors was full and arrayed in files for review.

The Chief and his wife, who made a point of being with him till the final departure, walked out upon the open grounds, where taking a favorable position, they witnessed the warlike evolutions, by single and double files, and in close column of attack. The whole performance was highly creditable and the feeling of pride brought a glow to the features and a flash and glitter to the eye of both Chief and wife alike.

Chessaning was warrior born and a gifted enthusiastic leader on the war path. Mokishenoqua had a vivid recollection of the time when as a maiden leader of the Wakishos she had maneuvered them with signal ability on the war path and in sanguinary conflict. They were indeed a couple of princely mould and well did they acquit themselves, as in set terms and chosen phrase each in turn commended both leaders and braves. Then bowing gracefully to the assemblage they retired to their lodge.

Little would a stranger have imagined that noble couple to be then and there heart-stricken by a cruel bereavement. Two hours later that martial force were all in their canoes and the Chief, bidding adieu to his wife, leaped into a central canoe and gave order for a forward movement. Down the broad stream went that gallant canoe fleet with measured paddle stroke and three abreast. As they passed the mouth of the Peonigowink they observed a fleet of almost equal force descending under Neome the Pewanigo Chief. Sweeping grandly onward and past the junction of the Wakishegan, the Shiwassos fleet in due time reached and turned up the Tittabawassee. Half an hour later the mouth of that river was tightly sealed by the blockading squadron of Neome wedged in side by side and from shore to shore.

Chessaning pressed on with his fleet for ten miles and then moored his canoes and camped his men in a shady grove. At the same hour the braves of Neome went into bivouac on either shore at the mouth. On that same day at noon the old Chief Okemos started his five hundred Ottawa braves from the northern elbow of the Grand River near the present village of Lyons. They were destined for the upper settlements of the Wassanings on the branches of the Tittabawassee by an overland route.

The old Chief of many active campaigns had thought to content himself at home with a war force abroad. But after one sleepless night he started early in the following morning with two trusty scouts on the trail of his party. Pushing briskly and steadily forward he reached their camp on the succeeding night where he enjoyed a few hours of refreshing sleep.

Segoquen and the half-breed were also including in a short respite in an unknown and hostile vicinity. After the lapse of a couple of hours they awoke, and sharing a hasty lunch with the dog they advanced up the south margin of the river towards Wassebeewing. The night was starlight, with the moon in its quartering. Striking a river trail, their progress was rapid, and presently lights were seen on the eastern side of the south affluent of the main stream.

Advancing now cautiously and taking advantage of an elevation, they soon ascertained the fact that the main settlement was on the far side of that branch and on the peninsula between it and the main river. Still as there seemed to be quite a stir in the small settlement near them, they concluded to approach and reconnoiter. There seemed to be a gathering of both sexes in the open air and a confused medley of talk.

The half-breed volunteered to creep within ear-shot and listen. This was adroitly done, and he soon learned that two renegadés had arrived fresh from Omagansee; that the Shiwassos, a thousand strong were soon to approach by the river, and thereafter there would be no more passing as the Pewanigos in force would blockade the mouth. This might cut off some hundreds of their allies from the north who were to come by water transit.

He also learned that they had brought with them three captives, a maiden and two children, but where from was kept a secret. Creeping back to a safe distance, the half-breed then hastily sought the mute and imparted to him what news he had gleaned. The latter was highly gratified. He next proposed that they follow up the smaller stream beyond the

settlement and then cross over during the night, which they safely achieved by wading at the rapids above.

In the early dawn they ascended an abrupt wooded elevation, whence they discovered that the settlement was alive with people rushing hither and thither. In that observatory they stayed during the day and until twilight had deepened into night. Then descending to the ordinary level Segoquen proposed that they skirt up around the southwestern margin of the settlement to the main river. This was tedious work as they found an outlying guard had been posted and in two or three instances a close watch of the motions of the dog, alone saved them from running foul of these hidden foes.

At early dawn they had completed their circuit by striking the up-river trail, and retired back inland to a small bushy knoll where they slept away most of that day. In the fast vanishing twilight they prepared to move again, when suddenly the dog fastened a firm grip of his teeth on the legging of the mute. The latter in by-gone times had experienced that same check and knew it foretold some pressing danger. Giving a sign to the half-breed, both threw themselves at length upon the ground, crawling towards the dog now crouching a few feet ahead and to the right of where they had dropped.

The eye of the mute rested on the dog, whose velvety ears were lifting and fluttering, his gaze steadily fixed in one direction. Tracing that line of sight, the eye of Segoquen detected a slight motion of the herbage and shrubs a few rods distant, and shortly thereafter discovered a small dark spot exposed, about the size of his hand. His arrow was at once notched on the bow string, but he waited to make sure of some vital

part. Not so with the half-breed. He too with arrow ready had seen the herbage move and then the dark spot appear.

He waited no longer, but rising to his knees discharged his arrow. The aim was perfect, but it simply transfixed the shoulder of a crawling foe. It had however the effect of a lethal wound upon the victim. He remained prostrate on the ground but commenced a piteous moaning. The dog now rising advanced fearlessly with the men following. The wounded person proved to be a half-breed whom both knew as a former resident of Omagansee. He had fallen into loose habits, had been thrice detected in larcencies from the residents and was ultimately scourged and banished.

He now informed them that he had joined the renegades on that river and had been ordered into service by Gray Eagle; that he had no stomach for the fight and was at the moment of his wounding attempting to desert into the forest. He had just previously caught a glimpse of them and supposed they were outlying scouts of the old chief. The half-breed trader having some skill in the surgical art now carefully extracted the arrow and dressed the wounded shoulder with such appliances as he had at hand.

The wounded man, grateful for the service gave them the news of the enemy's movements; among other things he mentioned the arrival of the two renegades from Omagansee and that for their services on that mission the Chief had exempted them from further service in the war.

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The red streaks of dawn were already glinting up the eastern horizon. Standing by the bank they watched and waited still. The dog was busily moving about with nose to the ground. Presently he gave his usual signal of discovery. Segoquen darted forward. There was the moccasin track of the pale face, and another of a native, whilst as though following them the small track of a squaw.

Presently, Segoquen, stooping, clutched a tiny object from the pebbles close by the river brink. It was the diminutive moccasin of a child decorated with fancy bead and quill work. An instant his eye fairly gloated over the sight. Then thrusting h's hand beneath the garment on his chest he brought forth its counterpart found by him away back at Omagansee. They were both overjoyed. They were past Wassebeewing and still held the night trail. The wounded renegade had spoken truly. They now knew where to search. They put their provisions and blankets in the canoe and shoving off leaped aboard with the dog and started up stream with eager paddle dips.

The two renegade abductors with their captives had made good time in their trip to Wassebeewing, and promptly reported their news to Gray Eagle, taking their captives with them to his lodge. Their report was highly satisfactory to him, and he readily granted them complete exemption from further service in the war. During their conference Red Cloud and Dew Drop had approached near, and, the eye of the Chief falling upon them, he inquired whose children they were.

The White renegade commenced with an evasive reply. The chief curtly checked his falsehood by turning to the children and putting the question



direct. "Boy who is your father?" The little bright-eyed fellow, standing erect and unabashed replied, "I am Red Cloud. My father is Chessaning, Chief over at Omagansee." With a start of surprise, Gray Eagle, glancing at the little girl, put to her the question "Who is your mother?" She unfalteringly replied, "Mokish-enouqua is my mother, and Red Cloud is my brother."

Turning again to the boy the Chief put to him the further question, "Where is your father, and how came you here?" Again the answer came proudly. "Chessaning gone to make big fight with Gray Eagle. We came here 'cause these thieves stole and brought us here from our home." The Chief amused by the thrust at the outlaws, continued his questions. "What does Red Cloud mean to do about it?" The boy replied, "Me mean do nothing now, too little. Soon be big Chief. Then kill all such thieves as Chessanning once did." A broad smile now rested on the swarthy features of Gray Eagle. He enjoyed tantalizing those renegades.

Looking again aside at the little girl he inquired of her, "What will Dew Drop do?" With a steady thoughtful look she answered, "When me get to be a woman, me have all child and women stealers whipped with big rods by many braves as mamma did the two who stole my Auntie Onwanamache." The chief closed by saying, "Answered by both you children as becomes the blood you inherit from your parents. The spirit is royal, as the stock is noble."

Turning then to the renegades, Gray Eagle sternly remarked, "These children have unwittingly told me your history. I have now your key motive for their abduction. You can take them with you to your place of retreat, because they and the maiden will be

safer there than here in the pending battles. But you will hold them subject to my call. Now, mark me! If you neglect or stint them in food or clothing, or abuse either of the three ever so lightly, I will have you skinned alive with knives, and your raw bodies shall be dipped into the brimy water running from the springs near your stopping place. Now begone. I have done with such as you are."

They hastily left his presence, shivering in abject terror at his horrible threat, hastening to procure some needed articles of clothing for use, including a suitable blanket for each of the three and a pair of moccasins for Red Cloud. The boy claimed and kept the one taken from his foot and which he doubtless dropped accidentally at the upper landing where Segoquen regained it.

In a few hours the outlaws took their captives up on the trail, as the native had previously run up their canoe for safety out of the throng below. Thence upward to the settlement near their retreat, their journey was without incident, but their demeanor towards the captives was vastly improved. They became attentive, even kind. They had designed to make a stoppage of some weeks in the settlement in their home region. They meant to enlarge and render more commodious their old cramped and dingy lodge out in a secluded dell a few miles away, so as to accommodate their family so suddenly and strangely multiplied.

But that settlement had been doomed to a hostile attack, and the time set for the purpose was the night the renegades arrived with their captives. Whilst on his overland forest march Okemos had sent forward his scouts to make a survey of the region, who

had reported back to him the situation and surroundings of that settlement with the best avenue of approach for a night attack. Fortunately for the renegades and captives, they found on their arrival and took possession of a vacant lodge close by the landing and on the opposite side of the village from that of the premeditated assault.

In the evening they had secured from a resident a saddle of venison, and kindling a central fire in the lodge, they prepared and all partook with a keen relish of a broil of venison steaks. Then wrapped in their blankets and with feet towards the smouldering fire they sought the rest needed by all. Towards morning they were roused by the distant but still terrible war-whoop of the five hundred Ottawa braves and the blood curdling shrieks of women and children nearer at hand.

As they had not disrobed, all sprang to their feet, throwing aside their blankets, and rushing outside. Already the wild havoc of war and desolation was fully initiated. Wigwams were in flames and onward swept the invading phalanx, and still nearer came the flying, shrieking and falling victims. With a single glance the outlaws comprehended the situation and their own imminent peril. Hurriedly seizing their goods they drove their captives before them to their canoe and, embarking, shot away upstream with the nervous and concentrated effort of men working for life itself.

The stream there reduced to a small volume was very crooked and filled with obstacles. It required both skill and a knowledge of its windings to keep the channel and navigate it with even tolerable safety. Thus for half a score of miles they toiled on, finally landing at the mouth of their secluded dell. Here

they led the way two score rods to their rude cabin constructed with hemlock boughs on a frame of crotches and transverse poles and crawling inside experienced for the first time in several hours a feeling of relief and of present safety.

Now the raid of the Ottawa band through that settlement was like the passage of a tornado through a forest glade. It was no part of the policy of Okemos to hunt for victims on the ground or to pursue the fugitives outside of the settlement. His purpose was to send the terror-stricken and helpless mass by canoe down upon the bands of Gray Eagle at Wassebeewing. Right onward the compact band of warriors pressed applying the torch right and left. The line of march was nearly parallel with that of the stream.

As they thus swept past the lodges, they left behind a solid sheet of flame which overlapped and consumed a vast majority of all those frail and combustible tenements. Onward with unflagging footsteps went the Chief down stream but keeping inland from river view.

With even step and elastic tread close in the rear of Okemos followed that silent band till the fiery illumination in their rear faded from view in the distance of miles away. The object was to outstrip the fugitives and be the first to reach the only considerable village on that side of the river, midway between the desolated settlement and the capital, Wassebeewing.

At the latter place Gray Eagle massed his forces some fifteen hundred strong including about three hundred northern allies from overland and forty outlaws impressed into service. Having great confidence in outnumbering Chessaning, he resolved on giving him battles some ten miles below his capital on the

south bank of the river and was on the point of departure when the first fugitives by canoe loads arrived from the devastated settlement above. They spread the news of the swift and sweeping destruction of their settlement by the Ottawas in countless numbers and of their near approach to the intermediate village.

The Chief was now filled with alarm. He fully realized the magnitude of the danger by which he was fast being environed. He first resolved to divide his force and fight both ways. Next came upon him, pell mell, hundreds of canoes from above, laden with men, women and children, flying as they supposed from torch and knife. The Chief abandoned the idea of advancing up stream or of going far to meet the Shiwassos below.

Half a mile away in the latter direction the trail one hundred rods inland from the river, came up a narrow valley for a short distance between the precipitous slopes of high ridges. There with one thousand men he could make a successful stand. The other five hundred he would draw in a close line from the river to its southern branch in the rear of the village. These he imagined would be able to ward off the raiding band of Okemos, and there if anywhere he could force the allies and the renegades to fight.

He hastily posted his main force in that valley and nearly up both the adjacent slopes. Flying back he stretched that defensive line in the rear of his settlement. His eastern scout came in with news of the approach of the full force of Chessaning to within five miles. Next came a runner from the west with the startling intelligence that Okemos was swiftly advancing and his band was already far below the nearest settlement.

Gray Eagle thus became aware of the fact that he was liable to an attack within the hour by one and probably both of those hostile invading bands. But he did not know the further fact that the chief of each had by trusty scouts been fully posted as to the exact disposition he had made of his own divided force. At length from a slight eminence he discovered the van of the Shiwassos as they hove in sight east of the valley in which his own force was now lying in ambush. He joined the latter hastily to direct the fight now imminent.

When we last parted company with Segoquen and the half breed they had got under way from the landing above Wasseebeewing, with renewed hope and a lively use of their paddles. Onward they pushed during all that day and till evening had fully come. They were within three miles of that upper settlement but in entire ignorance of the fact. Wearied by their protracted efforts they landed, concealed their canoe, retired for a space into the bush and partook of their rations of dried meat. Next they slept with the dog circled up at their feet.

In the early morning the mute was awakened by the dog licking his face. He was in a moment fully conscious, and nudging the half-breed they both raised themselves to a sitting posture, the one to look, the other to hear. The dog crept towards the water, and they followed furtively to a spot whence the view of the river was clear, where they heard jerking paddle strokes and dimly saw scores of canoes shooting past them down the river current.

Next they saw by the motions of the dog that something inland troubled him. Fearful of surprise and capture, they crept hastily for many rods towards the



interior and until the half-breed heard the tramp of many feet. Both caught glimpses of a line of shadowy forms flitting along the eastern trail. Back they turned again and crept this time for their canoe. They found the river again deserted and running with its accustomed quiet flow.

They launched and started their canoe upward on their trip, but wondering much at what they had seen and heard. Turning a headland in a curve of the stream they beheld a great light flashing upward and throwing a broad illumination far and wide. Startled by all these phenomena coming in quick succession they sent their canoe ahead with vigorous paddle strokes. The burning village was soon in open view and they knew it to be the work of an enemy. From what they knew of the war plans of the campaign they soon reached a satisfactory solution. The Ottawa band of Okemos had been there.

Following up this line of thought the canoes must have been filled with fugitives and the dusky forms they had dimly seen back on the trail were the raiding Ottawa band. Reaching the landing, they found that the fire had already made sad havoc with the frail tenements. Then for the first time in view of the wide desolation, the conviction fastened upon their minds that the maiden and the captive children for whom they had made such untiring search must have been there and if so they must have miserably perished in that fiery visitation.

They spent several hours in a critical survey of the burnt and now smouldering district, but without the discovery of aught save divers human bodies slowly consuming in that smothered combustion. They were downcast and sorely distressed. But when faith and

hope were alike deserting them the eye of Segoquen chanced to fall on the dog. The latter was intently sniffing and eyeing the ground at the upper edge of the landing and close by the water. Then the ears lifted with that aspen flutter and the tail was soon steadily wagging.

Segoquen sprang hastily to the spot and there saw the plain imprint of a large moccasin. He also discovered where a canoe had been shoved off by the bow, with an upstream sling-movement. He rapidly informed the half-breed by signs that those they sought had escaped by an upward course. In five minutes time they were in their canoe with the dog and with renewed hope and vigor were once more in swift pursuit.

The outlaws up at their rude cabin with their captives were all hungry, but destitute of food. Kindling a fire, the told the maiden and children to wrap up in their blankets and sleep till they returned with food. Then equipped with bow, arrows and knives, they sallied forth for a hunt. They were not fortunate in their quest of game and hours elapsed ere they returned with the carcass of a deer.

In the meantime the maiden had obediently spread the blankets as if to sleep before they left, then sprang to an aperture and watched them out of sight. From their first captivity she had waited most anxiously for such an opportunity. She judged that escape by canoe was now possible, and, skilled in the use of the paddle, she would run back down to Wassebeewing and appeal to Gray Eagle for protection; he had spoken kindly to the children and she had heard his charge to the outlaws as to their treatment of their captives.

She turned from the aperture towards the children to witness between them glances of singular intelligence and shrewdness. Red Cloud proudly self-reliant spoke, "We can now go back by canoe. I know the way, for me watch everything as we come along." Here Dew Drop had her word of encouragement, "You won't have to paddle much, for mamma says canoe always go easy down stream."

Proud of their spirit and made hopeful by their words, the maiden gathered up their blankets into a bundle and followed with a quick step as the children skipped ahead of her down to the canoe. She placed them within, shoved off by the bow stern, sprang aboard and seizing the paddle headed the craft with the current, and with a few smart strokes sent it gliding swiftly on its way.

Her experience on the water was limited to broad smooth streams with long straight stretches free from all obstruction. She had no knowledge of the force and current drift in sharp turns and abrupt elbows, and she knew not of the danger from projecting logs and limbs fast to the shore. Finding their passage as yet smooth and sufficiently rapid, she was content with holding the paddle with an occasional dip to direct the canoe aright.

They had advanced thus about three miles, when they neared a double turn with a sharp elbow projecting to the south. The bank opposite that point was high and steep; in fact, being a simple ridge running shore-wise and falling off southward as abruptly into a parallel valley. Attracted by the prattle of the children, the maiden saw no danger until the canoe, caught by the current, was borne into the whirl of an inner eddy. It was there spitted upon the sharp end

of a limb attached to a tree-body lying horizontally above the water but fastened by its roots to the shore.

The rent in the birchen canoe was large and the water, rushing in, would soon have sunk it but for the firm hold of the limb. The maiden knew that their voyage was then and there ended. With rare presence of mind she first placed the little ones upon the tree-body. Red Cloud walked it with light firm step to the bank. Dew Drop watched him to the shore and then as firmly and briskly tripped after him and jumped from the roots to the soil.

The maiden gathered up the blankets, now floating, wrung them out one by one and with them stepped the log to where the children stood. Telling them to remain quiet, she started up the bank obliquely for the summit. The active little sprites thus left behind watched her a moment and then with hands and feet climbed nimbly after her, thus reaching the top surface without her aid.

Standing upon the elevated ridge the maiden first scanned the surrounding region and then looked down into the valley below. She had heard the renegades say there was a river trail along the south shore, and it must then be down in that valley. She descended the slope, the children following closely and safely. She went out on the level distance of an arrow's flight, and there sat down at the roots of a large tree, overcome by a new and most appalling thought. They had no food, no means of procuring any, and the children must die of starvation. She had no tears for herself, but for her pets, and wept bitterly.

While she sat oppressed with these harrowing apprehensions, Segoquen and the half-breed had reached that elbow of the river in their diligent ascent and were

rounding close up on the north when they espied the wrecked canoe still hanging fast to the limb. They turned in along side for a closer inspection of the abandoned craft. The dog seemed strangely excited. Sniffing at the wreck, he finally sprang upon its narrow gunwale and thence to the log. There with all his lively signals of a rare discovery he traversed the log, and then flying up the bank was lost to their view.

Segoquen by signs directed the half-breed to make their canoe fast to the limb and then to follow. This done he sprang upon the log, took its lengths in leaps, and up that ridge he climbed with surprising fleetness. The half-breed made the canoe fast in a trice, and then springing to the log in turn made up the ascent, reaching the summit but a few moments behind the other.

As the half-breed came to the side of the mute he found that his falcon eye was already darting its glance from object to object in that low valley. Suddenly through a narrow vista between the forest branches it fastened on a precious group. Catching the eye of the half-breed he pointed out to him the spectacle that now stirred their inmost souls.

There in plain view was the dog frisking and leaping about the maiden and children who were in turn caressing and fondling him with loving hands. As the scouts were upon the point of rushing down the slope towards the group, a shrill but mournful wail, childlike in tone smote upon the ear of the half-breed coming from some distance to the right of the maiden and children. He touched the arm of the mute and the eyes of both were turned in that direction. They saw a sight which fairly stopped their heart throbs; there upon the tree tops, side by side, two full-sized panthers were making directly for the group on the

ground below. An instant more and the two men went flying down the slope over the level space for the same objective.

It was a race for lives far more precious to them than their own. Luckily each carried his bow with arrow clasped beside it. The acute ear of the maiden had also caught the sound of that hungry wail, knew its fearful import, and gathered the direction whence it came. Hurrying the children around on the opposite side of the tree, she covered them with her own person as a shield.

The dog, governed by instinct, rushed a few steps towards the approaching animals, and with furious growls and circling jumps seemed to court their attention and first assault. The male panther took the lead by a dozen yards. Gradually descending to the larger and lower limbs, he finally struck a main horizontal branch, not over twenty feet from the ground and about the same distance to the west of where the dog maintained his stand.

Segoquen with bounding leaps coming from the north was at the moment not over twenty paces from the dog. The male panther uttered a succession of abrupt and terrific screams as he stood upon the limb lashing his sides with his long tail, with red wide-open mouth, and eyes like balls of flame.

Behind the tree Dew Drop sat nestled quietly. The maiden shivered with fear bending over her. Red Cloud breaking incontinently loose from her hand stepped out far enough to gaze upon the panther and the dog. The half-breed was yet a few rods in the rear of the mute but still advancing. The dog suddenly ceasing to jump about stood gazing intently at his foe on the limb, who setting all his feet firmly



and curving his spine upward went like a ball through the air for the dog.

The latter had no intention of abiding the shock. He made on the instant a springing leap of fully ten feet in the direction of Segoquen, who had halted and stood with arrow notched on his bow string. The half-breed kept advancing. The panther as he struck the ground finding himself foiled of his prey, wheeled facing the dog again with an angry scream. Settling himself for another spring he stood with head well up and open mouth. For that mark Segoquen aimed and discharged his arrow. Entering mouth and throat that missile pierced its way through muscle and flesh and finally beside the neck bone and well back towards the fore shoulders. Instead of his forward leap the animal went into a series of circling whirls and rolls upon the ground. The mute sprang forward near him tomahawk in hand, and warily avoiding actual contact watched his chance till with a lightning blow planted the edge of the weapon behind the ear, severing the grand artery and ending life with a few powerful convulsive spasms.

The half-breed had just stopped near the mute, when the female panther with a continuous round of sharp screams landed on the same limb the male had last occupied. In a perfect storm of fury, as though aware her mate was slain, and with eyes fairly scintillating sparks of fire, she curved her back swiftly up for a downward spring at Segoquen. The half-breed saw and met the crisis. He took advantage of the momentary chance offered by the last movement of the animal, and with a quick aim at that curved spine down by the loins, his arrow went on its fatal mission. It pierced through hide and brawn and flesh entering

far within one of those loose mobile joints of the spinal column. The instant effect was paralysis of the body and limbs below, final and complete. The main body dropped backwards from the limb leaving the animal, still tenacious for life and therein true to its feline nature, hanging suspended by its fore feet. Its head still lay above and between them with the eyes peering over the limb and glinting down their fiery light upon her assailants.

Robin Hood, of Sherwood forest memory, never made a more skilful or accurate shot than did Segoquen in the forest drama in that secluded valley. His aim was for one of those fiery orbs above the limb. The arrow penetrated the brain and the animal dropped at once but was dead before it reached the earth.

The two men were about rushing to the group by the tree, when the dog, failing to catch the eye of either seized hold of the legging of the mute, a signal the latter never disregarded. He stopped short and looked in the direction the dog was excitedly gazing. The half-breed with one foot uplifted for a spring happened to glance at Segoquen; his foot dropped and his eye took the range of the same line of sight. The three were now looking to the summit of the ridge so recently left by them, where they caught a glimpse of the two renegades who had abducted the maiden and the children.

How came these ruffians then and there? Upon their return to the cabin where they had left their captives, they found them missing; after fruitless search, and noticing that the blankets had also disappeared, the suspicion became conviction that the captives had fled. The white said to the native, "We will eat before we leave; broil some steaks while I go for the canoe; but

not finding it, he retraced his steps to the cabin. The native had a fire kindled into a clear blaze, and together the half-famished men cooked and ate a hearty meal. They also broiled a bountiful supply to use cold when journeying. They had faith in their ability to overtake the fugitives, their hopes resting mainly upon the chances that the maiden would lack the skill or the ability to keep the canoe from running foul of some one of the numerous obstacles.

Starting out with weapons and prepared food, they had reached that ridge we have described, but before quite reaching the point whence they might have descried the now stationary canoes, the last angry yells of the female panther attracted their notice, arousing their suspicion that the animal was sharp on the scent of its prey and that those they looked for might be in the vicinity. Slowly advancing along the ridge they steadily scanned the valley. While thus employed the dog detected their presence and gave his signal to the mute, who on the instant made the same discovery and told the half-breed by signs what to do. Both suddenly dropped to the ground bow and arrow in hand and headed towards the ridge. As they advanced they diverged so that at the end of twenty rods they were half that distance apart.

Little Red Cloud had witnessed the entire conflict with the panthers and the manner of their slaughter, a scene new to him and most of it strange and incomprehensible. As the scouts crept away from the ground the dog lay down near the body of the male panther. Red Cloud thought he would go and view the animal lying there so still and ran boldly out to the spot, when the native outlaw on the ridge caught a clear view of the child in motion. He pointed him out

to the other and then with ringing whoops they both dashed down the declivity.

The maiden and the children heard the shouts and knew the men as they came bounding forward. Red Cloud ran back to the tree, saying "Segoquen kill panther and he now kill outlaw too." Onward came the renegades without thought of danger or interruption in their recapture of the fugitives, pursuing a line leading about midway between the two men lying in ambush.

The first blow came from the half-breed. He had ranged his eye through a clear space to a spot the outlaws were sure to strike; a moment later the muscular pale face a few feet ahead came plumb upon that open spot, only to fall forward with an arrow deeply buried in his heart. The native, seeing the headlong plunge before him stopped short, with a startled look and a wild glance towards the hiding place whence the arrow came; it was his last look on earth, for in the next breath he too fell prone to the ground with an arrow driven through his lungs.

The two marksmen met by the fallen pair and each made sure of his victim by draining the heart of its last store with a knife blade thrust, haft deep. Taking from the dead their wallets of freshly broiled meat they hastened back to the captives by the tree. The half-breed and maiden met in loving embrace whilst Segoquen clasped the children to his bosom with the fondness of a brother.

Red Cloud soon called attention to a want they all equally shared, by saying, "Me big hungry now. Feel like eating meat, a great heap." Dew Drop added, "It would taste good, but me can wait." The maiden looked wistful but said nothing. Segoquen producing

the wallet of the outlaw spread its contents before the children, feeding the dog also, and imitating his example the half-breed spread the contents of the other wallet before the maiden and together they enjoyed a plentiful repast.

Their meal being finished and the residue saved for future need, they made haste to leave. Rolling up the blankets the maiden swung them to her shoulder whilst the men each with one of the children in his arms led the way for the ridge and their canoe. Feeling sure that the band of Okemos sweeping down would drive the native before it, they resolved to descend in their canoe to the vicinity of Wassebeewing; by means of the tree body they were all safely embarked and those skilled navigators were soon clear of the obstacle and running gallantly down the current.

Chessaning with his files of warriors were rapidly approaching the valley east of Wassebeewing, and Gray Eagle posted therein, with a heavy force lying in ambush across the bottom and up the slopes, Okemos was at the same time rapidly drawing near that settlement from the west. The defense of his capital from the attack of this raiding band Gray Eagle had been compelled to leave to an insufficient body of allies and renegades.

Chessaning marched up in open order to the lower extremity of the valley, having a spur of the ridge on either side of him, descending gradually to the lower level, and seemed all unconscious of any foe in his front. Gray Eagle felt sure that Chessaning was walking blindly into the pit-fall he had dug for him. But upon a preconcerted signal the Shiwassos force was separated lengthwise into equal parallel lines and with Chessaning at the head of one, and his war chief

of the other, up those opposite spurs they nimbly mounted and coursed along the summit of the ridges.

The slaughter commenced as the heads of the files reached the transverse ambush line below them on the slopes and across the valley. There was no pause in the onward quick-step movement of those two summit lines. But as each brave in turn arrived at the favorable point he delivered his arrow with sure aim upon the clustered bodies of the enemy below.

The warriors of Gray Eagle taken at this terrible disadvantage in their disordered recoil went down the slopes pell-mell to the valley level. The last shot from each of the passing summit lines proved equally fatal with the first. Forward went Chessaning and his war chief over the way until descending with their lines the west ends of the ridges they wheeled inward, meeting in the valley and thus forming a living wall between Gray Eagle and Wassebeewing.

The old chief thus barred away from the defense of his village was sorely disheartened. Nearly one-half of his whole valley force were lying there wounded or slain within his view. Rallying the survivors as best he could, he resolved upon a desperate charge through that living barricade; but on his near approach he found the Shiwassos in his front massed in triple lines. He was satisfied that his weakened, shattered force could never pierce and sunder those lines.

Chessaning ever shrewd and politic had purposely allowed his enemy to reach a point whence he could see what was transpiring at the settlement over the southern tributary stream. The band of Okemos was then within one hundred rods of the weak defensive line posted there by Gray Eagle. There Okemos was met by a messenger from Chessaning despatched up



around by the falls, who had been sent the moment the Shiwassos chief had effected a blockade of the valley. The purport of that message was: "I have beaten Gray Eagle already. You can charge down and open your way into the settlement. Slay those who oppose you, but neither enter the settlement nor use the torch without further word from me."

Okemos readily comprehended what was expected of him. Again his band was in motion. Gray Eagle in the cessation of actual hostilities between him and Chessaning, watched with intense anxiety the issue of that charge by Okemos. But before a blow was struck or a winged missile sent the three hundred allies and two score renegades went flying north to the main river and crossing by canoe disappeared in the forest.

The last hope of Gray Eagle perished with that inglorious flight. His own proud heart was broken in that bitter hour. He might yet escape down the valley. But for him life was worthless now. Yet for the lives and safety of his people he would stoop to still lower humiliation. For them he would crave mercy at the hands of his conquerors. Ordering his standard bearer to raise the white flag and advance to Chessaning, with folded arms and head drooping low forward he followed the flag. Reaching within a few feet of the chief he stepped ahead and spoke.

"The Shiwassos chief is my master in strategy and in arms. I am vanquished wholly and submit myself to any fate he may award me. But spare my innocent people upon whom I have brought this great ruin."

Chessaning perceiving how thoroughly Gray Eagle was crushed in spirit and his pride subdued addressed him in softened, even kindly tones.

"Gray Eagle speaks truly. He is beaten in the war he challenged, and he has brought slaughter upon his braves, and utter ruin to the door of his people. For their sakes and because they are blameless Chessaning will spare them. But Gray Eagle shall be judge in his own case. Let him say what ought to be the doom of the Chief who sent vile outlaws to steal my children from under my own roof tree? Will Gray Eagle answer?"

"The Chief who should be guilty of the inhumane deed ought to suffer death by slow torture. Gray Eagle was no party to the abduction of your children. He wanted to know of your plans. He sent two outlaws to discover them. He knew not till afterwards that they bore hatred towards any member of your family."

"But you had my children under your protection! what have you done with them?" was the earnest inquiry of the agonized father.

"I may have erred as to the means I employed to shield them," Gray Eagle answered. "I meant to keep them safe and so return them to you. The outlaws took them out of the perils of this war, away to the upper settlement but with the threat from me that I would flay them alive if they harmed a hair of the heads of maiden or children. But Gray Eagle will withhold no truth. He fears they all perished in the recent destruction of that settlement. I did not dream of that terrible raid of Okemos. I have now spoken."

"Chessaning is too much moved to decide further now," replied the Chief. "He may have misjudged Gray Eagle. He believed the Chief was guilty of stealing his children and had resolved to kill him by cutting off joint by joint and limb by limb. Chessaning now doubts his guilt and will have all things

made plain before he punishes. The Chief will now accompany me to Okemos. Two score braves will follow close ready to kill on signal from me. The rest will remain with the war Chief and guard the captive braves of Gray Eagle here in the valley."

Thereupon the two chiefs advanced to the stream and crossing by canoes approached the Ottawa Chief, the guard of forty walking on each side and in the rear. Okemos received them with dignity and gravely listened to the rehearsal of their talk by Chessaning, who closed by inquiring what he judged to be right between them.

The old Ottawa had steadily watched the features of Gray Eagle. When thus questioned Okemos sternly eyeing the chief of the Wassanings, who unflinchingly returned his gaze, now answered:

"The chief submits,—his people should be spared from further harm. Gray Eagle made the war. It was unjust, but I would not further punish him for that. He already suffers keenly in his deep humiliation before us. I think he is not guilty of ordering the outlaws to invade your dwelling or to kidnap your children. If as a chief he had thus ordered, then he should perish by slow torture.

"But he committed a grievous fault in committing those children again to the custody of the heartless vagabonds. He thereby made himself responsible for their safety and in such case it is life for life by tribal law. Let him promptly search for and return the captives all three in safety or render himself up for execution. So Okemos decides."

Gray Eagle dignified and of royal turn of thought in the midst of his present humiliation replied, "The Ottawa chief speaks wisely. His judgment is just.

Gray Eagle submits to the sentence, and will soon return the captives in safety or render himself up for death. He fears not for himself, but he greatly fears these children fell victims to the destruction of his upper settlement.

"Chessaning has conquered me and the Shiwassos have vanquished the Wassanings. Let the war cease. The boundary line of occupation will be henceforth conceded to run where the Shiwassos claim it. The Shiwassos Chief can take my two children as hostages for the safe return of his or of my voluntary surrender for execution. Gray Eagle has spoken."

The other two chiefs as he ceased to speak bowed their assent to all his terms. But here, and before another step was taken, a new incident occurred. Segoquen and the half-breed were in full view and rapidly advancing with Red Cloud, Dew Drop and the Indian maiden. They had come ashore at the landing above and made inland for the trail, where by the foot prints they knew that the Ottawa band had just preceded them in the direction of Wassebeewing. They felt safe to follow, and arriving where the view was unobstructed they saw at once that the battle was ended and that the Shiwassos and Ottawas were masters of the field.

They recognized both Okemos and Chessaning standing in a group and knew that Gray Eagle was their captive; the maiden pointed him out to them whilst Red Cloud gazing upon the same group exclaimed eagerly, "Him big chief, talked to outlaws and us over there at lodge."

Thus assured they all moved hastily forward and as they came near the scene of the conference, Red Cloud and Dew Drop breaking away from all restraint

rushed with flying steps to the arms of their father. Over that blissful meeting the multitude was deeply moved and the eye of many a stalwart warrior was dim with moisture. As Chessaning placed them again upon the ground they both stepped forward and confidently each placed a little hand in those of Gray Eagle.

The example thus set by the recent captives proved contagious, for as the youths were moving away from the Chief, Okemos and Chessaning together took him each by a hand. Okemos first spoke saying in a cordial tone, "Gray Eagle is a great chief. His thoughts are noble. His words are proved true and his conduct has not demeaned his station."

Chessaning added in a still more animated tone, "I am satisfied that Gray Eagle was not guilty of the crime I had imputed to him. All bitterness has passed out of my heart. I have forgotten his proud words. We can be friends again. Okemos will march his braves with mine to our canoes and we will return in company to Omagansee. The war being ended, I am pleased that we can leave Gray Eagle with Wassebee-wing and its populace safe and unharmed!"

In an hour's time the two invading bands were all across the stream, the chiefs had formed them in line of march, and they were traversing the valley eastward. As the trail came to the margin of the river a short distance below, they were agreeably surprised by finding Neome there with the canoes of both fleets; in fact, the Pewanigo Chief had become too anxious to remain longer inactive at the mouth of the river, and taking everything he had ascended to be near and if need be to aid in deciding the battle.

The forces were soon all embarked and as they were in readiness to depart down the stream from Wassebeewing, came Segoquen and the half-breed with the maiden and the children. Gray Eagle had asked the privilege of giving them a suitable outfit. Generously had he shown his gratitude to the three late captives. Each was clad anew throughout, whilst to the scouts for bringing them safely back he gave a splendid four paddle canoe.

On their approach the fleet separated into two extended lines with an open space between them, and down the channel thus made for them the scouts proudly passed. Red Cloud with Dew Drop stood up side by side upon a central thwart, "the observed of all observers," and amidst a succession of rousing cheers their passage to the front became an ovation.

Two braves were assigned for the extra paddles in the canoe, then downward swept the fleet bearing the distinguished chiefs and braves of three tribes. Up the Shiawassee they turned and still swept onward with the resolve to see the twin children restored to their mother's arms. Erelong the canoes were run bow on in a lengthened line side by side at the landing of Omagansee.

Among the large concourse of people on the shore one stood forth preeminent. Mokishenoqua had from a distance descried her darlings in the leading canoe; but in that moment of joy, when hope was exchanged for blissful certainty, the tide of maternal feeling had well nigh overcome the physical frame. With the firm grasp of a resolute will she crushed back the tide of emotion, so that when Red Cloud and Dew Drop were gathered in her loving arms with heads nestled upon her bosom her self-control was a marvel to all.

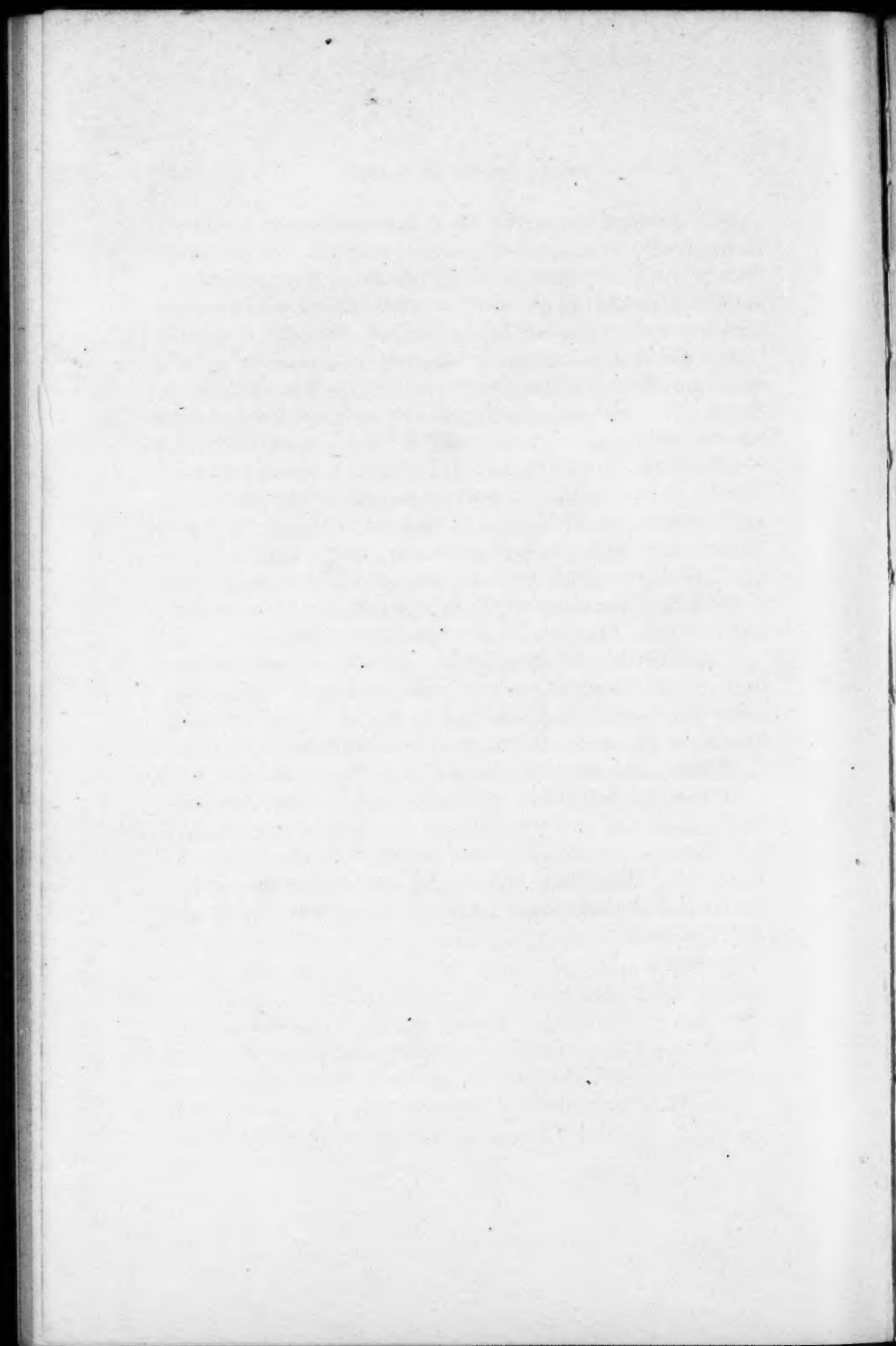


Chessaning urged the chief and braves to bivouac in a shady and spacious grove near at hand. His people took the hint and members of every family suddenly disappeared. Shortly thereafter food in great variety and profusion began to appear. An original native picnic was improvised in half an hour's time, for ready hands and willing hearts were united in the work. There was an abundance for all and the repast was long remembered and referred to as, "A feast of good things."

The entertainment was closed with a tribal custom for the chiefs to take a parting smoke of the fragrant kimikinik from the pipe of peace. Okemos as the senior chief in years initiated the ceremony. Filling and lighting the pipe he arose, remarking that he would give them a sentiment not only suited to the occasion but one that time would prove to be prophetic:

"Red Cloud and Dew Drop: the former will in due time lift the bleeding scalps of many enemies, whilst the latter will transfix the bleeding hearts of many lovers." Amidst a universal outburst of acclamation he took a whiff from the pipe and passed it to his neighbor.

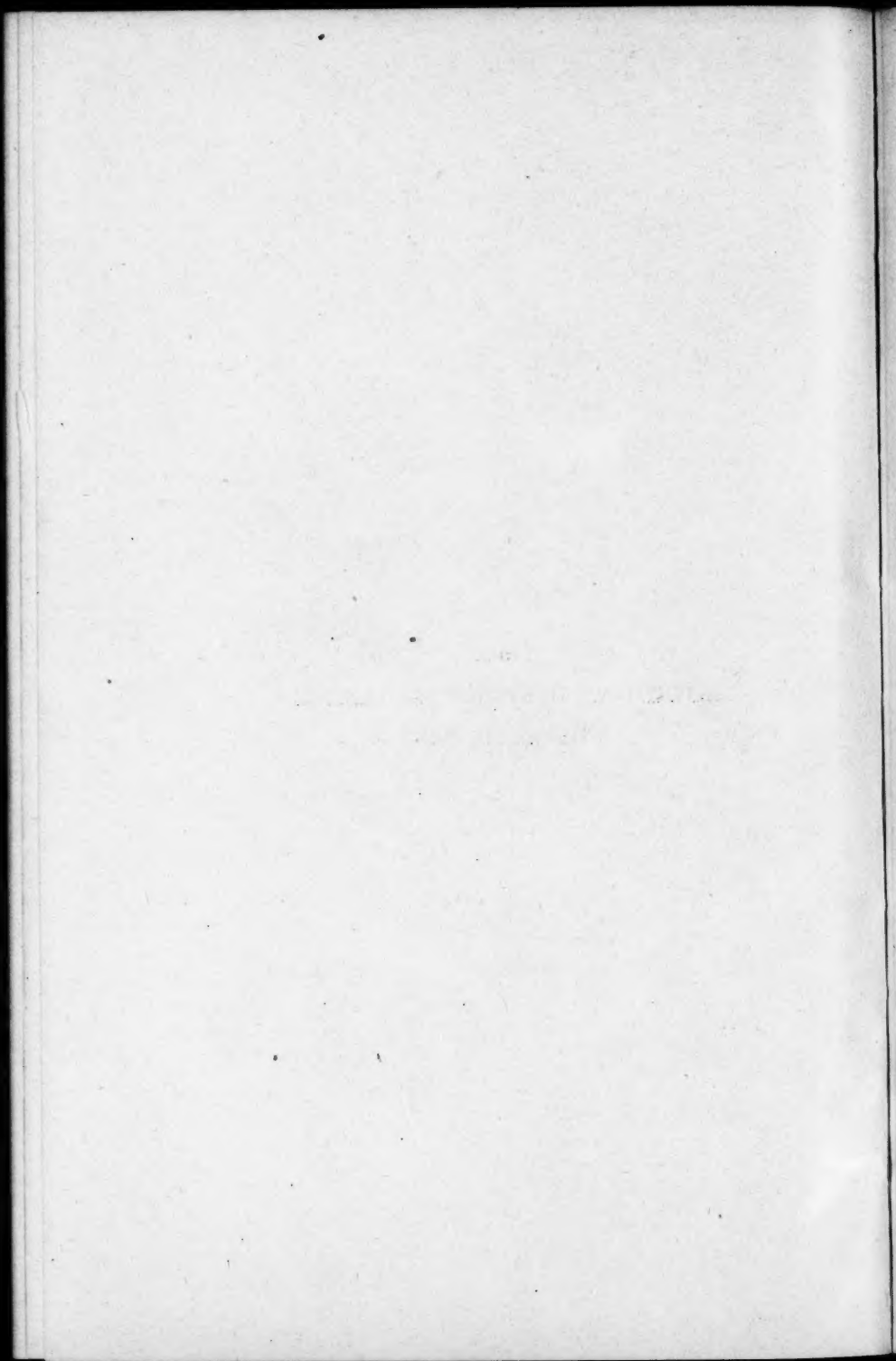
When the ceremony was concluded the two foreign bands departed and the braves of Chessaning sought their homes. Happiness was restored to the lodge of the chief. The half-breed and maiden were duly married, and everything again wore a cheerful aspect at Omagansee.



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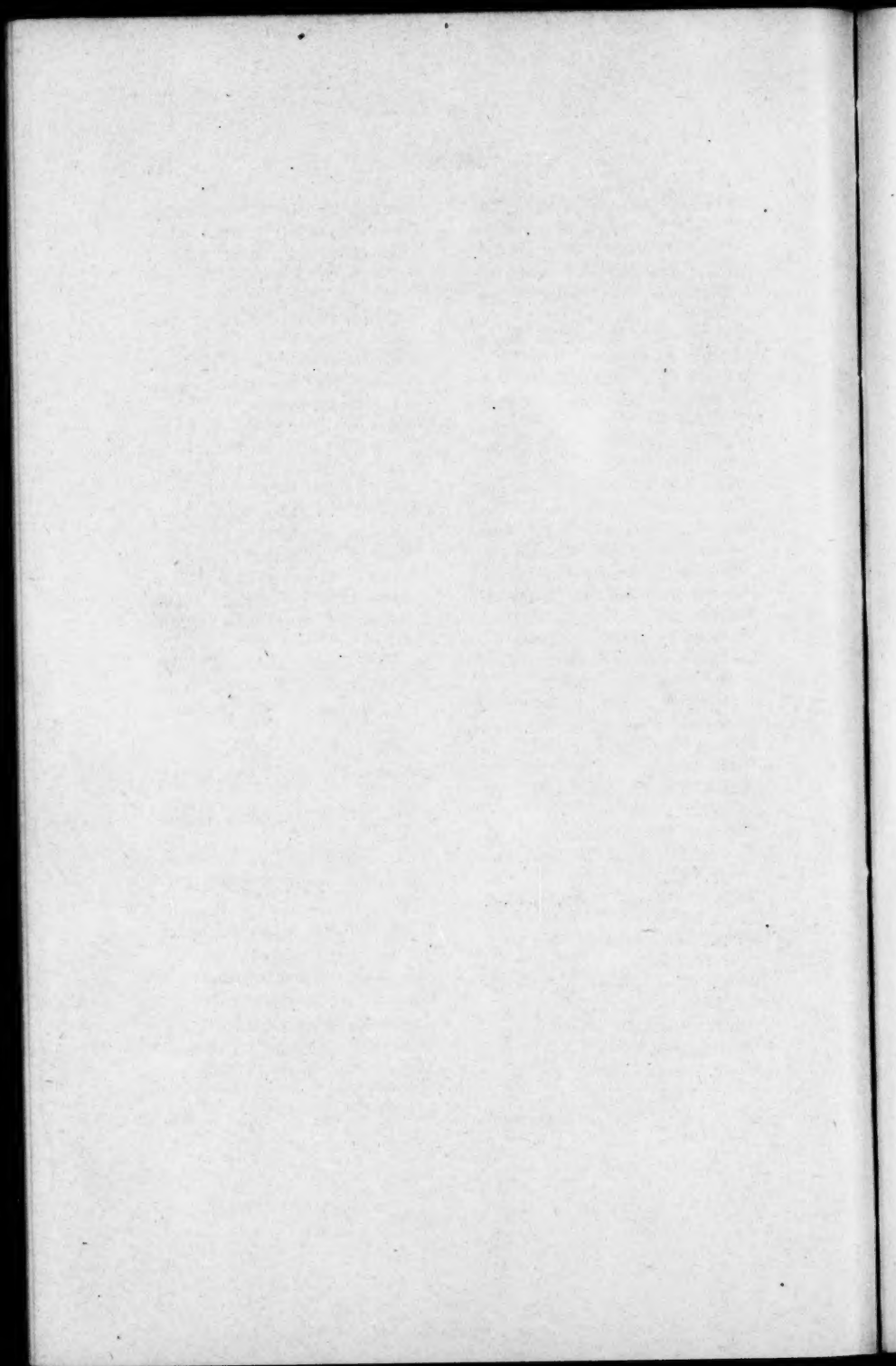
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